THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

OCTOBER 23, 1948

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THE DEBUTANTE INDUSTRY

—or How to launch your darling daughter

—

FIRST AID FOR YOUR PET

By Dr. Leon Whitney

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Oct. 23, 1948

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. . . A BIG THING TO FIND

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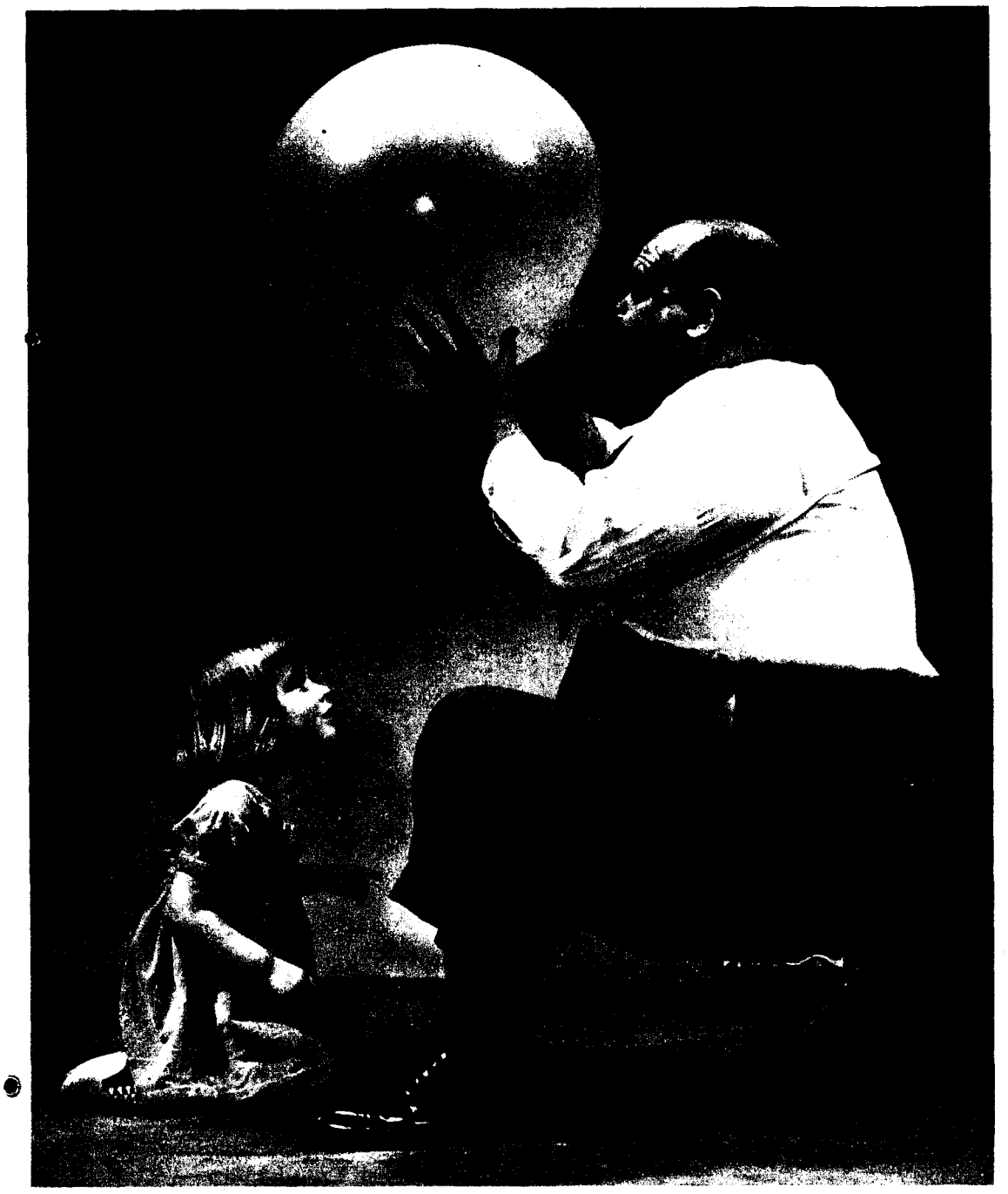

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
Alexandre Dumas'
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
starring
LANA TURNER · GENE KELLY
JUNE ALLYSON · VAN HEFLIN
ANGELA LANSBURY
Frank MORGAN · Vincent PRICE
Keenan John Gig
WYNN · SUTTON · YOUNG
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by ROBERT ARDREY
Directed by.....GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by.....PANDRO S. BERMAN

"The Three Musketeers" is a big picture in the fine romantic tradition. In this one Hollywood went all out like a sailor on a spree. It's a whopper! Duels, amours, jewels, courts, Technicolor. It's a screenful!

Lana Turner is cast as Lady de Winter, the wickedest woman in all Christendom. What a seductive performance she gives as she lures the naive D'Artagnan—played to the hilt by Gene Kelly. Incidentally this is a completely unabridged, unexpurgated, uncurtailed and unexcelled version of the famous Dumas' classic. Not a duel is missing, not a rendezvous, not a drop of blood.

Useless to retell the story. Suffice to say it is that very great, very famous work which will linger as long as there are generations to read. Swashbuckling and heroically gallant, the glory of womanhood and the pride of country uppermost, "The Three Musketeers" is, in a word, satisfying. Faultlessly photographed, spectacularly cast, it is a treat from the first lush moment when D'Artagnan starts down the road on his seedy percheron to the end when honor is won and the jovial musketeers can lift aloft the flowing beaker.

June Allyson and Van Heflin and Angela Lansbury, added to Lana Turner and Gene Kelly, make a quintet of stars who would attract any ardent movie-goer. In this the stars justify their stardom as do the great supporting artists, Frank Morgan, Vincent Price, Keenan Wynn, John Sutton and Gig Young.

George Sidney directed it all, thus adding to his laurels of "Cass Timberlane". The prolific producer Pandro S. Berman nursed the project through to victory, and the entire edifice was built on Robert Ardrey's superb script.

The slogan is "One for all and all for one". And all will be as one for M-G-M's "The Three Musketeers".

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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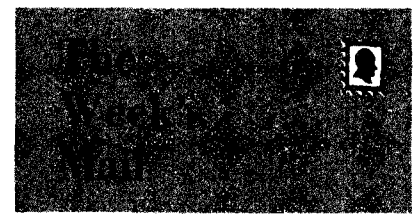

THE PARTY OF 1

SIR: Collier's political articles are ably written and woefully telltale. They tell of the same little men, trafficking in the same petty issues—men with more ambition than vision, more eagerness to win than willingness to serve, more interest in their jobs than in their duties.

They make Election Day enigma day. I'm only a small "r" republican, a small "d" democrat, and a small voice in bedlam. I refuse to recognize the sanctity of either politicians or political expediency. I am not a patriot in the popular sense, for I believe that no man-made government is worth a single God-made human life.

I believe that the best possible government is the least possible government able to maintain order and form without increasing its power and perpetuating its personnel in office. I am opposed to class war, race war, economic war and political war. I believe that the cure for all these diseases of society lies not in legislation, but in education. I believe that the office of the President is not to lead, but to follow; not to command, but to obey the command of the people; and to administer wisely according to their wishes. I believe that when the President passes me on the street, if there's any cheering to be done, he should do it—for I'm his boss. And if he insists upon being a great leader, let him seek some other job—he's not suited for the Presidency. Throughout history great leaders have produced just one thing: great wars.

I believe that any government that goes to war has in some measure failed. First and foremost, it was hired to prevent war and, through whosever fault, it was derelict in this duty. Holding these views, I am

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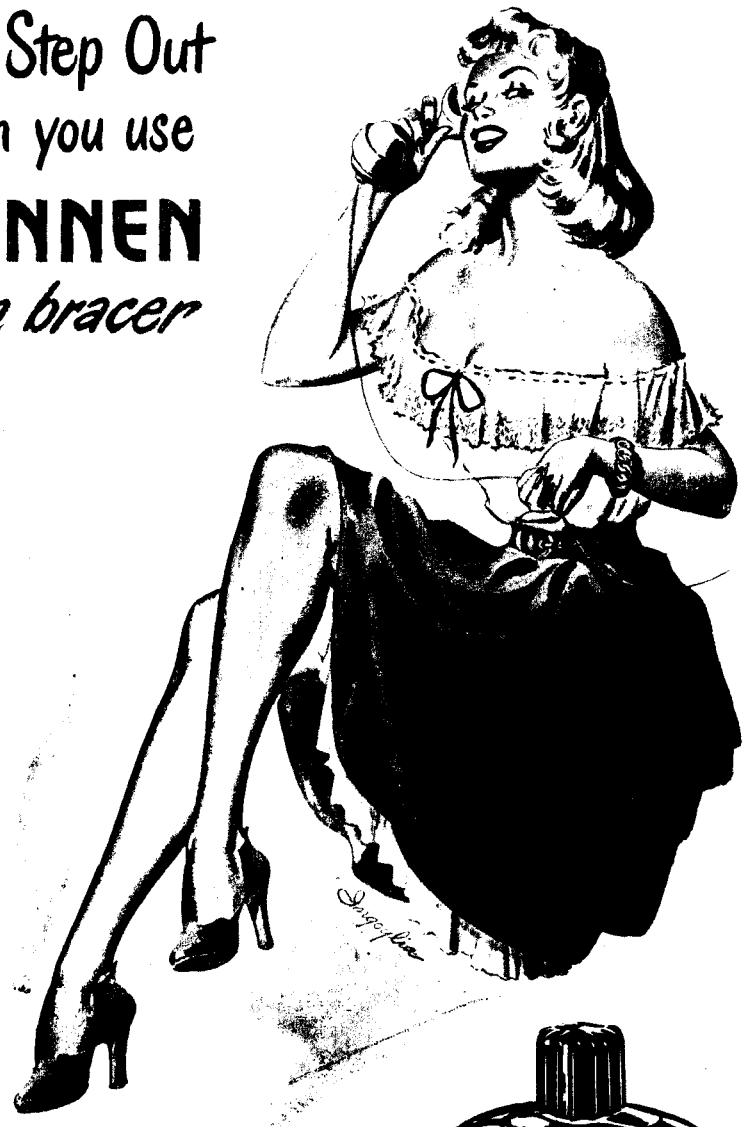

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CHARLES B. MCCORMACK, New York, N. Y.

THE ALMIGHTY STALIN

SIRS: Undoubtedly one of the most tremendous sayings in all the Scriptures is, "Though *He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*" But it seems a pity that so many of the Henry Wallace school of thought (?) seem to forget it was said regarding the Almighty, not about Joseph Stalin.

FRANK M. HARRIS, Ontario, Canada

TRUCK ON DOWN

THE EDITORS: Evidently Mr. Austen Bolan, of Howells, N. Y. (The Week's Mail, Sept. 4th), has never "pushed" a "semi" for he berates and nominates for the "Hall of Infame" the truck driver who "crawls up a hill at 5 miles an hour and then cuts loose down the other side."

I wish to inform Mr. Bolan that one of the big ones, heavily loaded, is lucky to take a hill at 5 miles an hour. I know, for many is the time that I have pulled them at less than that speed and had to highball it down the other side to make the next grade. Otherwise it would make it hard on the driver, tires, transmission, brakes, engine, and the man following, not to mention the Boss.

Someone should give him a ride in one of the rigs and maybe then he could see that they are the safest drivers on the road.

An Ex-Allied Driver,
OATUS L. DENNINGTON, Amarillo, Tex.

. . . I found that truck drivers were the best friends a lone female had on the road. I've been in trouble many times in the course of a twenty-thousand-mile year, and many times a truck driver was the *only one* who stopped to help, when at least thirty private cars had whizzed by, with a suspicious stare from the driver at the "female bandit" who wanted help.

Yours irresistibly for truck drivers,
BERNICE D. MACINTYRE, Greenland, N. H.

. . . If more drivers were just one half as thoughtful of the other fellow as our truck drivers are, how nice it would be.

MRS. ALVIN BROKOB, Borger, Tex.

It isn't the driver who scares us—it's the size of the truck.

STARRED ISSUE

SIR: Re name "Collier's" on cover page. Pure curiosity, but why the star inside the "C"? Any significance?

Speaking of stars these carping critics who razzed the first star selection, Jack Finney's It Wouldn't Be Fair (The Week's Mail, Oct. 2d) are nuts. Been waiting for a whodunit like Mr. Finney's to pop up—certainly is a break from the old routine.

G. L. CROSTHWAIT, Anderson, Ind.

The star identifies the original source of sale.

. . . For the most original story and plot that I've had the pleasure of reading for many a moon, Collector's Item (the Star Story for Sept. 4th), you should award the author, Roald Dahl, another thousand berries for effort.

Needless to say, the yarn had me in a sweat from the "go" signal to the finish line.

Would you mind printing the idea that caused this story to sprout on the sleek pages of Collier's?

ROY E. HANNA, Bristow, Okla.

The desire to print only the supernal best (adv.).

GIVE THE KIDS A BRAKE

DEAR EDITORS: Thanks for Carelessness . . . The Child Killer, by Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw (Sept. 11th). I myself recommend a scoop on the front end of all cars—to scoop up bicyclists and junior jaywalkers and darters out from behind trees.

The authors cite Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri, as being far ahead in educating young and old in Safety First. St. Joseph has not had a child killed in twenty years, because that city has a bicycle court! We try to take care of our pedestrians, bicyclers and motorists, by giving each a fair chance.

Yours for jay and bicycle courts!

ALTA FLORENCE ARMSTRONG,
Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Carelessness . . . The Child Killer is gratifying. . . . My grandmother, who was one of the most successful mothers I ever knew, told me in her old age that she punished each of her children once before they were three years old and never had to do so again; they learned to mind before they could remember.

L. LAMPREY, New York, N. Y.

. . . You covered the subject well, except for those parents who leave their children alone. In less than three months one winter, ten children burned to death in a radius of twenty miles of our home. In *every* instance the tragic words, "the parents were not at home!"

When my children were small, we either took them all with us, or we stayed home.

I may sound like a fanatic, but I'm only an ordinary, uneducated housewife and mother. I love children dearly, and this needless slaughter makes my heart ache.

MRS. W. A. LONDON, Holly, Mich.

ARE PARTCH'S PEOPLE PARTCHED?

DEAR EDITOR: Is it my imagination or haven't Partch's characters become more emaciated lately? Have they also felt the high cost of groceries?

MRS. T. D. BLANCHARD, Grants Pass, Ore.

"Oh, no thanks—I'm stuffed"

"George, you've hardly touched your food"

Top: Partch, 1946; above: Partch, 1948. His characters may be thinner but they look well fed. Or is it that Partch is using thinner ink?

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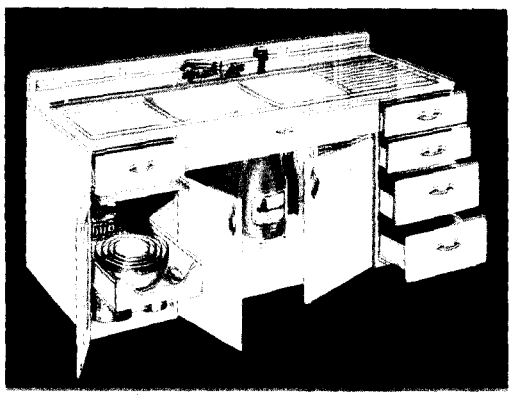
For every floor plan, there's a beautiful Youngstown Kitchen of white-enameled steel. And the price? Wonderfully low!

Luxury kitchens for dollar-wise people



Magnificent 66″ twin-bowl Kitchenaider has one-piece top in finest acid-resisting porcelain-enamel. Giant compartments, cutlery drawer, swinging faucet, rinse spray. Save yourself time and effort with a new Mullinaider automatic waste-disposer unit. Fits all Kitchenaiders. Ask for a free home demonstration.

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Just look at the dream features in the gorgeous, all-steel honey shown above. All the work surface you could want on two walls, with big handy cabinets to keep pots and pans above and below. In the middle, a stunning, work-saving 48″ twin-bowl Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sink with an 11″ *extra-deep* second bowl and fluted, sliding top.

Every Youngstown unit is gleaming, white-enameled steel—built to last a lifetime. Best yet, the kitchen above is only a hint of how you can arrange a Youngstown Kitchen to any floor area, old home or new.

Learn how you can own such a kitchen on a low-cost-per-month budget plan, including financing through your Youngstown dealer or local bank. Specify Youngstown Kitchens to your builder, too.

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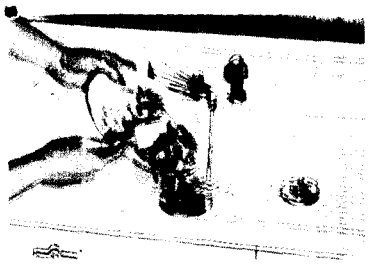
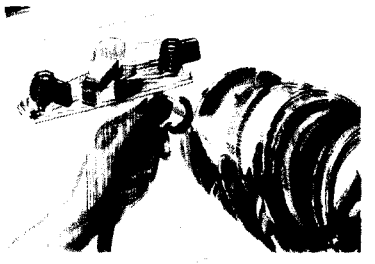


Mullinaider automatic waste-disposer grinds away food scraps in a jiffy! Just turn on cold water, flip Mullinaider switch, then scrape waste into drain opening. Sold as extra equipment.



For easier dishwashing and vegetable cleaning—swinging mixing-faucet, speedy rinse spray that reaches all parts of sink top; deep, no-splash bowls. See your Youngstown dealer.

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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

IN 1881 IN Antwerp, Belgium, a man named Peltzer decided to murder his bitter enemy, Bernays; and believing that the safest way was to have the killing done by a fictitious person, he employed his brother Leon to carry out his plan. Within a few months, Leon had changed his appearance with a wig, whiskers, glasses and a different style of clothes and had become widely known as "Henry Vaughan," an agent of a great Australian steamship line, by setting up his home and office in Brussels and by calling upon many European shipping companies. Having thus established his existence he had Bernays, who was a lawyer, come over from Antwerp to discuss an international merger; and when the unsuspecting man entered the office,

Vaughan shot him dead, fled and became nonexistent when Leon, later that day, resumed his real identity. Because the body had not been discovered in ten days Leon revealed where it was in a letter to the police signed Vaughan. Someone recognized the writing as Leon's, and the brothers were arrested, tried and convicted for the murder whose clever preparation of five months was wrecked by a blunder in five minutes.

NO DOGFIGHT HELD in this country ever approached, in nationwide interest, the one staged on the Garr farm near Louisville on October 19, 1881. While illegal and in danger of being stopped, the match received so much advance publicity that bets were made on it from coast to coast, the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad ran special excursion trains, and the event attracted spectators from such distant cities as New York and New Orleans. For the stake of $2,000 and the title "American Champion," the winner had to kill his opponent and, consequently, the vicious and inhumane battle lasted one hour and 25 minutes.

THE HANDWRITING OF many famous persons in history was so illegible that some of their papers still defy translation. For example, numerous words and phrases in Shakespeare have never been definitely deciphered and a great many of Hawthorne's stories remain unpublished because no one has ever been able to read them. So bad was James Joyce that, when his manuscript of Ulysses was found in the mail by a London censor during the first World War, the mysterious scribble aroused suspicion. After it had been studied for days by Britain's best code experts, they released the manuscript, convinced that it was not a secret code, yet unconvinced it was a novel. But even more incredible was the penmanship of Napoleon which caused a number of his letters to be mistaken for maps of battlefields.—*By Mr. Dennis Hansen, Minneapolis, Minn.*

ON HOT SUNNY days in tropical countries, a shadow cast by a person on a pool of crude oil appears to remain for about ten seconds after the person has moved away. This phenomenon, which is little known even among petroleum men, is explained by the fact that the shadow cools the covered area, causing it to darken and thus to reproduce the form of the shadow which, after the real shadow is gone, continues to be visible until the oil regains its former temperature.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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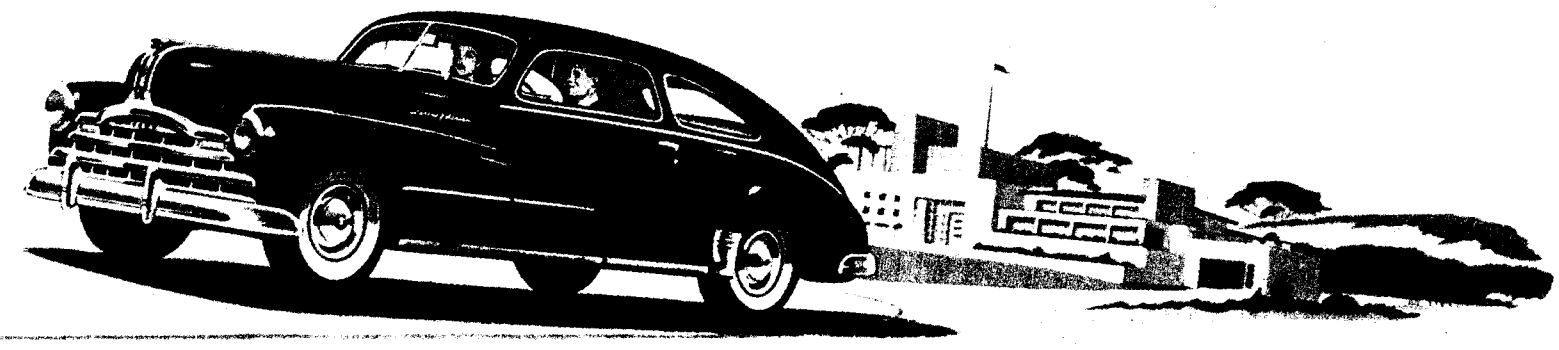

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It means beauty, and size, and comfort—a car you can own with pleasure and drive with pride. It means safety, and performance and handling ease. It means the utmost freedom from upkeep expense. And it means long life and dependability. Pontiac offers *all* of these—in abundant measure. Owners beyond number have stated that Pontiac is the finest car they ever owned.

Better make your own next car a Pontiac. We feel more than certain you will never regret your choice —for Pontiac is *always* a thoroughly good car.

Illustrated: De Luxe Torpedo Convertible and De Luxe Torpedo Sedan Coupe. GM Hydra-Matic Drive, white sidewall tires optional on all models at additional cost.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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like cream hair tonics?

Here's the cream of them all!

contains Viratol*
Vaseline
TRADE MARK
CREAM HAIR TONIC
Contains VIRATOL* with LANOLIN
For well groomed hair and daily care of the scalp
*THIS SPECIAL COMPOUND GIVES LUSTRE KEEPS HAIR IN PLACE WITHOUT STIFFNESS
NET 5 FL OZ
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
NEW YORK N.Y.

gives your hair that "just-combed" look all day long!

NEW FORMULA WITH VIRATOL*
works wonders in the looks of your hair. It *looks* natural . . . it *feels* natural . . . and it *stays in place.*

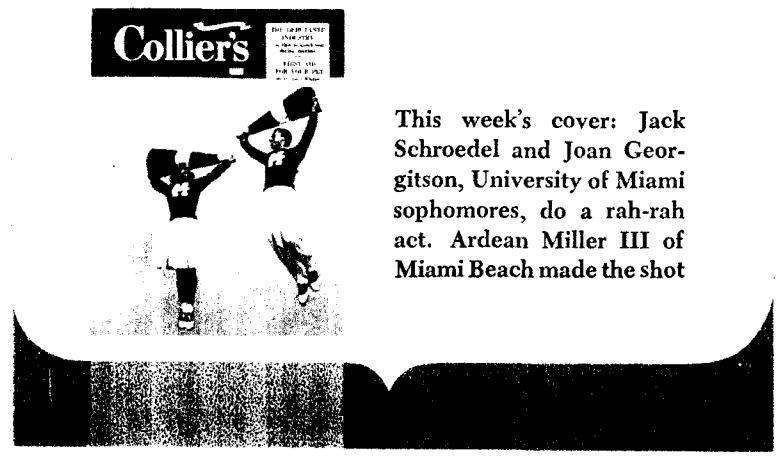
CONTAINS TRIPLE-A LANOLIN, TOO!
Special combination of the finest ingredients helps relieve loose dandruff, excessive dryness.

HOMOGENIZED FOR SMOOTHNESS!
Just the right consistency for year-round easy flow, smoother application.

new Vaseline cream hair tonic
TRADE MARK ®

**This special compound gives lustre . . . keeps hair in place without stiffness.*

The Week's Work



This week's cover: Jack Schroedel and Joan Georgitson, University of Miami sophomores, do a rah-rah act. Ardean Miller III of Miami Beach made the shot

BESIDES copping the $1,000 Star Award this week with his first Collier's short story, Cayetano the Perfect (p. 22), Barnaby Conrad has lived the 25 years of his life in perpetual motion. A San Franciscan, the precocious Barnaby studied at art school, and the Universities of North Carolina and Mexico, before graduating in 1943 at Yale (with honors). Starting life as an artist doing what he calls "crummy murals in night clubs," young Conrad advanced into bullfighting. One day he took an unscheduled jump into a bull ring in Mexico City, and using his overcoat as a cape, somehow came out alive. The pros took an interest and Barnaby (he was eighteen) started training as a matador. This phase ended when a bull smashed his knee.

Discharged later from our Navy because of that knee, Barnaby went into the consular service, serving in Seville, Spain. "I got out when I realized I was no diplomat," he says.

His leg having healed, meanwhile, Sidney Franklin and Don Juan Belmonte, the dean of bullfighters, took Conrad in hand and really taught him the so-called sport. "I fought over 30 times," Conrad reports. "Most of these times with Belmonte. The biggest moment of my life came when I fought with Belmonte near Seville, and was conceded the ears of my dead bull. In my photographs taken before the fight the pants hid my trembling knees, my wan smile hid my chattering teeth. My *nom de taureau* was Niño de California—or the California Kid."

LAURIE VANCE

Star Performer—El Niño de California

After an unattractive bull that had never heard of Ferdinand smashed the same knee again, Conrad retired to fighting typewriters. Since then he's taught school, written songs and novels, painted portraits and played the piano in a Lima, Peru, night club.

When we heard from Conrad he had just canceled an ape-hunting trip to Bangkok in order to buy into and decorate a night club at 12 Adler Place near the Barbary Coast. "I'll still go for that gibbon if the night club folds," Conrad says.

THIS election the Editors decided against installing our correspondents on the campaign trains, from which they would file stories you readers can find in your morning papers, and from which you would have to dig your own impressions of the Why and Wherefore of each political party.

Instead we asked Mr. Truman and Mr. Dewey to unburden themselves as to exactly why they wanted you to cast a vote for them. Both of these gentlemen, busy with affairs of state and campaign planning, were unable to comply; but they have delegated the task to their running mates, Senator Barkley and Governor Warren.

So on page 16 you will find a Collier's exclusive: Candidates Warren and Barkley give two brief and succinct sales talks from the high command designed to capture your vote.

THE idea for Crying Is for Squares (p. 18) came to Lawrence Williams while summering at an island off Massachusetts. "When we're alone in places where we've never been," he explains, "Wife and I talk about all kinds of things, and one night we remembered a writer friend of ours who is a very good writer (indeed a Collier's contributor), but a writer who can only write his very best when he is miserably unhappy. Give him a warm spring day, a story sale in the morning, a small inheritance in the afternoon and he is the worst kind of paper waster. But if the day begins with a cloudburst, followed by the market crashing and the death of a household pet, this fellow can really turn it out. We used to make up all sorts of sad things to tell him so he would be unhappy and work better.

"Anyway, Crying Is for Squares resulted from this talk. So as not to antagonize editors, we made the hero a song writer. By not antagonizing editors you make more money and can stay longer on pretty, expensive islands, where we don't know many people and can talk a lot—"

BILL DAVIDSON is a man who takes his research seriously. His wife reports that since he finished his series on water and air pollution, Our Poisoned Water (Oct. 16th) and Our Poisoned Air (p. 68 in this issue), so frightened was Bill by the amount of poisoned air and water he had contacted, he has been muttering about the house that he will never travel again without (a) one case of wine; (b) a diver's suit and (c) a gas mask.

The wine will be his drinking water, the diving outfit for when he wants to take a bath, and the gas mask for protecting the Davidson lungs from scented atmosphere. . . . TED SHANE

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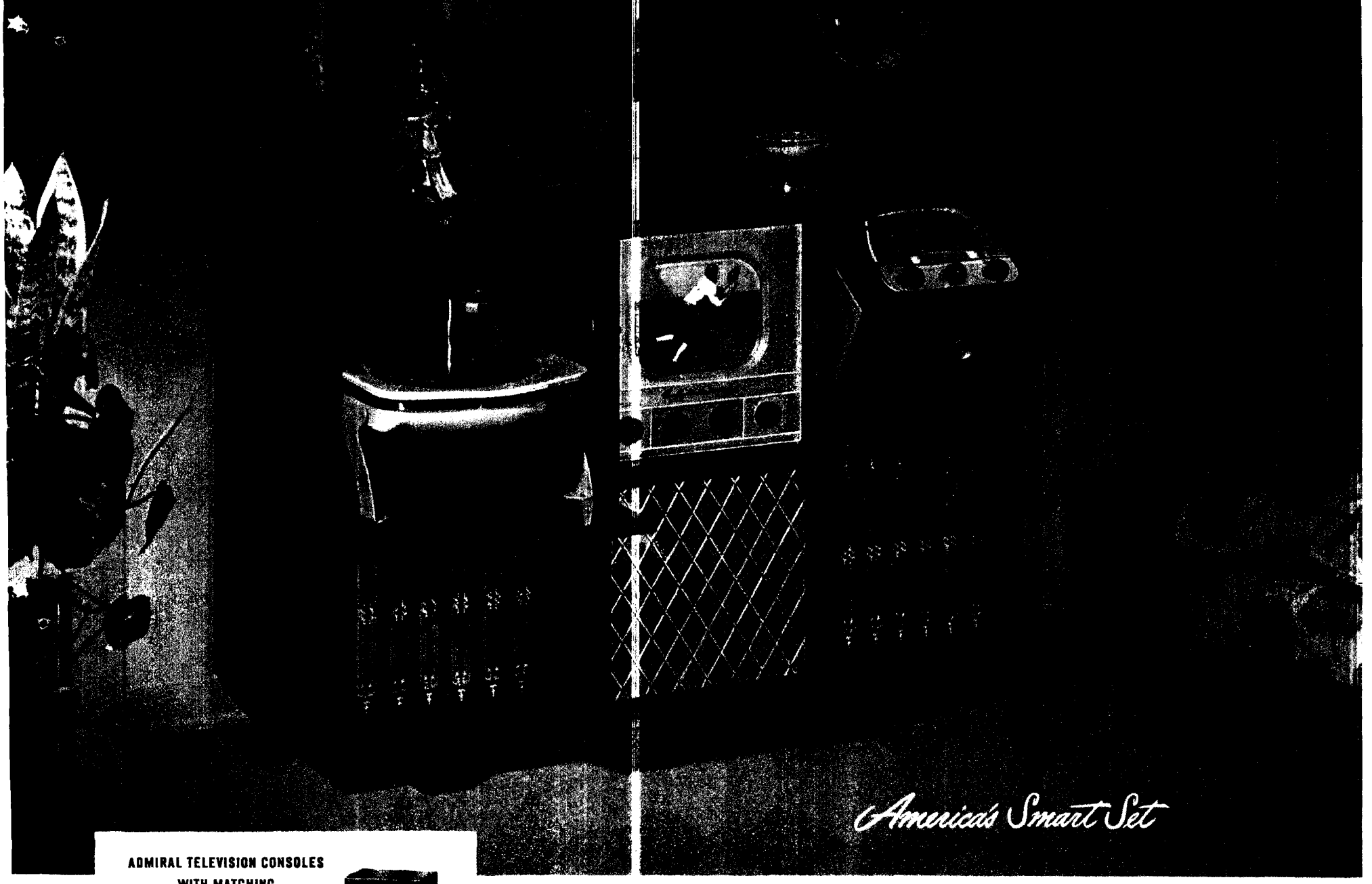
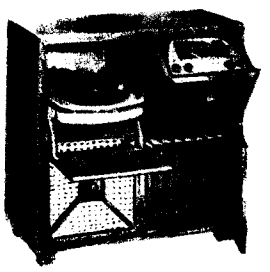
Admiral triple thrill!

TWO-SPEED PHONOGRAPH . . . MAGIC MIRROR TELEVISION . . . FM-AM RADIO

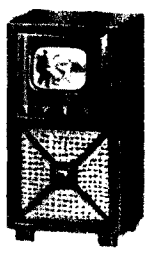


ADMIRAL TELEVISION CONSOLES WITH MATCHING RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS



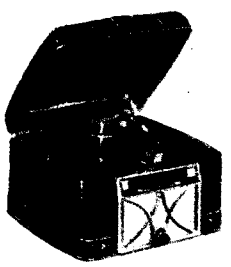
3-Way Portable

Plays instantly on AC or DC, as well as batteries. Beautiful emperor red and French gold case $34.95



ABOVE—Magic Mirror Television, 10" picture screen. Modern or traditional console. Walnut, $299.95

LEFT—New two-speed automatic radio-phonographs in matching consoles as low as $169.95



FM-AM Radio and Automatic Phonograph

Costs little more than an FM-AM radio alone! Plays up to 12 records automatically with Miracle tone arm. Mahogany $99.95

Prices slightly higher in far south

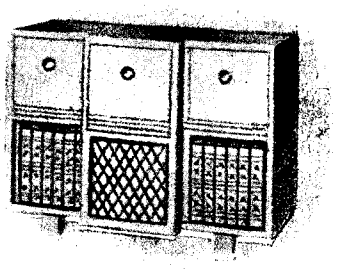
Complete Home Entertainment all in One Luxurious Console $499.95 walnut

Installation and one year's service contract extra. Federal tax $5.25.

From Admiral comes *complete* home entertainment to charm your family and guests. Magic Mirror Television brings you bright, steady, mirror-like pictures on a big 10" direct view screen . . . the clearest pictures of them all!

Super-powered by 29 tubes to assure dependable performance even in outlying areas. Receives on *all* channels. New two-speed automatic phonograph plays standard as well as new LP (long play) 45-minute microgroove records. Here, too, is a powerful radio with the finest features in FM-AM as developed by Admiral.

Truly a triple thrill . . . all combined in a breath-takingly beautiful cabinet that measures only 48 inches wide! See it! Hear it! Today!



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Could it be that you're a *kittly-bender?*

IN RURAL NEW ENGLAND, when the first hard freeze draws a thin pane of ice across the ponds, young skaters who venture forth on the crackling, yielding ice are called kittly-benders.

As a pastime, kittly-bending's no good except for a strong swimmer with a liking for ice-cold water. For unless a kittly-bender skates fast enough—and unless he keeps going—he's sure to get a ducking.

A kittly-bender (don't you think?) is a lot like a family man with too little insurance protection and not enough kinds of insurance. Both are safe only so long as they can keep going at top speed.

With only the thin ice of personal savings (and they're increasingly hard to build up these days!) to hold you up, it's all too easy for an unforeseeable mishap to plunge your family into the cold waters of debt and doctor bills and downright despair.

But that can't happen to you and your family if you have a well-planned insurance program. With *enough* life, accident, and other kinds of insurance, you can make sure right now that your family will never suffer financial hardship—even if you should no longer be on hand to earn for them.

Right in your own neighborhood is a man well qualified by experience and training to help you work out an insurance program to fit your needs.

He is your Travelers agent or broker. If you have even the slightest suspicion that you're skating on thin ice, he can be of great service to you.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 23, 1948

The U.E. convention in New York this fall when the re-election of President Albert Fitzgerald was announced. Fitzgerald was instated by the Reds in 1941

The Red Web In U.S. Labor

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

Tricky parliamentary managers and masters of the smear, the Commies try to lure good union men with sweet talk and bitter schemes. Their web is thin but strong. It subsists on fear of the Kremlin, and boasts: "One party member should be able to move at least 1,000 persons in support of the party line"

EVERYONE knows that the Communists have infiltrated a considerable number of labor unions in the United States, to wield power far out of proportion to their numbers. But the average American has only a foggy idea of how this has been accomplished. The Communists don't just get up in a union meeting and say, forthrightly, "We're moving in." Their ways are dark and devious. They are masters of the smear, adept at worming into key offices and committees, unsurpassed at spreading dissension and confusion, and extraordinarily clever at manipulating stupid, gullible and power-hungry labor leaders.

The technique of gaining control of a labor union is the same, on a smaller scale and with slight modifications, as that used by the Soviet Union in taking over the governments of neighbors in eastern Europe.

During the years in which I was a Communist party member, organizer and editor, I helped develop this technique. I have seen it operate many times, under direct orders from Moscow, to bring a labor union under the domination of Communists whose every act was motivated by a fanatical devotion to the interests of Soviet Russia alone. I know of no union in which the Communists comprise more than a small minority, but a minority that often is able to control thousands. For example, about 90 per cent of the *officers* of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union are either Communists or under Communist discipline, while the *membership* is probably 95 per cent non-Communist.

Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, last year reported that out of a total membership of some 70,000, not more than 500 were Communists. Yet this comparatively small group of comrades at one time filled 107 of the Maritime Union's 150 national offices!

An even smaller proportion of Communists kept the huge United Automobile Workers Union in constant turmoil, and for all practical purposes dominated it, until they were finally defeated by Walter Reuther.

Successes like these, and the official actions of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY PINNEY

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some of the Communist-controlled unions, well illustrate what the Communists mean when they say, "One party member should be able to move at least 1,000 persons in support of the party line."

The infiltration technique and boring from within involve the use of fraud, trickery, falsehood, treachery and double-dealing without parallel. The Communists literally stop at nothing, and they keep everlastingly at it. They cloak their activities under slogans like "trade-union democracy" and "unity," and loudly profess to work on behalf of "the masses." What they actually mean by the masses, as I have seen clearly brought out more than once in party caucuses and conventions, is a small and closely knit group which shouts in the name of the majority but represents only a Communistic minority.

When the Communists set out to infiltrate a labor union they join the organization in pairs, or, in larger numbers if possible. All of them have been carefully trained in special schools for the work. In a variety of ways they try to make themselves indispensable. If a thankless office is unfilled, they volunteer for it; if a difficult or distasteful job is undone, they do it. They run for office constantly, and are frequently successful because they build up reputations as hard workers for the union.

Playing the Soviet Game

They try particularly to get into such posts as executive secretary and legislative agent. Both of these offices are extremely important. An executive secretary can frequently commit his organization to action widely at variance with the actual desires of the membership; while many a Communist legislative agent, supposedly working in Washington and elsewhere for his union, is in reality busily spreading Communist propaganda and working in Russia's behalf.

Once the Communists have established themselves as important members of a union, they begin to test their strength, trying to uncover potential party members or fellow travelers. At a union meeting one of the comrades will introduce a resolution embodying a part of the current Communist line. In the debate which follows he and his fellow Reds note carefully who supports the Communist viewpoint. Then another resolution, a little stronger in its advocacy of Russian policies, is introduced and the same procedure is followed. A third resolution, which may denounce the "imperialistic foreign policy" of the United States, is offered Union members who appeared to favor all three resolutions are then asked secretly to join the Communist "fraction."

If enough members join, still another party-line resolution is introduced, and the Communists force it through by a very simple method. By bickering and arguing they delay adjournment until most of the non-Red union members have tired and gone home. Then, usually without even a quorum present, the resolution is passed and the party line becomes an official pronouncement of the union.

If a union member or official refuses to have anything to do with the Communist fraction, and divulges whatever Red offer has been made to him, the comrades immediately smear him without mercy. Scandalous rumors are circulated about his private life. If he is an official, demands are made that he be investigated. He is denounced as a Red-baiter, a labor spy and a gangster. Sometimes the Reds even accuse him of being a Communist.

William Z. Foster, head of the American branch of the Communist party, once fired this last accusation at Reuther. In June of 1941, when Reuther was fighting the Communists who were trying to prolong the strike at the plant of the North American Aviation Company in California, Foster asserted that Reuther had "even tried for membership in the Communist party, and was rejected on the grounds of his obvious opportunism." I know Reuther made no such attempt, because only a short time before, I had been sent to Detroit by the Communist Political Committee to try to persuade him to join the Red "top fraction" in the U.A.W. He flatly refused to do so.

Communists who have infiltrated a labor union make careful studies of the union's officials and other principal figures. Elaborate reports describe each man's habits, list his likes and dislikes, and in particular assess his weaknesses and note his attitude toward other officers. Evidences of jealousy or dissatisfaction are used to create discord.

Many times I have sat in Communist caucuses and other meetings where quarrels between anti-Communists were engineered, and then watched non-Red union leaders lose strength this way under the sly and skillful proddings of the Reds. From innumerable reports of the workers in the field I learned that the fostering of quarrels and the encouragement of interunion bickering was one of the Communists' most effective weapons.

If a union official indicates a willingness to play ball, the Communists immediately make a great todo about "co-operating with the leadership." For a while they enthusiastically support everything their prospective victim proposes. But it is a co-operation that has led to destruction, with the exception of a few instances in which a strong man like Reuther has succeeded in beating the Communists at their own game. However, even a strong man will sometimes lose to them, as did James B. Carey, first president of the U.E. and now national secretary of the C.I.O.

U.E. chief Fitzgerald defeated J. B. Carey in 1941 when James Matles, above, turned against Carey

Carey was head of a small local union organized in 1935 under an A. F. of L. charter. About a year after, in late 1936, he took this local into the C.I.O., and with it as a base, organized the U.E. In 1937 one of the few labor units dominated by the Communists—a group in the light metals industry—left the A.F. of L. and joined Carey's new union. The Communist big shot of this group was James Matles, a man of considerable ability.

Matles immediately ingratiated himself with Carey and his associates, and by promising wholehearted co-operation managed to be chosen as an organizer for the U.E. in the light-metals field. He soon became national organizer, whereupon the Communists rushed into the union to form locals. There is evidence Carey knew what was going on but thought he would be able to handle the comrades and defeat them in a showdown. But the Communists turned a lot of the members against him with a whispering campaign in which he was denounced as "a yellow Social Democrat" and a "class collaborationist." They fought him because he was an obstacle to their campaign to halt war production in 1940 and 1941.

In November, 1941, when the U.E. held its convention, the Reds worked out a scheme to take advantage of one local's dissatisfaction with some of Carey's inner-union policies. Carey wrathfully declined to become a Communist puppet in return for Red support, so the Communists picked as their man Albert E. Fitzgerald, chief representative of the dissatisfied local although he was not then a member of the party. The comrades' report on Fitzgerald noted that he "liked long week ends"; they promised themselves that if he would play with them they'd make him president of the U.E. and give him as many long week ends as he liked. Fitzgerald was elected.

Carey's defeat, the direct result of an attempt to control the Communists by co-operating with them, put 500,000 American workers under the domination of Russia's fifth column in this country. Practically every officer of the U.E. is a Communist or a fellow traveler. The educational department, for instance, is directed by Ruth Young, who is a trustee of the Communist party's Jefferson School for Social Science, and who has spoken from the same platform with Foster. The union's newspaper, The U. E. News, is edited by Tom Wright. When I was managing editor of the Daily Worker, Wright often consulted with our editorial board.

To make certain that there is no deviation from the party line by Communists and to see that Reds take advantage of every break, a high-ranking Communist, usually Roy Hudson or Rose Wortis, attends every labor convention held in the United States. These functionaries usually take rooms in an obscure hotel, and from there direct the activities of the comrades. I have accompanied Hudson and Rose Wortis on several such trips, and have seen them, with the aid of a small minority of comrades, throw a labor convention into a turmoil which required days to settle. I have also seen them call in a labor leader who had displeased them and give him a severe dressing down.

Spearheads of Conspiracy

Three of the chief agencies for union infiltration in this country are the subversive office worker, the labor lawyer who is under Communist control, and the International Workers Order. The last-named is a "fraternal insurance agency" with headquarters at 80 Fifth Avenue, New York. The I.W.O. is so important it might be called the first front of the Communist conspiracy. It helps the party in many ways; its local officers throughout the country are used for secret Communist conferences, and its representatives (most of them are not known to be Communists) push the party line with great industry. The I.W.O. also provides money for the work of the party.

Most of the labor lawyers who work with and for the Communists are members of the National Lawyers' Guild, an organization from which many members have resigned because of its refusal to denounce Communism.

Communist office workers, particularly young women secretaries, have been of great assistance to the party throughout its existence, and especially so since the organization of the Office and Professional Workers Union, which has been Communist-controlled since its inception and has a large Red membership. The party makes strenuous efforts to install at least one faithful member of this union in the office of every labor leader, particularly those who hold national, or important local posts.

A Communist secretary, if the party can trust her, is under strict orders to make carbon copies of all important letters dictated by her employer, especially those that deal with political or union affairs. She reports confidential conversations overheard in her employer's office, and notes the names of his visitors. All information she can pick up is sent to 35 East Twelfth Street, in New York City, headquarters of the American Communist party, where so many plots inimical to American interests have been hatched. There it is carefully read and classified. It gives the party an immense advantage when dealing with a labor union or its leadership.

Much of this material *(Continued on page 40)*

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Davis stood there swaying. "Turn on the radio!" he bellowed. "Red and I are gonna dance"

The Trip

By ELIZABETH HAYWARD

What would you do if the woman you loved was insulted by your boss — and it was her fault?

FOR Nan Case, the trip had started out like one of those bright interludes in an otherwise humdrum life. Four weeks before, Harley, her husband, had said that she should go with him. At first, she had demurred. With all the bills lying on the desk, it seemed inexcusable to spend money for a trip South.

But Harley said, "I've been wanting to take you to one of these meetings for a long time. You'll meet people you ought to know. And besides, I— I'd just like to have you with me."

But she had no clothes. Her last summer's dresses looked so hopelessly dated. Harley said, watching her pull out the hem of an old cotton sun dress, "Go out and get what you need. If we're going on this trip at all, we're going right."

And after that it was the nurse. Only if Bridgie could come and stay with the children did Nan feel that she could go. But Bridgie had been on a regular job as baby nurse for over a year now. Nevertheless, Nan called her. And Bridgie could come. She was leaving her place on the first of April.

From then on, the days were hardly long enough to shop for the clothes, to do all the things that had to be done. Their train left at seven o'clock on a Monday evening. She met Harley in Grand Central at the end of the day.

She saw him standing at the top of the ramp in Grand Central before he saw her. He always stood half a head above most other people in a crowd. And seeing him there, something strange and secret ran over her.

She thought: Why, this alone is worth everything. Today, because we're going off on a trip together, Harley's new. New, and wonderful, and altogether mine. We needed this. I don't care if we're broke for a year."

Theirs had not been an easy marriage. Sometimes during the years, Nan had felt she couldn't go on. Long separations, Harley's absorption in his work, had brought her bitter moments of doubt when she fought alone through crisis and tears.

But always, running like a cord through the pattern of their lives, there had been the compelling force of their deep, physical need for each other.

Harley's eyes at last found *(Continued on page 53)*

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Speaking For The Democrats

KENTUCKY'S SENATOR ALBEN W. BARKLEY,

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

ON THIS single page allotted to me I cannot set forth adequately the fundamental philosophy of the Democratic party. From my official and personal experience over a long period of years, I know what it has done and can do for the people of our country. I have seen them grow in wealth, power, usefulness and happiness while being served by this party, to which I belong. All I can hope to do in this space is suggest a portion of the party's record, its lines of thought and its philosophy.

The Democratic party believes in the kind of freedom for all men that can be enjoyed only under representative government such as ours; but it also believes that representative government must operate with satisfaction to the people if it is to survive. Government cannot remain both static and stable. Life itself is not static. The needs of the people change and their government must be flexible enough to meet those needs. It must be adaptable to the changing requirements of a complex economy, while, at the same time, charting its course under the provisions of our Constitution.

When I was a farm boy in Kentucky, grubbing stumps and clearing new ground so that my father could plant more tobacco to meet the financial demands of our family, there was not much visible government in the community. It was a law-abiding, God-fearing people among whom I was reared. I came in contact with the federal government only at the post office, and with the county government only when I took my father to the county seat to serve on the jury.

Those were simple days, when a family could live on a few dollars per month, plus what it could produce by way of fuel, food and clothing. Perhaps I should be more reminiscent or nostalgic than I am when I speak of that period. But I am not old enough nor blind enough to look and think only in terms of the past. Conditions which existed when I was a boy can never be restored. The people would not want them restored. We have moved into a mechanical economy, into a dollar economy.

Throughout the vast and sweeping changes which have affected the daily life of every American, the Democratic party has remained flexible without surrendering fundamental principles.

When it became necessary to take action for the conservation of the basic wealth and primary necessity for national survival—the productive power of our soil—the Democratic party acted by establishing a Soil Conservation Service.

When it became necessary to assist hundreds of thousands of small farmers in becoming landowners and living under better conditions, the Democratic party did that, and did it extremely well, with a Farm Security Administration.

When it became necessary to protect industrial workers by giving them what they should have had long before—the rights and the strength and the security of collective bargaining—the Democratic party did it with the National Labor Relations Act, which the Republican party has since watered down, and, in some respects, all but nullified.

There was a time, as all adult readers will recall, when a bank was likely to blow up in your face any day as you walked down Main Street. When the Democratic party came into power, it did something about that also, and today no one worries about the safety of his bank deposits.

Stock market speculations became damaging to our economy and defrauding to many investors. When the Democratic party came into power, it set up safeguards to protect the public through the Securities and Exchange Commission.

The long list of the steps taken by the Democratic party when such steps were necessary to support the public welfare, and therefore our form of government, is more impressive than any record ever made by any political party in power.

This record will continue to grow. The Democratic party has neither the desire nor the intention of resting on the great work it has done in the past. It will continue to be the party of progress, the party that seeks to ascertain what the people need to guarantee satisfactory survival, and then seeks to meet the need by legislative or executive action.

Our opponents for the last sixteen years have talked about the loss of liberty. They are talking about it now. But I should like to ask, in all sincerity, who has lost any liberty? Freedom of speech has not been impaired. If anyone imagines that it has, let him read the newspapers, the magazines, listen to campaign oratory, or come to the United States Senate and listen to what senators say about government, or any other subject which they choose to discuss.

Has anyone lost freedom of worship? If so, I have not heard of it. Has there been any loss of freedom to travel? Look upon our trains, steamships, air lines and highways. Has anyone lost the right to work? Look at our employment figures, now standing at approximately 62,000,000—a figure higher than most economists of a few years ago thought possible, and higher than at any time during the war. Has there been any loss of freedom of assembly? Look at the crowds that assemble everywhere to hear every sort of discussion or entertainment.

Has the pursuit of happiness been impeded? Ask any one of the 16,000,000 who were unemployed during the last Republican administration of the nation's affairs. Ask any homeowner whose home was saved by the action of the Democratic Administration. Ask any farmer whose mortgage was extended and whose farm was saved by Democratic action. Ask any laborer whose rights have been guaranteed by law under Democratic administrations. These are but a few of the things the Democratic party has done to fortify our national economy and extend the political and social rights which ought to be enjoyed under a democracy.

Let us suppose that back in 1933 the Democratic party had looked backward and talked only about the kinds of government activities that once sufficed to meet the needs of the people, but were insufficient then. Suppose it had not been sensitive to human suffering, to human needs, to the hopelessness of the situation which faced the American people at that critical time. Suppose it had forgotten the democratic principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. Does anyone think that our representative government would have survived with the robust figure which it now possesses? Does anyone suppose that our freedoms, which we now cherish and of which we boast, would be as unimpaired as we find them today?

The Democratic party believes that our government must forever be the useful, active, up-to-date servant of the people; wholly obedient to them and to no other authority. That is representative government. That is the kind of government the people have obtained through the Democratic party and it is the kind of government the people will continue to obtain when the Democratic party is in control of the destinies of this nation. Proof of this assertion is found in the total record of this political party, which Thomas Jefferson founded and whose doctrines and principles have come down through the years, under the leadership of Jackson, Tilden, of Cleveland, of Bryan, Roosevelt and Truman. On this unparalleled record, we are content to rest our claims.

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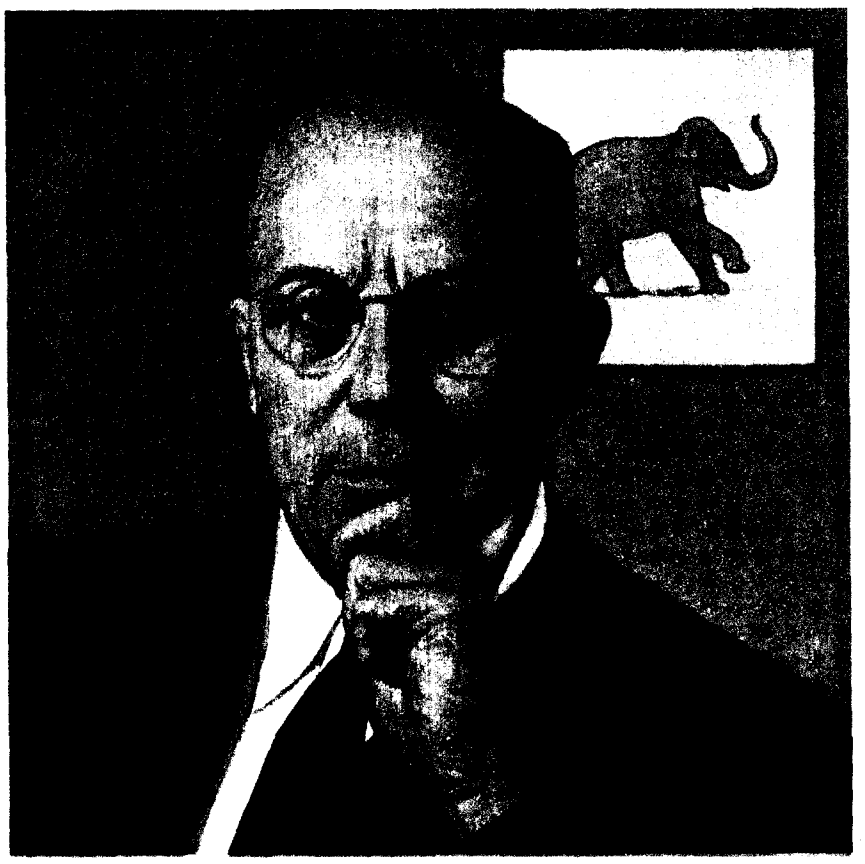
Speaking For The Republicans

CALIFORNIA'S GOVERNOR EARL WARREN,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

THE fast-approaching national election of 1948 is the first election in twelve years in which the crises of world-wide depression, imminent war or actual war have not lent themselves to the argument, "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream." This is not to say that our country is not faced with crises today. It is. But the present crises in both our foreign and domestic affairs are of a different character. They are the backwash of depression and war and of governmental expediencies used in recent years. These are the kind of evils that are now crowding themselves upon us.

We are now in our fourth year since the surrender of Germany and Japan, but the world peace that we fought for now seems farther away than it did during the latter days of the shooting war. The rehabilitation that is so essential to a healthy, peaceful world has lagged to the point of frustration in many parts of the globe. Totalitarianism, aggression and obsession for world domination are still on the march under the trade name of "cold war."



The world is fearful of another cataclysm. Apprehension is to be found in every home in America; and it is not confined to our foreign affairs. It has to do with affairs of our everyday life; the cost of living, the cost of government, and our relations with one another—between management and labor, between producer and consumer, between farmer and industrialist. It is an overriding apprehension based upon dislocations at home and abroad. It is decreasing the resiliency of our country. It is stifling individual ambition and effort.

In sum total it is holding back the productive potential of the nation, without which we cannot lick inflation and have true prosperity. This situation must be remedied.

Lest there be misunderstanding of my position, I hasten to say that this is not entirely the fault of any one individual, any political party, or any Administration. Much of it has been caused by world forces beyond the control of the American people.

The cost of the war in lives, dollars and natural resources is something that all real Americans have paid and will continue to pay willingly as the price of our freedom. The cost of our European recovery plan we all likewise are willing to pay as insurance against war. We all underwrite the adequate defense of our country, as Americans, not as political partisans. And this is the way we should approach the cost of living, the housing shortage, the conservation of our natural resources and our human relations. To do otherwise is to divide our country.

I do not criticize the national Administration for not having immediate specific remedies for all these dislocations. Some of them are of a character that defy an overnight specific cure. They are too bound up with other interwoven conditions. To be perfectly objective about it, what we must avoid most are the nostrums and expedients that sound plausible but which always leave other dislocations and resulting headaches in their wake.

I believe most Americans are of the opinion today that we have had too many such cure-alls in recent years. I believe they expect us again to exalt as virtues individual effort, personal and governmental thrift and co-operation between people of every race, creed and walk of life that will achieve national unity. I believe they realize that without these virtues we cannot go forward.

There are people in both the major political parties who believe that all governmental virtue resides in their own party and that all evil flows from the other. But I am sure most Americans realize that such is not the case. Good Americans make up both parties, and their party affiliation does not change their human instincts, their loyalty to our country or their fond hopes for their children.

Both parties at times have served their country well. Each has generated its own strength and has permitted its own weaknesses to develop, and has therefore had its ups and downs in the estimation of the people. The people of the nation have used the parties interchangeably, as good American institutions in accordance with their appraisal of the leadership and general usefulness at the time.

The question at this election can be stated as follows: Is the present national Administration displaying the unity, the competence and the leadership to warrant extending its tenure to 20 years? Or has the time come for better housekeeping methods that can only be supplied by new leadership and a new broom? I believe that time has arrived.

After long exercise of power, governmental Administrations and the political parties that implement them often develop internal frictions, become incapable of self-criticism and reject outside co-operation or advice. This attitude invariably results in structural weaknesses leading either to internal disorders or an actual breakup of the party itself.

On the other hand it is not uncommon that the opposition party at such times will develop, in the state governments and in the Congress, the leadership essential to achieve unity within its own ranks and inspire confidence in the people. I believe that is the condition of the Republican party today. It has served a rigid apprenticeship for sixteen years. It has rebuilt its structure until it has not only a majority in both houses of Congress, but Republican state administrations governing the vast majority of the American people.

Basing my opinion upon many years of experience in the party, I can say with assurance that I have never seen it as united as it is today under the leadership of Governor Thomas E. Dewey. There is no left segment to splinter off. There is none on the right to secede.

Its leaders are prepared to use the unity which has been achieved within the party to unite the nation in an all-out effort to solve the problems of the day. They will attack head on, and with every weapon available, the high cost of living and the bottlenecks, shortages and monopolies which contribute to it. They will develop and conserve both our human and our natural resources. They will continue to work for honorable, lasting world peace, not through vacillation or appeasement, but through the council table and the United Nations. They will work with the representatives of both parties to that end.

They will do it under the leadership of Governor Dewey. He has proved himself an executive capable of solving the problems of his state during and since the war. In doing so he has earned the confidence of people in every walk of life. His record shows that efficiency and humanity can be combined in government to make a sound progressive Administration. It will be no problem for him to get Communists out of the government because he will never let them come in.

He will surround himself with men and women who not only believe implicitly in the American system, but who also believe that the capacity of America for growth, development and service to mankind is unlimited. He will insist on rigid honesty from top to bottom in the government structure, and I am sure will insist on frankness in dealing with the American people.

He will have a strong united party to respond to his leadership. That is all America needs for its future development and happiness. Nothing short of it will suffice.

PORTRAITS BY ROBERT SLOAN

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CRYING IS FOR SQUARES

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

Danny couldn't get interested in other people's troubles until a girl named Hope gave him a few of his own

"Oh, Danny," she said mistily. "It's beautiful—the most beautiful song I ever heard"

PROBABLY no other song writer in North America except Danny Wonder would have bothered, or dared, to play his sixth song for Mr. Fabian after seeing the look on the music publisher's face at the conclusion of the fifth. But a deep, basic and very large piece of Danny Wonder's nature would not, could not, let him stop. Danny was inclined to be almost sure about everything, but about his songs he was positive.

"Now, this one," said Danny, flexing his fingers over the keys in happy anticipation, "this one—"

"Danny, look," Mr. Fabian interrupted gently, "I want to tell you something."

"—is even a topper for the last one," Danny finished, as though no voice had spoken. "This is a girl's floor number. It's unbelievable. Get this, Mr. Fabian. You listening?"

Mr. Fabian winced convulsively, and Danny plunged into the verse of his sixth and last song. His final arpeggio done, Danny hurtled around on the piano stool like a fired missile and held the entire sheaf of his manuscripts one inch from Mr. Fabian's chin. "I don't owe Harms or Berlin what I owe you, Mr. Fabian," he said solemnly. "The first crack goes to you."

Mr. Fabian removed his chin from the music nervously.

"Now, listen to me," Mr. Fabian said, in comparative calm, "how long have you been working here in my stock room?"

"Two and a half years," Danny said quickly; "almost three—"

"In all that time," Mr. Fabian interrupted, "how many songs did you sing me? A thousand? A million? Don't tell me! All right, I listened. Today, too, I listened. Look, Danny, there's lots of things for a smart young fellow to do besides write songs, isn't there? Even in music. Take being a song plugger—"

"I can't plug other people's songs, Mr. Fabian," Danny said, "when I know I can write better songs than just about everything that gets published!"

"H'mmm," said Mr. Fabian, kindly.

"All right, then. All right," Danny said, "what's the matter with my songs? You tell me."

Mr. Fabian, who was a considerate man, furrowed his forehead for a moment to show that he had been thinking. "The thing is, Danny," he said presently, "your numbers don't play on the strings here." And he tapped a spot on his vest two inches to the left of his top vest button, where there was a green fountain pen. "I can't hum the tunes," said Mr. Fabian.

"Who was the last big-time hummer you remember for sure?" Danny said acidly.

Mr. Fabian's patience was thinning. "All right," he said. "So you gave me first crack at your songs. All right, so I'm honored. You have my permission to go honor Harms, Feist and Berlin."

Danny folded his songs slowly and carefully three times across, so that they would fit into his pocket. "Someday, Mr. Fabian," he said, darkly, "you're going to look in the mirror and punch yourself in the nose."

In the reception room outside, Danny was immediately confronted by Hope Fuller, Mr. Fabian's private secretary. She was extravagantly pretty, it was true, but there was also something else about Hope. There was, behind the lovely smile, behind the great, gray eyes, a suggestion of infinite compassion toward the human race. Hope Fuller looked kind of saintly.

Since the first day of her arrival in the office Danny Wonder had, at regular intervals, tried to make his presence felt with Hope, as the saying goes, but up to the moment he stepped out of Mr. Fabian's office his score was a cool zero. Just then

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

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Danny was so busy hating Mr. Fabian that he only paused long enough to say distractedly, "Hi, Hope. When are we going to have our date?"

"Let's have it now," Hope said. "It's almost lunchtime."

Danny blinked. "Sure, now is fine," he said, and as Hope quickly powdered the nose he had so long admired and set a little hat on the bright hair he could see with his eyes shut, Danny pondered briefly on the intricate working parts of the feminine mind.

THEY went to the drugstore in the building and sat in a booth, and Danny was just beginning to forget about Mr. Fabian and think about Hope, when she said, sympathetically, "I know you must be awfully discouraged, Danny. I heard your songs, and I heard what Mr. Fabian said to you, but remember it's always darkest before the daw—"

"They're a little bit terrific, aren't they? That last one?" Danny interrupted happily. "Fabian has brains like this sandwich. He's soggy in the head." He thumped his tunafish on whole wheat with the back of his hand.

"You don't have to pretend with me. I just hope you're remembering that every cloud has a silv—"

"I feel fine," Danny said.

"Things could be a lot worse," Hope went on. "Take Doris, over there behind the lunch counter. She really knows what trouble is."

"Who?" said Danny, vaguely.

"Doris has had a very hard life," Hope continued, her eyes on a plump girl behind the soda fountain, "and I think if I told you about poor Doris it might make your own load a little lighter, Danny."

"But, Hope, listen, I—"

"Doris was left on a dentist's doorstep in a bushel basket," Hope began firmly, and Danny slumped slowly down in the booth, a study in philosophical resignation.

Doris, it developed, had indeed had a hard life. In fact, compared to Doris, Oliver Twist might better have been called "Aces" Twist. They threw the book at Doris right down the line, and Hope knew every inch of the way. As a general thing, sad stories about sad people only irritated Danny and he listened to this one only because Hope Fuller happened to be telling it. He listened, munching his tunafish sandwich and staring into the great, soft gray eyes across the table from him. The more he looked at Hope the more astonishingly beautiful she seemed to him, and in no time at all Danny slid into love.

When at last Hope was finished, Danny shook his head in disbelief. "How can you get all upset about somebody you hardly know like that?"

"I make it my business to find out about people who are in trouble."

"But a person could spend their whole life doing that," Danny protested. "A person has to look out for number one if they're going to get ahead. That's the only smart way. I got no time to cry. Crying is for squares."

"Squares?" Hope said blankly.

"Square Johns," Danny said, "suckers, touches, marks, willies, bait."

He and Hope spent that evening rather unfestively giving the canary medicine at regular intervals out of an eye-dropper

"Yes, but I don't think people can be happy if they live just only for themselves," Hope said. "And I don't think you really think so either."

Danny beat the remainder of his sandwich relentlessly. "Oh, yes, I do!"

"But let's not forget, Danny," Hope said soberly, "that a friend in need is a friend ind—"

"Let's talk about something more cheerful, Hope," Danny interrupted hastily. "What about dinner tonight? I just found out something I've got to tell you right away."

Hope smiled at him across the table, a wonderful smile that shattered Danny to his heels. "I'd like to hear what you want to tell me, Danny," she said, "but I can't tonight. I have a date."

Danny looked across the table at the beautiful girl who had just conquered him as he had never been conquered before in the whole of his life, and sighed a little.

"Okay," he said.

After a quick dinner that night Danny spent the evening alone in his room. It wasn't much of a room, but it had a rented piano in it, and now Danny sat down and played straight through his six songs, all of which sounded to him altogether masterful, and when he had done this he found that the first four bars of a new melody had dropped into his head. It was slow and a little sad.

Danny never wrote sad songs. He didn't like sad songs. Invariably his songs concerned the discovery of romantic love or its fulfillment or else they were novelty songs featuring somewhat obscure variations on the American language. But now as played, it became apparent that this new melody wouldn't fit into any of the old patterns. It was clearly a lament, a torch song, and Danny couldn't understand it at all.

However, the thing seemed to work itself out with comparative ease. A story theme suggested itself at once, and for three hours Danny arranged and rearranged the notes and the syllables; then he was finished. The completed song was very sad indeed. It was called Just a Table for One, Pierre, and was about a man who for some reason kept going back every night to the same restaurant and saying, "Just a table for one, Pierre."

AFTER their luncheon date the following day, Danny played his songs for Hope in one of the empty offices at Fabian's. At the conclusion of the one with the puns Hope didn't say anything, so he went doubtfully on to the one about the man in the restaurant. When he stopped and looked up into Hope's beautiful eyes he was astonished to see that they were filled with tears and that she was just getting out her handkerchief.

"Oh, Danny," she said mistily, "it's beautiful! That poor man."

"It *is*?" said Danny.

"Mr. Fabian must hear it right away."

At four o'clock that afternoon when Hope called him to come up to Mr. Fabian's office, the first thing Danny noticed as Mr. Fabian rose from his desk and came toward him was that he was tapping the top of the green fountain pen in his left vest pocket with the forefinger of his right hand. "The strings, Danny," he was saying, beaming happily, "this time you played on the strings!" . . .

The next weeks, then months, were for Danny a kind of fulfillment he had dreamed of from the time he could remember. His song about the doleful diner in the restaurant was shrewdly handled by Mr. Fabian and his associates, and three weeks after it was introduced it jumped onto the Hit Parade. A celebrated crooner made a recording of it, radio comedians made jokes about it, parodies of it were written, its sheet-music sale was tremendous.

And that, even as Danny had predicted, was only the beginning. In the course of five months Mr. Fabian published four more of his songs, even the least successful of which was a moderate hit. Each song was more melancholy than the one before it. In all of them hearts were sundered with the regularity of clockwork, true love was encountered in the verse only to be proved false in the chorus, and through it all the strings underneath Mr. Fabian's green fountain pen vibrated furiously.

Danny moved into a pleasant little hotel suite with a baby grand piano in it, and spent every waking hour, except when he was writing songs, with Hope. Danny was in love, and one day in the early spring in the park Hope *(Continued on page 86)*

"Here, Chuck," the old man said. "Blow your nose. You're depressing me"

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Seven of the eight Steinways who run the family business. Charles G., second from left, is the first of the growing fifth generation to enter the firm

The Fortune A Piano Built

By ROBERT SELLMER

The Steinways got their start 95 years ago. Founder Heinrich Steinway began his musical work as a bugler at Waterloo. Five generations later his piano is still up among the very best

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, the concert-pianist, is a man who knows what he wants. When his pet piano was tied up by a shipping strike the day before a recent Buenos Aires concert, he brushed aside the local impresario's offers of substitute instruments. Instead, he put in a pleading long-distance call to the New York office of Steinway & Sons; the next day he gleefully watched airport attendants haul a Steinway concert grand out of a New York-Buenos Aires plane. The $900 shipping charges took a big bite out of his concert profits, but he was glad to pay this price for the mental comfort of playing a piano he trusted.

Such fanatic loyalty is old stuff to the 95-year-old firm of piano makers that has grown to be an international institution. Steinway produces only 4 per cent of the 100,000 pianos America buys yearly, but garners 12 per cent of the industry's $90,000,000 annual take, and provides over 90 per cent of all pianos used at concerts and recitals.

"In my opinion," wrote pianist Josef Lhévinne, "no great artist should use any other piano than the Steinway, if not obliged to do so by material considerations." And a Middle Western piano dealer said recently, "The only reason any of my customers buy other pianos is that they just can't afford Steinways."

Steinway is notable, also, for being the last of the great family businesses. The 326,000 Steinway pianos made since 1853 have been produced by five generations of the family; eight Steinways, of the third, fourth and fifth generations, are turning them out today.

The family keeps a good grip on all the firm's executive jobs and finances. Board meetings, instead of being formal discussions among bankers and lawyers huddled in a Manhattan skyscraper, are comfortable sprawling family reunions, held picnic style at president Theodore Steinway's summer home. Young Steinways, always in plentiful supply, all undergo a thorough three-year apprenticeship—often learning the trade from workmen who, in turn, learned it from the old Steinways—in order to sort them out for their proper niches.

Deep pride in the Steinway name is another mark that distinguishes this almost unique institution. The firm is 2,000 pianos behind orders because the family refuses to cut corners, introduce mass production, use inferior materials, or put insufficiently trained men in important jobs. During the depression, when the U.S. piano business fell from $104,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year, the firm shut down two years rather than produce a cheap piano that could have kept it going. While closed down, it declined offers totaling $1,000,000 for the use of its name on a radio and a refrigerator, and avoided

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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the orgy of mergers that reduced the number of American piano companies by nearly 90 per cent.

The Steinways frankly enjoy bearing a name that is synonymous with "piano" the world over. They beam when Stokowski tells them that "the Steinway has attained the highest degree of perfection and stands unequaled"; and they are just as proud when Jimmy Durante sings, "So I sits down at my Steinway," in Cherry Berry Berry. Even the Soviet Union has helped increase the Steinway pride: Amtorg bought two Steinway grands and shipped them to Moscow.

The Steinway earned its reputation in a field that, for all its surface dignity, is ruggedly competitive. Piano makers today are briefly enjoying a sellers' market, but usually piano selling is a two-fisted, price-cutting, dealer-coddling slugfest. Dealers normally never buy pianos, but take them on consignment. "I can remember," one dealer says, "when the same piano on the same day in the same city sold for prices ranging from $350 to $800 depending on the customer's sales resistance."

Manufacturers of pianos share a close relationship with piano users, for many have their own retail outlets, and where they do not, they sell directly to a local dealer, without benefit of middlemen. They are also accustomed to doing business at glacier speed. The average piano sale takes three months from nibble to clinching, partly because it is a serious investment, and mostly because 75 per cent of all piano sales are decided by women.

Home as a Shrine of Music

In the middle twenties, pianos were sold chiefly to people who wanted them as hallmarks of success, but today most are bought for the sake of children. The buyer, though, always keeps one eye on the living-room furniture; much of the three months is spent choosing styles and watching salesmen lay out piano-shaped patterns on the living-room floor. The rest is spent convincing the buyer's husband that it is worth $2,000 to have his son play The Happy Farmer.

Over 80 per cent of the pianos sold today are "verticals" and "spinets"—fancy names for a small version of the good old-fashioned upright—most of which are mass-produced by a few large companies under a hundred different names. "We make verticals, too," a Steinway said, "but our heart is in the grand. We specialize in grands, and make more of them than any other company in America."

It takes nine months and the contributions of 400 workmen to produce a Steinway piano, and during this period it undergoes six separate tunings, four action regulations, two tone regulations, and a final microscopic checkup by one of the three super-inspectors who must pass on every single piano before it leaves the factory.

Each vast gloomy floor of the factory presents a sea of pianos in various stages of manufacture, thinly fringed with a few scattered craftsmen who seem willing to spend the rest of their lives finishing the operation they are working on. There's no pressure, no save-time-and-motion studies, no speed-up slogans.

The Steinways believe that one reason their instruments have earned such enormous prestige is that they are willing to spend seven hours on an operation—filing hammer felts, for example—which some other companies will do in fifteen minutes. The resulting tonal difference can be detected only by experts, but when this same care is exercised in every one of the hundreds of operations that make a piano, the differences add up to superiority.

Twelve thousand parts go into the half-ton bulk of a Steinway grand, and most of them are tiny, complicated, precision-turned bits of wood. These make up the Rube Goldbergish "action" that transmits motion from key to hammer; they must interact perfectly and endure endless abuse. To achieve this combination, tens of thousands of minute adjustments are first made on each piano. Then a muscular gent takes up a felt-padded stick, and crashes it down with all his might on each of the 88 keys in turn. All broken bits are fished out and replaced, and he bangs again until nothing cracks and the piano shows itself capable of remaining in adjustment.

"This treatment seems kind of extreme," a California dealer who had been through the factory remarked, "but it pays off in the end. I objected once to renting a Steinway to Jimmy Durante—you know what he does to the things—and I got a telegram from old Theodore saying that if a little fellow like Durante could hurt one of his pianos he'd quit the business and make cream puffs. So I sent it out, and by gosh it got scratched up but never even went out of tune."

The elite of the Steinway workers are the tone regulators, who soften or harden each separate hammer felt so that when it strikes the strings the desired balance between brilliance and fullness of tone is achieved. It takes decades to train a good tone regulator; great pianists like Paderewski and Rachmaninoff have frankly admitted that their ears would not be up to the job.

Steinway fussiness about training tone regulators is one of the many reasons why customers have to wait six months for a Steinway.

Because so many of the delicate, finicky hand operations that go into a Steinway demand slow, careful training, the firm needs—and fortunately has—a corps of old, highly skilled craftsmen. Twenty-four of its 700 employees have been with Steinway for fifty years or more, and over a hundred are at least 25-year men. Dean of the lot is jig sawyer Charlie Braun, who has spent 69 of his 82 years in the factory, and couldn't be driven out at the point of a gun.

An Apprentice from Hungary

More typical is George Beiter—"middle-aged," he admits—a magician in wood, who started his apprenticeship as a twelve-year-old boy in Hungary, joined Steinway as a cabinetmaker at the age of nineteen, and by 1938 was entrusted with the responsibility of turning into wood and metal the designs for the Steinway that today is in the East Room of the White House.

Fred Speyrer is a good example of another notable Steinway trend. Fred is a factory superintendent, like his father before him who helped make Steinway pianos for 40 years. "There isn't a single department in the whole plant," he says, "that doesn't have the sons and grandsons and nephews and sons-in-law of old Steinway employees scattered all through it; there's a third-generation Steinway in the president's office over on Fifty-seventh Street, and there's a third-generation Hobein making soundboards right this minute over in one of the two factories in Long Island City."

Good craftsmen, though, are helpless without good materials. A piano, for all its cast-iron frame and steel strings, depends on wood for all its finer qualities of tone and action; a steady 2,000,000 board feet of maple, Western sugar pine, Eastern mountain spruce, Brazilian rosewood, Southern poplar, Honduras mahogany and American walnut are at any given time undergoing the four-year indoor-and-outdoor weathering required of all Steinway lumber. Half of the wood is thrown out at the final inspection because it hasn't stood up to rigid standards. The rest is kiln-dried, boiled in oil, glued in plies, bent under tons of pressure, turned, hand-carved, sanded, lacquered and persuaded in a dozen other ways to contribute strength, richness and spirit to the thin "plink" of steel wires.

Apart from minor mechanical refinement, the technique of Steinway making has changed very little in 95 years. Founder *(Continued on page 32)*

Charlie Braun, dean of highly skilled oldsters, has spent 69 of his 82 years with Steinway

Tone regulators are the elite of the piano industry. It takes an acute ear and decades of training to bring each note to perfect balance. Paderewski once admitted that his ear wouldn't be up to it

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Cayetano The Perfect

The sword and muleta were two yards out of his reach. The bull's tail went up, as it started its lunge

By BARNABY CONRAD

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD
Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

It was Cayetano's last fight. The bull was a worthy contender. But it wasn't the bull he had to conquer. It was himself

CAYETANO ORTEGA woke up at twelve o'clock Sunday with a throb in his head from the hang-over and a sudden knot in his stomach from fear. "Yes," his brain said to him, "today is the day and there's no getting out of it and it's because of her and they'll be here soon to start getting you ready."

He flung back the covers and went quickly across the shabby hotel room to the window. He tugged the shade and let it bang up. The burst of sunlight blinded him for a moment. Then he made out the cobbled streets of Sevilla two stories below, and his incredibly green eyes found what he had to see—the flagpole over the *ayuntamiento* building. The red and yellow flag curled lifelessly around the pole.

"Thank God," he breathed. "Thank God there's no wind anyway."

He staggered back to the bed and fell across it. He lay there for a while, not thinking of anything, really, except: Today, today, today! Then he took a cigarette off the unpainted table and lighted it with shaking hands. He stuffed the pillow behind his head so that he could look out the window. It was a fine spring day and he could see the swallows wheeling around the Giralda tower and a drove of pigeons heading for the Maria Luisa park. What a fine day, he thought. What a hell of a fine day for everyone else. He unconsciously ran his forefinger up and down the long scar on the left side of his face. It would have been a good face except for that scar, rough-hewed and big-jawed.

Because it was Sunday, there were none of the street cries or noise of the old taxies or clatter of the carriages over the cobblestones. That would begin before the fight. Cayetano looked at his watch. Twelve fifteen. The fight began at three thirty. Everyone in Sevilla was going to today's bullfight. Not because of him—Cayetano Ortega. No, at thirty-four Cayetano was through, finished, washed-up, *acabado*—as any small child in Spain could tell you.

The plaza would be jammed to the top because of four things. The first was the other matador, Luis Morales, called The Tiger from Málaga because of his brute courage. Secondly, the Domecq wineries were offering a twenty-thousand-peseta prize to the bullfighter who put up the best show during the six-day fair, and this being the last day the *toreros* would be trying their hardest. Thirdly, the bulls were four Pablo Romeros, the largest and most dangerous-looking animals that had been fought in Sevilla for a decade. Fourthly, the public thought that the other matador in today's *mano a mano*—the hand-to-hand duel—was El Estudiante, who always put up a competent, if not brilliant, performance. They didn't know that El Estudiante had twelve inches of horn go into his stomach in Logroño yesterday afternoon as he went over the horn to kill and might not live. Most of the public didn't know yet, but the bullfighting game is a tight group and word traveled amongst the pig-tailed folk like lightning.

Cayetano had been in Los Corales Café after dinner when he heard it—a quiet, smallish man sitting off at a table with her, Maruja, and drinking too many manzanillas. On the wall above him was the mounted head of a bull he had killed ten years ago, with a silver plaque saying that he had been conceded the ears and tail of the animal after a "soul-stirring encounter."

Funny how much harder to get someone to drink with you when you were on the skids. He remembered the old days, ten years before when he couldn't walk into Los Corales without having ten people swarm around him. It wasn't that the other *toreros* and the *aficionados* snubbed him now; they always spoke to him warmly. It was just that they were sitting with some of the big stars, and that no one happened to think to ask Cayetano Ortega—the man they'd once called Cayetano the Perfect—to sit with them.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

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He might not even have learned about El Estudiante, except that as he and Maruja started to leave he happened to hear Luis Morales saying to the group at his table in a loud voice, "Well, I could kill all four and I don't think there'd exactly be any complaints from the crowd, but why, I say? Why, when I've got the prize already, why should I strain myself to kill his bulls?" Morales was a big man—heavy for a bullfighter—with a black shock of hair, handsome in a greasy way. He was on top now, the place where Cayetano had been ten years ago. Cayetano had the idea that he was talking loud for Maruja's benefit.

Cayetano turned back and guided Maruja up to Morales' table. *"Buenas noches, señores,"* he said quietly.

"Muy buenas, Cayetano," said Arruza and the old *banderillero* Pinturas. "And Señorita Flores."

Morales didn't say anything; he had a mouthful of *paella* and he was occupied in letting his eyes roam over Maruja. It was surprising that he should have been interested in her at all, for she was hardly the type of girl for a successful bullfighter. She was little and dark with her hair pulled back in a bun, no lipstick, but with big black honest eyes that gave her plain face a certain unexpected prettiness and at the same time a little sadness. But Morales was interested.

"Excuse me for interrupting," said Cayetano to Arruza, "but did I hear you say that El Estudiante isn't fighting tomorrow?"

"He got it in Logroño yesterday," said Pinturas.

Cayetano shook his head. "Bad luck. Who's—who's fighting the *mano a mano* tomorrow then?"

"That's what Manolo Delgado would like to know," laughed Arruza, who was a new young star. "He's got every ticket in the plaza sold and no second fighter. He's running around town crazy as a goat. He wants me, but I've got this wrist." He held up his hand with a dirty bandage on it.

"He wanted me to take the whole *corrida,"* said Morales, wiping his mouth with the back of his fingers and looking at Maruja. "Offered me seventy-five thousand more pesetas—but I say, why? I've got the prize cinched anyway, why kill myself for seventy-five thousand measly pesetas?" He pulled up a chair; Maruja hesitated and then sat down next to him.

Cayetano's heart had already started to pound, but he asked casually, "Is—is Manolo anywhere around? I think I know somebody he might get."

They looked at him curiously. "Why, yes," said Pinturas. "He said he'd be over at the Frontón."

"This somebody wouldn't happen to be you," asked Morales with a wry smile, "would it, matador? Don't tell me Cayetano the Perfect is out for the prize at this late date."

"No," said Cayetano, as he felt himself color.

AND then for a second he glanced over at Maruja, but it was long enough to see that look, so that he suddenly felt as though he'd been struck hard in the face. It wasn't a sneer and it wasn't contemptuous; Maruja wasn't that type of person. It was worse. It was more the look one might get on one's face while helplessly watching several dogs maul a lone dog that could lick the pack of them if it only had the nerve to stand and fight. Cayetano had been dreading this look for months, knowing that it was welling up inside her and stifling her love for him. It wasn't that she wanted him to be a great bullfighter again; she just wanted him to be a man again.

"Maruja—I—are you coming?" he said, not looking at her.

"No," said Maruja. "No, I'll wait for you here."

Cayetano took his sombrero off the hat tree and after murmuring, *"Hasta luego,"* he went out into the warm Sevilla night.

He heard Morales laugh behind him, and he thought he might have heard Maruja's silver tinkle. He felt his neck and cheeks burn. His hand went to his face and his finger traced the scar. He walked down the narrow street toward the Frontón.

Then he wheeled abruptly and started walking away from it. He laughed a bit at himself. Manolo'd never bill me in a million years, he said to himself. Why even talk to him about it? Certainly he wouldn't bill me for eighty thousand. Maybe he'd offer me ten or fifteen thousand if he couldn't get anybody else on this short notice. Risk my life for fifteen thousand? Eighty thousand was worth risking your life for; it meant that it could buy you into some decent business, get you out of this rotten game. But he knew the money was secondary now. He wanted to fight and fight well, for her—he *had* to fight for her and what was left of his self-respect! But how to get Manolo to give him the fight?

Now Cayetano was out in the center of the ring showing them what a butterfly pass should be

Cayetano came to a little outside stand where they sold wine. He ordered a manzanilla, threw it down and then had another. It was in the midst of his second when he suddenly realized how he could get the fight tomorrow, and his hand began to shake as he thought of it. He quickly had one more and didn't let himself think again of what he was going to do until he had the bracing wine inside him.

HE PAID for the drinks and strode down Sierpes Street quickly before his courage could leave him. He came to the door of the Frontón, hesitated, then went in. The Frontón was a *jaialai* palace, smoky and dark except for the bright lights focused on the court. There was a game going on between two girl teams, and their cries mingled with the apathetic shouts of the people in the audience.

Cayetano went upstairs and made out the big shape of the promoter in the first-row balcony. He was talking to a man next to him and he turned when Cayetano put a hand on his shoulder.

"Oh," said Manolo, with a not unfriendly grunt. "It's been a century. How goes it, matador?"

"Muy bien," said Cayetano. "Fine." He could make out Delgado's fat face now in the dark and the two big teeth in front that almost crossed over each other.

"I heard you had a bad *cornada* two years ago?" said Manolo.

"No," said Cayetano. "It wasn't bad." Not so bad! It merely ripped out of him whatever small bit of nerve and will to fight that was left in him. It was that cursed wind in Valencia. Everything was going fine—it looked as though Cayetano was finally making his comeback—and then a sudden gust of wind had blown the cape across his legs in the middle of a pass, the bull had swerved after it, and, well—the hospital for six months. He had three bad horn wounds in his life, each because the wind had blown the capes.

"Got a lot of contracts this season, Cayetano?" asked Delgado mechanically. It was just a polite question; Delgado must have known that Cayetano had had only one real fight all year in his home town of Córdoba—and that he had flopped miserably. There was a little wind that day and he had fought three feet away from the bulls and pale with terror.

Cayetano said suddenly, "I've got to fight tomorrow, Manolo."

Delgado shook his head. "Sorry *chico."* The polite manner was gone and he was all business. "I've got a call in to Cádiz now. I think I can get Luis Miguel for the same price that El Estudiante was coming for." *(Continued on page 83)*

He was lifted off the ground, tossed high into the air like a rag doll and slammed to the sand

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The rocket base on the moon as it might appear at the time of the attack on New York City. The rocket in the foreground is just starting its leap through space. Following the vertical take-off it will be guided toward the target by an automatic pilot. Within our stratosphere, controls operated on the earth will take over

Rocket Blitz From The Moon

By ROBERT S. RICHARDSON

When the interstellar rocket comes of age someone will fly to the moon. Who will be first? Will the return trip be an attack on the United States? A scientist describes how possible that may be

THE idea that someday we will find a way to bridge the gulf between the earth and the planets has fascinated men for centuries. The moon in particular, since it is much the nearest, has been the object of innumerable fictional expeditions into space. Most of them have been incredible romances but a few have that semblance to scientific basis in fact.

Of all the contrivances devised for leaving the surface of the earth there is only one that holds real promise for space flight—the rocket. The balloon and airplane must depend upon the atmos-

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The beginning of the end for New York. One rocket has exploded between the Empire State Building and the Battery, another in Queens. Others, launched earlier, may have missed. The slightest error by attackers on the moon would cause projectiles to land thousands of miles from the big city—or even miss the earth

phere for flight but the natural medium for the rocket is a vacuum. Generally regarded as little more than toys before World War II, government research has developed rockets that have attained elevations of more than a hundred miles. Yet each fresh triumph seems merely a preliminary step toward the main goal. Nothing will ever satisfy us short of getting to the moon.

Now a new, more advanced sort of interplanetary project is being proposed, one that might be described as a moon rocket working in reverse. It is to begin where the moon rocket will leave off; in it *a rocket aimed at the earth will leave the moon.* Admitting that the idea sounds fantastic, we must also admit that the atomic bomb and radar contact with the moon would have sounded equally fantastic twenty years ago. Perhaps we should at least take the trouble to see what lies behind this idea of a "moon-to-earth rocket."

Once you start thinking about the moon realistically, as if it were a subdivision over in the next county, it will soon begin to dawn on you that this could be the world's ideal military base. Certainly, when space travel comes into being, the first nation to gain control of the moon will be able to control the earth; for it will have a powerful ally in the force of gravitation.

The mass of the moon is so small in proportion to its size that gravity upon its surface is only one sixth of what it is on the earth. In other words, objects on the moon weigh only one sixth as much as they weigh here. They would feel one sixth as heavy to us. A sack of cement guaranteed to tip the scales at 60 pounds in Chicago would register barely ten pounds in the crater Plato. A man transported to the moon would feel like Hercules, easily able to toss about huge rocks he could barely lift back home in Vermont.

Similarly, explosives and propellants would have far more power on the moon, owing to the sixfold decrease in gravity. In an artillery duel between planets the advantage would be all on the side having the lower surface gravity to cope with. Shooting at the earth from the moon would be like throwing rocks downhill.

Assume that a nation hostile to the United States secretly launches upon an all-out program of rocket research. Eventually it gains technical knowledge far surpassing others in this field. (This is what happened in Germany about 1935 when the Nazis began experimenting with a rocket similar to the V-2. When the first V-2s struck England in September, 1944, the Allies were incapable of retaliating.) Soon it is busy producing rockets capable of sustained flights at altitudes of hundreds and thousands of miles.

Finally after many failures comes the supreme achievement. Some experts take a rocket all the way to the moon, effect a landing, and live to make the return trip to earth. Now military work goes ahead with a rush. In an incredibly short time a base is established upon the moon, with its own power plant, fully equipped to manufacture all the weapons needed for the conquest of the earth.

Whether such a daring project is ten or ten thousand years in the future, there is today nothing, from the purely scientific standpoint, to prevent our launching a rocket at the earth from the moon. The formulas expressing the laws of flight through space are no military secret. Positions of the earth and the moon are calculated a year in advance by the U.S. Naval Observatory and published in the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac. Anyone who desires can begin laying his plans on paper immediately for the rocket conquest of the earth, just as if a base upon the moon were already in existence.

Suppose we try to anticipate the future by making such plans ourselves. No one would dare attempt to foretell the course of discovery in electronic or nuclear physics, but there is no corresponding uncertainty about the motions of bodies in space. The position of the moon a thousand years hence can be determined *(Continued on page 44)*

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The Impudent Rifle

By DICK PEARCE

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A RASH YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T GIVE IN

The Story: On board the Rachel and bound for Fort Gibson in the heart of the Indian country are LIEUTENANT PHILIP ROYALL, GOVERNOR SPRAGUE and his daughter BETH, SEAN DONNELL, FRANK OLLERS and an assortment of violent characters clustered about a desperado named SCANLON. Lieutenant Royall, an impulsive young man, has volunteered for duty at Fort Gibson. Governor Sprague has been commissioned by PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON to move the entire Choctaw Nation to the west. He is carrying $50,000 in public funds. Sprague is afraid of Scanlon's crowd. Lieutenant Royall promises to protect him. Sean Donnell, a young Irishman attached to Sprague's party, greatly admires Royall. Both are attracted to Sprague's beautiful daughter Beth. Frank Ollers, the richest man in the territory, shrewdly baits Royall until Royall accepts a challenge to fight Scanlon with fists and boots at Montgomery's Point. There, while Royall is fighting and defeating Scanlon, Scanlon's gang holds up Sprague. They are fired on and dispersed by Ollers. Royall suspects Ollers engineered the holdup and used it to gain Sprague's confidence, as Ollers has already told Royall that he expects to be the contractor who will move the Choctaw for the government. Arriving at Fort Gibson, Royall meets his acting commanding officer, Major Traut, and also Ollers' daughter Harriet, a beautiful sultry girl who dresses like an Indian. When Ollers sees that Harriet admires Royall, he warns the lieutenant to keep away from his daughter.

PART 2 OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

ROYALL turned out of the adjutant's office and down the long east gallery. The sun, well down, reached under the overhang and filled his eyes. Its rays bounced at him in bright little stabs from the white logs and the hard bare earth of the quadrangle. Squinting as he walked, he could see through the west gate and beyond to the chimneys of the steamboat.

The gallery floor ended abruptly under him and he stepped off to find himself in the passageway leading to the east gate. He could see the open gate with its sergeant's guard and the tall log pickets running back on each side of it and he stood uncertainly, trying to recall the adjutant's directions.

"Lookin' for Buildun' G, sir? You just come by it."

"Thank you, Sergeant."

"Up them stairs there and it'll be the first room."

Royall had a foot back on the gallery when the sergeant's last words reached his mind. He faced back questioningly.

The sergeant said apologetically, "Mr. Grimes, he departed us last week. And they ain't no other empty quarters inside the pickets so it had to be his'n they gave you."

Royall nodded. "I see."

"Mr. Grimes, he was a fine officer, sir." The sergeant rubbed his nose and peered at Royall with the uncertain air of a man trying to make up his mind.

"Yes, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir. You see, this 'un's my gate, and you'll find like Mr. Grimes did that it's right below your window, like. And sometimes at night—you see, sir, they ain't all old soldiers here. Some is boys and some is townmen, clerks and stonemasons and the like, that come in on account of the hard times. And like I was sayin', sometimes when they're on the gate at night and feelin' sad and thinkin' of their families—" The sergeant paused, his manner saying he hoped he would not have to spell it out more plainly.

"What is your name, Sergeant?"

"Taylor, sir. In since Chalmette."

"Mr. Grimes was not a busybody. Is that it?"

"He didn't—you could say it that way, sir."

"I'm not a busybody either."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." The sergeant touched his cap and turned away, relief plain in his face. Royall's voice stopped him.

"You were waiting for me, weren't you?"

Taylor studied Royall's smile before he grinned. "I saw you come in t'other gate and marked you for a new 'un, sir."

"Let's spell out our bargain. I've agreed to report minor infractions at your gate to you instead of the officer of the guard. Is that correct?"

Wariness leaped into Taylor's eyes. He cast an involuntary glance about him before looking reproachfully at Royall. His expression smoothed to blandness. "I don't know of any bargain, sir."

"As you say, Sergeant. And don't try to strike any more bargains with me until I know my way around this station."

Climbing the stairs to his quarters, Royall reflected that Taylor was not the only one who had watched when he entered the gate a half hour ago. All around the quadrangle, wherever men moved with patient slowness at routine tasks, there had been covert, measuring stares. There was tension here, a mood of expectancy as taut as drying rawhide. An old soldier who had fought with General Jackson at Chalmette could be expected to work his stratagems on a new subaltern. But the urgency beneath Taylor's manner had been acute.

The mood of tension pushed at Royall through the late afternoon hours, infecting him and irritating him because it robbed him of his sense of well-being. He waited until the sunset gun echoed down the river, and then made his way out the east gate. Away from the constricting pressure of the pickets, the relief was immediate. But not complete.

He took the road to the northeast, toward the hill and the outbuildings. Major Traut emerged from a cabin, a violin under his arm. Behind him came Ollers, the steamboat captain and Doctor Clausen, the civilian surgeon. The latter three walked with the torpid gait of men who have fed well. Traut shortened his steps impatiently, but still kept a long stride ahead of the others. Royall thought Traut's stride arrogant, instantly remembering that other men found arrogance in his own bearing.

Traut passed him without recognition. The steamboat captain stopped. His face was jovial and slightly flushed.

"Come along to the boat, lieutenant. The night is young."

"Another time," said Royall.

As they moved on, Ollers growled at the captain a sharp word that Royall did not catch.

A HUNDRED yards from the stockade the road passed a substantial log building with a gallery running its length. This would be Colonel Arbuckle's quarters. Royall paused before it, watching candlelight come on, thinking he would like to see and speak with Beth but deciding against it. Before he could resume his stroll Donnell appeared on the road, coming toward him with head downcast.

The droop in Donnell's shoulders made him say sharply, "What is it, Sean?"

Donnell looked up, startled. "Hello, Phil. So you feel it too?"

"Feel it? Oh, that. It's just discipline. You'll grow accustomed to it."

"This place is waiting." Donnell gazed somberly at the pickets, a pale column in the twilight. "Everybody here is waiting. Even Major Traut. What are they waiting for?"

Royall knew it was so. Sergeant Taylor was waiting. Ballance, the adjutant who quartered him, was waiting. This was part of the mood. Donnell, with his sensitiveness, had put a name to it where Royall could not. Yet all outposts waited. Drilled too much, drank too much, made too little love—and waited through eternity.

"I don't know," he answered.

"I shouldn't have come here," said Donnell. "Governor Sprague quarreled with Major Traut because of me."

"Because of you?"

"Did you hear the major *(Continued on page 74)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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"Do you believe that Major Traut is my lover?" Harriet asked. The cool directness of the question astonished him, delayed his reply

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The Debutante Industry

The set of Miss Leigh's bustle is personally supervised by its creator, Prince Vladimir Rom-Pirtoff. A deb's coming-out wardrobe required eight ball gowns, four cocktail dresses, and five suits—plus accessories

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

By VIRGINIA LEIGH

WITH WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

A debut is sometimes awkward and always costly—like the debutante. And it's mama and papa who pay. Still, writes society columnist Leigh who "came out" herself last season, she'll have a debut for *her* daughter if she has to hock the family helicopter

IN ITS purest form the coming-out party is a public signal flashed to the world by the deb's family to indicate that daughter is now ready—mayhap anxious—to hear proposals of marriage.

Despite this sentimental aura the debut is big business. This year doting American daddies will write $10,000,000 in checks to finance their daughters' bows to society. In New York alone there will be 75 parties costing between $10,000 and $100,000 each, and 225 affairs ranging from $1,000 to $10,000. Clothes, flowers and postage stamps come extra. New York City has the most coming-out parties, but they are a national institution. Every year there are debuts in Houston, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia big enough to dwarf the biggest New York extravaganzas.

In view of the announced purpose of the debut and the unbreakable rule that there shall be two men in attendance for each girl, it would seem that the millions of dollars spent might easily achieve their romantic purpose. But no deb expects, or wants, to marry any of the lads she meets at the parties. The nice boys in regular attendance are children in their teens, and the grizzled old stags of twenty-six are suspect as free-loaders or fortune hunters or both.

As debuts go these days I had a lovely coming-out party last January at my home. Only fifty people crashed the affair. Nothing of any great value was stolen. I escaped the fate of a friend who made her debut in an expensive soiree which was terminated shortly after it began with all the young gentlemen and their ladies fleeing into the night, filled with terror. It seems the host decided that the small fortune he was expending for champagne should provide the necessary liquid refreshments. When some of the boys asked for Scotch they got it—plus a bill. The room was cleared instanter.

The story of the waiters bearing checks was the high light of the 1946–47 season and had a restraining effect upon last year's debuts. There were 500 at my party, and the newspapers called it the biggest of the season. It was only a quarter the size of a big Philadelphia debut and a far, far cry from prewar festivities at which 3,000 danced, dined and drank. But caterers and other interested authorities tell me that this season, which hits its peak in December, will be *(Continued on page 60)*

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Hi-fi light performance

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HERE'S BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE for AM and FM radio and for records! New features add to your pleasure and convenience! And look at the simple yet graceful lines of the cabinet, the beautiful graining of the polished wood, the dignity of the 18th Century styling! Take your choice of three lovely hand-rubbed finishes—mahogany (above), walnut or, at slightly higher cost, modern blond, all with a roomy record compartment. AC operation.

See and hear this new Victrola 8V112 at your RCA Victor dealer's. Compare it for value with *any* . . . yes, *any* other make of radio-phonograph on the market!

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Victrola 8V112 has not only standard but also static-free FM radio with RCA Victor's simpler, more sensitive Frequency Modulation circuits. Big 12-inch speaker, ample power and volume. And—here's a test of radio quality—superlative tone even at low volume levels. Radio controls tilt out conveniently.

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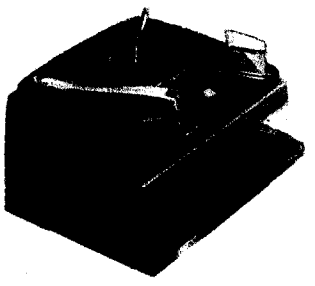

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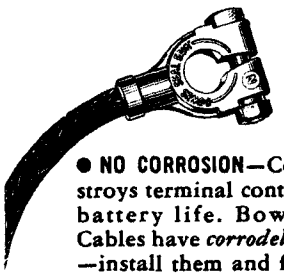

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The Gourmet

Milton Berle shows how to mix a salad while Photographers Henderson and Shaw picture the process. Idea by Cartoonist Hank Ketcham

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Brilliant New Schick Amazes Faces Everywhwere

New electric shaving power, new ease, new comfort! All yours with Schick's new Stop-Start Switch that snaps the shaver off or on, new Mighty Motor, new Stream-Flo Styling—a flock of other new features.

From coast to coast the grins are spreading.

For everywhere men are discovering that the all-new Schick is sweeping beards off faces as they've *never* been swept before!

It all begins with a brand-new Stop-Start Switch that snaps the shaver into action in a flash.

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And, mister, does this Schick give you power! NEW power, ⅓ MORE power than any Schick ever had—power that sails those shearing heads through the roughest, toughest patches that ever nicked a blade.

The new Mighty Motor is a pageful of news in itself. New nylon cushioning, new efficiency, new bearings—it's new in *everything* to make *any* beard lose its battle fast.

But that's not all. Even the Whisk-Its are completely new—stronger, sturdier, blended into the shaver, built to catch all beard clippings.

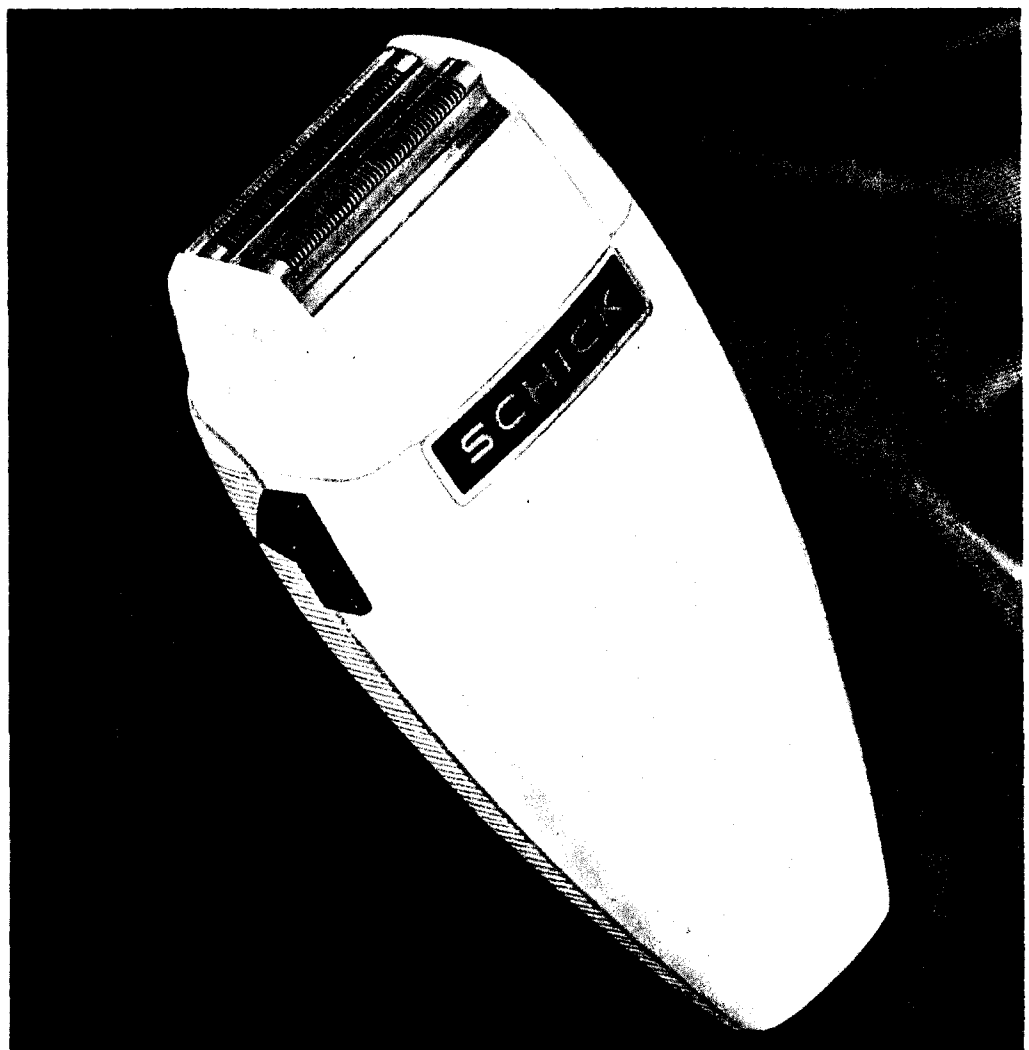
Fact is, you'll be enjoying a shaver that was 18 years in the making. For Schick pioneered electric shavers that long ago—made Schick America's No. 1 shaver—and worked constantly to make shaving slicker, quicker than ever.

So why try to get by without the latest Schick a morning longer? Your nearest Schick dealer is ready, willing and eager to show what Schick can do on *your* face.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S A LOT THAT'S NEW IN THE COLONEL, TOO!

There's a new head on the Colonel's shoulders. It's the new 3-M HOLLOW-GROUND SHEARING HEAD—with FAST PICKUP INTERCEPTOR BAR that pops up each whisker to be cropped clean at skinline. Also—the Colonel comes in a smarter travel case. Schick Colonel with new 3-M Head.....$16.50



WHAT'S NEW? *PLENTY!*—INSIDE AND OUT!

NEW Shaving Ease, speed, comfort, convenience—with the V-16 shearing heads.

NEW Stop-Start Switch—no wheel to spin. Starts and stops the shaver.

NEW Power—⅓ more power to zoom through the toughest whiskers.

NEW Mighty Motor—37% more efficient. Hi-speed oil-impregnated bronze bearings on ingenious new motor shaft for stronger, smoother running.

NEW Nylon Cushioning—nylon rubbing blocks—plus springlike actuating lever and brazed points—for longer life, trouble-free performance.

NEW Stay-On Whisk-Its—catch all beard clippings, can't come off. Strong closing and opening. Note how they blend into the shaver.

NEW Travel Case—all metal, handsomely covered, stamped in gold. Even a new, handier plastic cord ring.

NEW Stream-Flo Styling—by Raymond Loewy. Unbelievably light. Easy to hold. Non-slip ribbing.

And—It Fits the Schick Shaverest—the automatic wall-holder which keeps the shaver finger-tip handy, shuts off the current automatically, zips up the cord.

Shaverest—Trademark Schick, Inc.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

New Power-Packed Schick Super—$21.00

All-new, through and through

SCHICK *ELECTRIC* SHAVER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Women like this will be HAPPY!

So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free!

FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.

THE FORTUNE A PIANO BUILT

Continued from page 21

Heinrich Engelhard Steinweg, whose musical career began when he received a medal for steadfast bugle playing at the Battle of Waterloo, brought his five sons and one daughter to this country in 1850 and never stopped teaching them piano making until he died in 1871. His sons in turn passed on his teachings to their sons with interest, and in addition carried the Steinway name into public life. They built Steinway Hall, which until the erection of Carnegie Hall was the musical heart of New York; they financed the first American tours of such artists as Paderewski and they shocked the trade by daring to advertise pianos.

Praise from the Immortals

Though manufacturing methods remained fairly static, the piano itself changed enormously, and the man who changed it was the ex-bugler who, once settled in America, called himself Henry E. Steinway. His innovation of combining a one-piece cast-iron frame with overstringing revolutionized piano design so completely that within a few years after its introduction in 1859, manufacturers the world over were forced to imitate his construction, and European artists like Franz Liszt, Richard Wagner and Hector Berlioz dropped their habitual sneers at all things American to write lavish praises of the instrument that opened up hitherto impossible ranges of tone, volume and brilliance.

This inventiveness stayed in the Steinway blood, for succeeding generations have developed new soundboards, faster actions, and other improvements that have helped maintain Steinway's position as the concert artist's favorite.

The world, for once, was not laggard in rewarding the family for these contributions to music. Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honor, gold medals, honorary degrees and suchlike baubles poured in by the hundreds. Reigning sovereigns fell over one another in the rush to have this American firm appointed their piano maker by royal warrant. Gushing testimonial letters written by every sort of artist from Enrico Caruso and Fritz Kreisler to George Gershwin and Fats Waller swelled the family files. The piano made for Theodore Roosevelt was given a place of honor in the Smithsonian Institution, and Toscanini turned his Steinway into a shrine for his most treasured musical mementos.

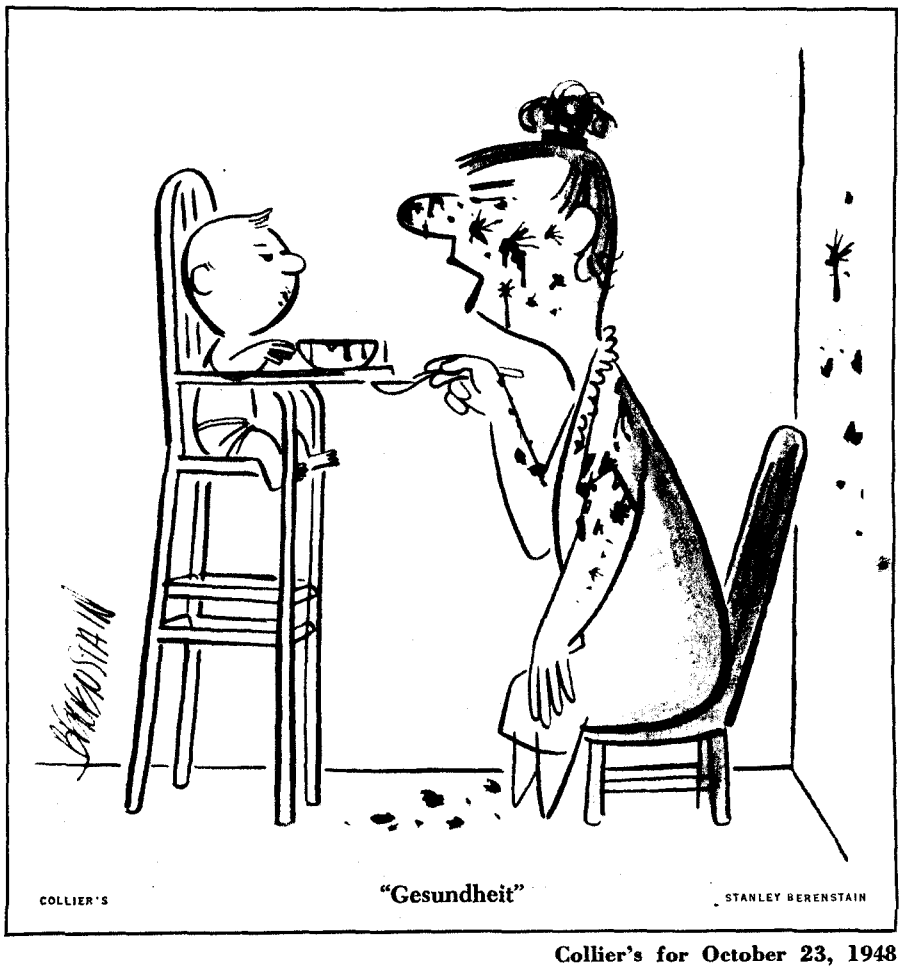
It is hard to believe that a company with such a leisurely tradition of artistic craftsmanship could be put to valuable use in wartime, but during World War II the family's inherited wizardry with wood and glue was turned quickly to the production of thousands of glider wings and tails for the Air Force. Splintered wood once destined for piano soundboards still dots the fields of Holland and France.

For all their love of prestige and quality, the Steinways have a healthy interest in selling their pianos, one which dates from the days when Great-grandaunt Doretta sold the first few hundred by giving free lessons to potential customers. There are no giveaways today, however, and Steinway will not send pianos on consignment, or allow any lowering of their fixed prices. Today only a tiny handful of Steinways are exported, mostly to the few countries that, like Venezuela, have dollar surpluses.

Before the war a Steinway branch factory in Hamburg, Germany, turned out some 2,500 pianos a year for the export trade. The Germans seized the plant after Pearl Harbor, but never bothered to convert it to war work; it went merrily on turning out pianos until 1944, when British bombs put a quick end to the business.

A small but lucrative side of the business is the manufacture of special pianos on order. The most expensive one the company ever turned out was made of ivory and mother-of-pearl. It cost $40,000.

The eight Steinways who have inherited this intricate legacy of tradition and invention are pretty evenly distributed through the business. Two of Henry E.'s grandsons, sixty-four-year-old Theodore E. and sixty-six-year-old William R., are president and vice-president of



"Gesundheit"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When safety's a must, it's PRESTONE TRADE-MARK Anti-Freeze

SAFETY'S A MUST with Fire Chief Ivan Curry, of Osseo, Wisconsin. "In my job a freeze-up can be fatal. It pays to have 'Prestone' anti-freeze—the best anti-freeze you can buy. I find, among other advantages, that 'Prestone' anti-freeze prevents rust!"

SAFETY'S A MUST with Ambulance Driver David Landew, of Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, N. J., who says, "I put one shot of 'Prestone' anti-freeze in my radiator every fall and I *know* I'm safe from freeze-ups all winter long. 'Prestone' anti-freeze has never failed me. Besides, it never foams!"

SAFETY'S A MUST with Police Captain Emerson Payne, of Jeffersonville, Indiana, whose car is out in every kind of weather. "No matter how quickly the weather changes, 'Prestone' anti-freeze keeps my patrol car free from freeze-ups."

In your car too!

GUARANTEED!

Ask your dealer to show you the guarantee. It's your assurance of all-winter safety.

$3.50 PER GAL.

"Prestone" anti-freeze is America's Number One brand. Year after year, more motorists depend on it than on all other brands of all-winter anti-freezes combined. There is nothing else like it!

NO RUST...
NO FOAM...
NO FREEZE...
NO FAILURE...

One shot lasts all winter!

PRESTONE BRAND Anti-Freeze

The registered trade-marks "Prestone" and "Eveready" distinguish products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

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The Label Says It...
The Whisky Proves It...

"There is nothing better in the Market."

Let your own good taste confirm this 78-year-old pledge of quality—written in the founder's hand when Old Forester Kentucky Bourbon was born. Today, produced by the third generation of the same family —with the same tradition for quality, Old Forester is still the choice of those who appreciate the finest.

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original finesse developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN FORMAN KENTUCKY

100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD FORESTER

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

BOTTLED IN BOND

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION

AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today's Steinway & Sons. Next in line are Theodore E.'s four sons: Theodore D., thirty-four, in charge of Engineering and Research; Henry Z., thirty-three, Factories Manager; thirty-one-year-old John H., Advertising Manager; and boogie-woogie-loving, twenty-seven-year-old Frederick, factory apprentice.

Charles F. M. Steinway, a cousin, represents the family in the sales department, and his son, Charles G., apprentice salesman, is up to the present the first fifth-generation Steinway to enter the firm, but there are half a dozen of his cousins in diapers and short pants destined to move in when their time comes.

Meet the Firm's President

President Theodore E., a stocky, cheerful gentleman with invariably ruffled white hair, is a good, typical Steinway. He started work in the factory when he was eighteen and could put a piano together blindfolded. Deeply tradition-conscious, he keeps his office jammed with Steinway mementos—so crowded, in fact, that he prefers to work, shirt-sleeved, in the outer general office—and when married insisted on living in an apartment built on the site of the old Steinway factory. Fortunately for him and his bride, the old Steinway factory had been built at Fifty-third Street and Park Avenue.

No Steinway has ever been more than an adequate pianist, but the name has spelled piano to so many people that they have been called on for all manner of odd assignments. When Nelson Eddy was in Khartoum in 1943 on a USO tour, his piano fell off the back of a speeding truck and scattered its twelve thousand pieces all through a bazaar. The Special Service officer in Khartoum remembered that there was a Lieutenant Steinway in the local Air Force unit, and called him in on the off chance that he knew something about pianos. John H., who like all the young Steinways was in the service during the war, said sure, he'd have a look at it, and by concert time that evening he had the pieces assembled and the piano in playable shape.

The Steinways are as faithful to their piano as their piano has been to them. "People," they say, "have been killing off the piano for years. First the phonograph, then the radio, then talking pictures were going to wipe the piano from the face of the earth, and now television has been picked to do the job, but the piano business hasn't been in better shape for decades. There are only about 1,000,000 usable pianos in the country today, and at the most 5,000,000 Americans who have got beyond Chopsticks. If, as the television people say, they are keeping people home and re-creating the family, the demand for pianos is going to grow tremendously. People at home like to make music, and the piano offers an easy and pleasant way to make it."

This concentration on grands, the Steinways believe, will pay off. They base their optimism on a trend that is taking people out of cities and tiny apartments into garden apartments and suburban and country houses where there is room for grands.

These dreams seem odd, coming from a company that cannot keep up with the present demands. But the Steinways are so used to doing things by generations they have started ironing out this drawback. Groups of veterans are taking on-the-job training, and the tenth who are expected to last will eventually fill the gaps left by depression and war.

The Steinways believe that in the long run everyone who can afford to will buy their piano simply because it is one of the finest instruments you can get. To anyone who doubts this quaint faith they quietly show the following letter:

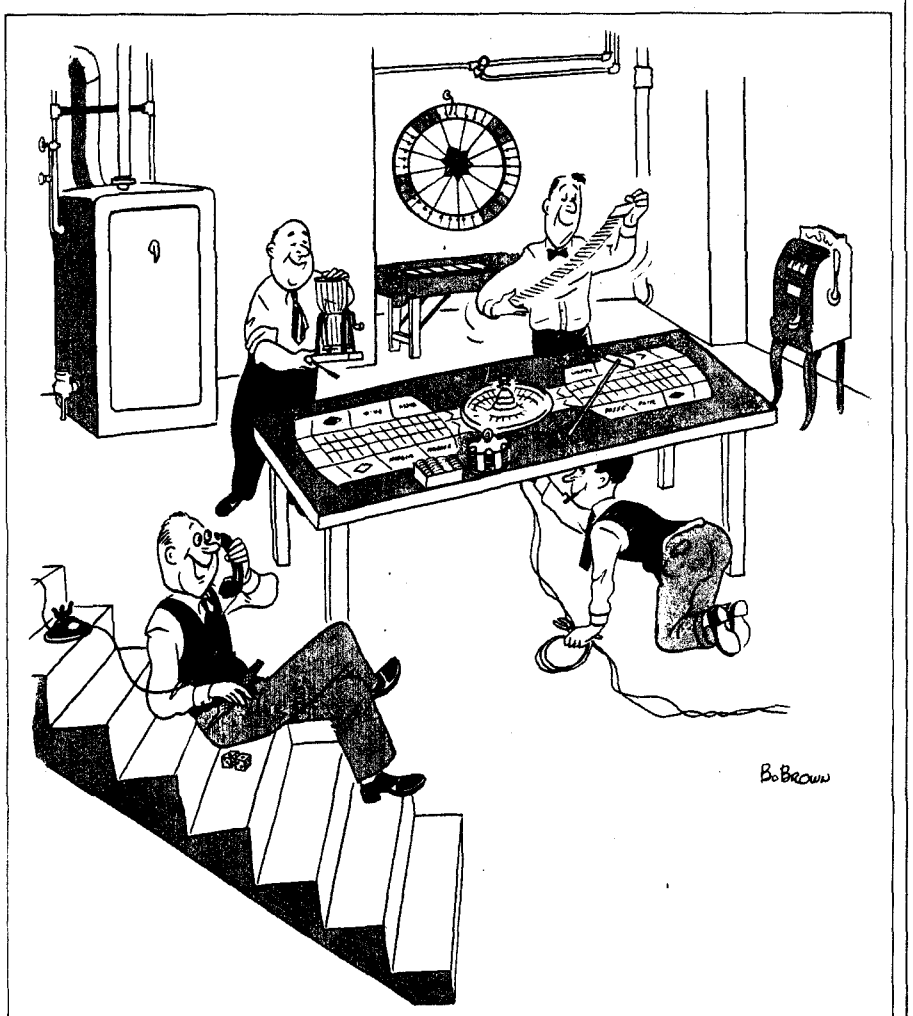
"Steinway & Sons,

"Gents:

"I have decided to keep your grand piano. For some reason unknown to me it gives better results than any so far tried. Please send bill with lowest price.

"Yours,

"THOMAS A. EDISON."

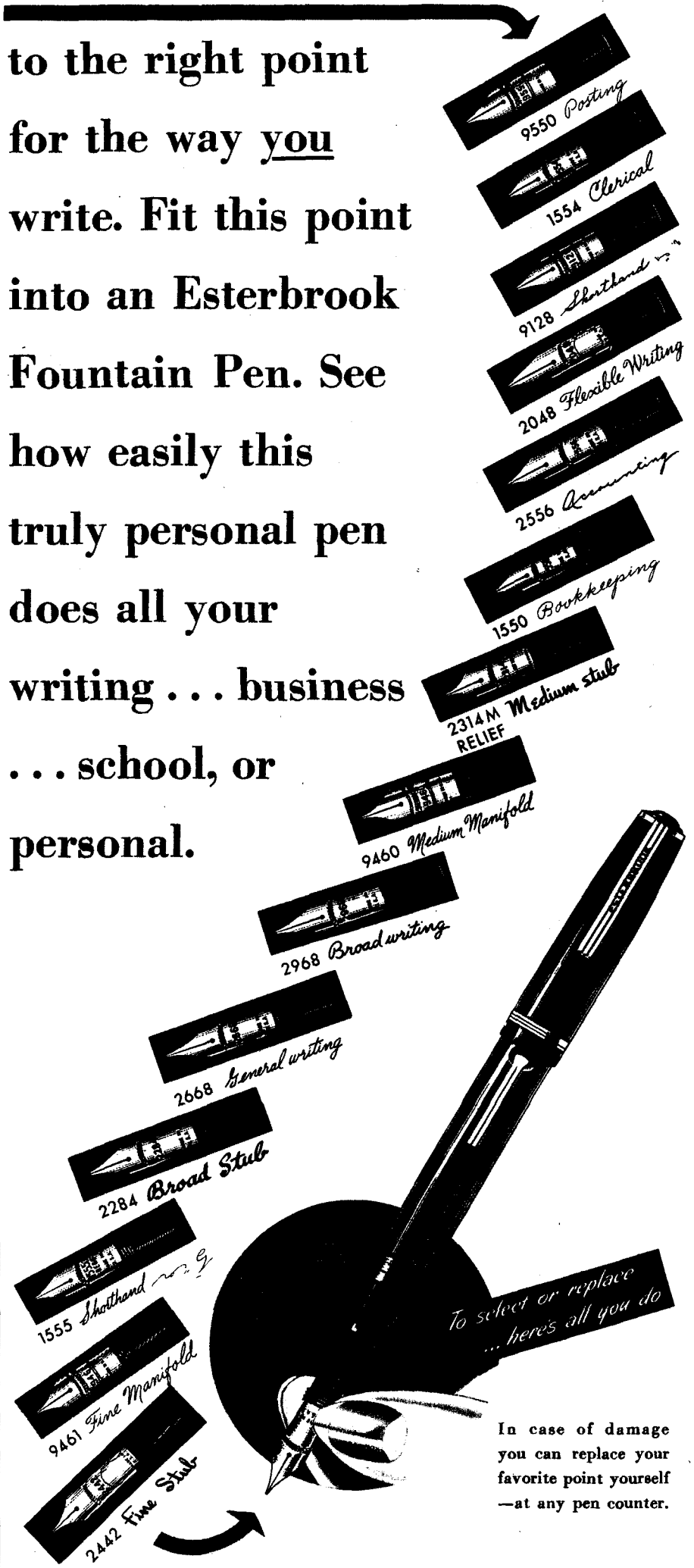


"Can you come over, Charley? Russ and Harry and Tom and I are getting up a little game"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Follow this line

to the right point for the way you write. Fit this point into an Esterbrook Fountain Pen. See how easily this truly personal pen does all your writing . . . business . . . school, or personal.



In case of damage you can replace your favorite point yourself —at any pen counter.

Esterbrook®

FOUNTAIN PEN

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On the air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, *Monday and Friday evenings, over more than 450 Mutual stations, coast to coast. Hear him!*

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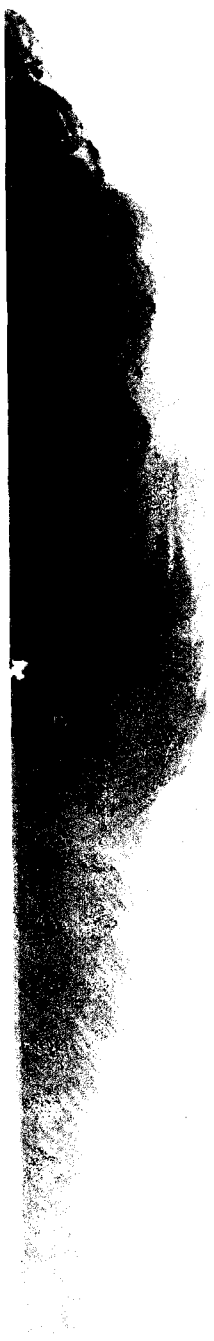
Here's your key to Greater Value



See those letters, GM?

They stand for General Motors.

And General Motors stands for better automobiles—more car for your money.

This is a fact made true by hard work.

General Motors puts the time and money, the brain power and man power against the job of building cars better and better.

Better research, better engineering, better production methods combine to give you better automobiles.

Here then is a key. Here is also a symbol. When you use this key, better value is yours.

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

BODY BY FISHER · GMC TRUCK & COACH

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Shave? Tonic? A moustache trim, perhaps?"

STAN: Thanks, Pedro. Just the haircut. And, oh yes. A few reverent moments to gaze at myself in your mirror. To see me as others do, you know.

BARBER: Ah . . . *magnifico!* A touch of Dandruffoof Tonic, lightly sprinkled?

STAN: Nope. Might wet my Arrow Shirt. My Arrow Dale. A dandy, isn't it? And look at the way the collar sits on my neck. Perfect. S-i-m-p-l-y perfect. Nothing like an Arrow Collar, eh, Pedro?

BARBER: Arrow Collar, si. May I suggest a shave? Or a few moments under the sun lamp?

STAN: Not today, Pedro. Just let me feast my eyes upon myself. See, even when I slump down, casual like, this Arrow Shirt feels comfortable. No strain, no pain. What a body-line design! MITOGA, it's called. Only an Arrow has it, Pedro! No matter what Arrow you prefer . . . Dart, Dale or *any* of the Arrow beauts.

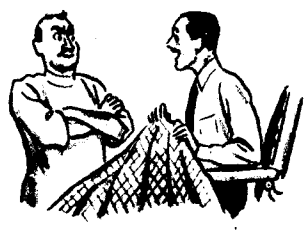
BARBER: Mitoga. Si. More comfortable than a serape. Perhaps a facial? A shampoo? A singe, yes?

STAN: A singe, no. Hold the mirror up higher around my neck. See that "Sanforized" trade-mark inside my collar? Means that fabric shrinkage is held to less than a mere 1%.

BARBER: Sanforized. Si. A manicure, shoeshine . . . ?

STAN: Ah, no. How much do I owe you, Pedro?

BARBER: One dollar and ninety cents.



STAN: WHAT? Just for a haircut? With no shave? No trim? No facial? No . . . ?

BARBER: New rule. Ninety cents for haircut. Dollar for conversation.

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.65 · $3.95 · $4.50 · $5.50 · $7.50

No Wonder It's Busted

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

She'd rather read The Congressional Record

THEY tell me there is a woman in Centralia, Ohio, who read the instruction book that came with her electric mixer and thus was able to make a minor mechanical adjustment without asking the dealer to send a serviceman twelve miles out to her house right away.

I can't imagine how such a story got started. The average housewife would rather read The Congressional Record than a How-to-Operate-It service book. These are usually illustrated and tell exactly what to do when the motor goes screep-screep-screep, and are of no interest whatever to women.

This refusal to read directions is due partly to a distaste for mechanical details; but mainly, anything labeled Automatic is accepted by the average homemaker as strictly push-button and entirely indestructible.

The admonition to oil Widget A or Gimmick B every six months is regarded as ridiculous and typical of

She will stuff fifteen pounds into a washer

the muddled thinking of engineering-school graduates, who merely want to make everything mysterious for the weaker sex.

Almost every wife will stuff 15 pounds of laundry and a set of slip covers into an automatic washer designed to take 10 pounds, then threaten to boycott the maker when the machine heaves, groans and finally blows a gasket.

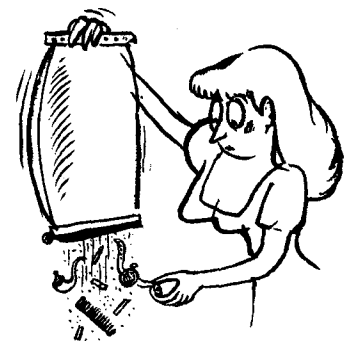
This naïve belief that any gadget more complex than a ten-cent can opener will work indefinitely under any circumstances and without care goes down the list from refrigerators to almost invisible wrist watches.

Watchmakers develop 30-40 vision cramming precision parts into the fashionably minute cases, but they long ago resigned themselves to the inevitable outraged cries of the owners, who retrieve these pieces of jewelry from the vacuum cleaner bag and hotfoot it down to the adjustment desk because the watch is losing two minutes an hour.

I know a man who absent-mindedly removed from his wrist a new watch, placed it carefully in the pocket of his swim trunks, executed a perfect swan dive from the high board and sported about for some time before emerging from the pool and running his trunks through a wringer to dry them.

What all this did to the watch made the man very sad, but he didn't complain to the watchmaker. His wife, however, had plenty to say about poor workmanship, cheap materials and the general unreliability of that particular timepiece.

Just the other day I overheard a



The watch will lose *two minutes an hour*

lady chewing out a jeweler; and fortunately, because I happened to have my wire recorder along, I can give you an exact transcription of part of the conversation:

LADY: I paid you $39.75 for that watch just last week. Well, one accidental trip through the electric dishwasher and what happens? I got a piece of junk on my hands. Hmf!

JEWELER: But, madam— (At this point I ran out of wire.)

By actual count there are 248,000,000 (don't argue; I have the figures right here) cigarette lighters in the nation's desk drawers, tossed there by women who expected the gizmos to function forever on one flint and eight drops of spot remover.

I had a lot more to say about this but something appears to be wrong with my typewriter. It hasn't been the same since it fell off the back of my motorcycle at 78 miles an hour. They just don't make things the way they used to. ▭▭▭

Fluid and flints are superfluous

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM COBEAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rich and zesty – extra-tasty! That's Del Monte for you!

Just as you'd expect — here's a catsup that really puts pep in a hamburger. Because Del Monte *always* puts flavor first. Haven't you found that true in all the other Del Monte Foods you've liked?

And what a flavor Del Monte Catsup does have! What plump, ripe tomatoes go into it! What fragrant spices — what sparkling vinegar! How good they taste, all simmered down together to a tempting richness. Never was a catsup flavor so friendly to other foods!

Now it's easy to get, too — anywhere you live. Your grocer has it — or can get it. Why don't you ask him for Del Monte Brand Catsup — right away?

Get acquainted with all these Del Monte Tomato Products

Del Monte Catsup

—with all the flavor you'd expect from Del Monte

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL

A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL makes your hair look and feel good all day long. Grooms perfectly without that greasy plastered down effect. Get a bottle or tube today at any drug counter. Ask your barber for a professional application.

NOW YOU CAN GET
AMERICA'S LEADING HAIR
TONIC IN NEW 25¢ SIZE!

IF YOU'VE NEVER used Wildroot Cream-Oil, don't put it off any longer. As little as a quarter buys you days and weeks of smart good grooming that can't be beat. Then you'll know why it's—again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
Contains LANOLIN

SMART WOMEN use it for grooming, relieving dryness, training children's hair. Now available in new 25¢ size (also larger economy sizes) at drug counters.

TUNE IN "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evgs., CBS Network.

THE RED WEB IN U.S. LABOR

Continued from page 14

was sent downstairs to me when I was managing editor of the Daily Worker, the basis of instructions as to how certain people should be handled editorially or in the news columns.

Sometimes this secret information enables the party to make a tactical retreat and avoid an embarrassing defeat. Once when I was editing a Communist paper in Chicago we called a conference of party workers to consider the reported decision of Van Bittner, who was in charge of that area for the steel union. We understood Bittner had decided to get rid of Communist organizers.

A Comrade Changes His Tune

As soon as the meeting had convened, the party's district leader, Morris Childs, launched into a report, declaring that the "comrades in steel" would never submit to such an indignity. "We will fight this to the last man," he said, and at that moment Dave Mate, in charge of union activities in the Chicago area for the party, handed him a note. Childs read it, grimaced and then continued, "But that is a hypothetical condition for us. Under the concrete circumstances, we shall not oppose Bittner but concentrate on trying to elect presidents in local unions and thus win influence down among the rank and file."

After the conference, when Childs and I were alone, he explained about the note. It said that Comrade A, who worked in Bittner's office in a minor capacity, had been snooping about Bittner's desk after working hours and had seen a memo which made it very clear that Bittner had prepared to meet Communist opposition to his plans with "severe disciplinary action." This would have precipitated a showdown which the Communists didn't want at that time.

There have been two main phases in the Communist campaign to capture American labor. The first phase began in 1922, when William Z. Foster, now head of the American Communist party, returned from an extended visit to Moscow and organized the Trade Union Educational League. This organization accomplished little or nothing, but it prepared the way for the Trade Union Unity League, formed at Cleveland in 1929. The Unity League immediately became the Communists' principal labor front; it was supposed eventually to replace the A.F. of L.

During the half-dozen years that followed, the Communists, for the first and only time in the history of their conspiracy, worked openly toward their objectives. Not only did they boast of receiving orders direct from Moscow but, convinced that the proletarian revolution and Communist domination of the world were just around the corner, they filled their newspapers and magazines, and the manifestoes and resolutions adopted at party conventions, with undisguised calls for an uprising and the seizure of power in the United States.

Most of these calls to revolution, in all of which the advocacy of violence is clear, appeared in the Daily Worker, most important of American Communist newspapers, every issue of which is carefully searched by the comrades for directives. In everything printed by the Communists during this period their allegiance to Soviet Russia was clearly shown.

To prepare the American worker for the revolution, the Reds organized independent unions, officered entirely by Reds and affiliated with the Unity League. Among them were the National Textile Workers' Union, the National Miners' Union, and the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union.

All of whom were organized upon directives from Moscow in line with the Kremlin's tactics of fostering the Red International of Labor Unions headed by S. Lozovsky in Moscow. Almost all of the Communist unions, however, existed only on paper, for American workers refused to join them. The campaign was a complete failure. Nevertheless, the Communists managed to do a great deal of harm; they were largely responsible for the slow progress of non-Communistic labor organizing.

During the early 1930s, before I became a Communist—I joined the party on probation in August of 1935 and was accepted as a full member the following October—I was an organizer for the A.F. of L., working among the hosiery workers. I saw the Communists virtually destroy the textile drive of the federation in Paterson, New Jersey, and Allentown, Pennsylvania. Branding all legitimate unions as "Fascist" and their leaders as "gangsters" and worse, the Communists sought to smash them from without and weaken them by spreading dissension within.

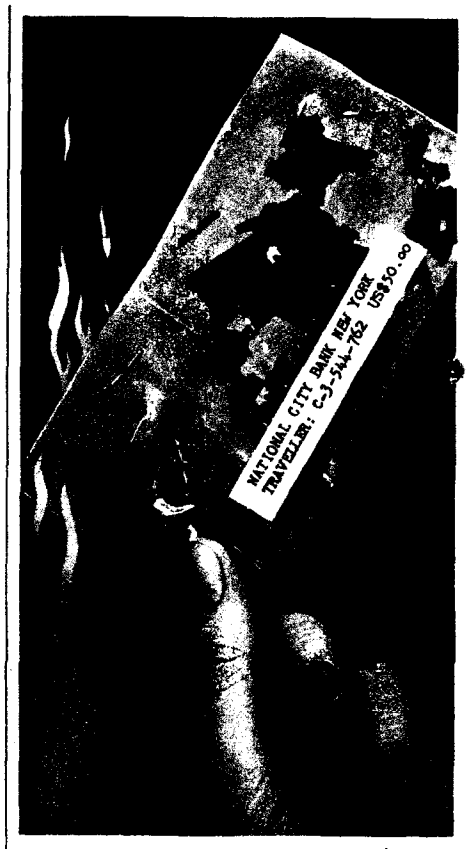
Strikebreaking, accompanied by elements of labor spy activity, became a regular Communist tactic. But if it

Teacher of Labor Relations, Budenz Knows His Subject

INTERNATIONAL

"What the Communists mean by 'the masses' is a small and closely knit group which shouts in the name of the majority but represents only a Communist minority."

Louis Francis Budenz bases that statement, and all the others he makes about Communism, on the hard rock of his personal experience inside the Red citadel in this country. For 10 years he was a leading member of the Communist party. He was managing editor of the Daily Worker. He was a member of the National Committee of the Communist party. He left the party, thoroughly disillusioned. Professor of economics at Fordham University today, he teaches labor relations. He knows whereof he speaks.



burned
to a crisp—
but no loss
to the owner!

These are the ashes of National City Bank Travelers Checks destroyed in a fire. The owner received a prompt refund in full.

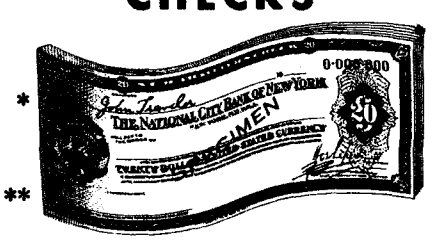
It's grand assurance to know that when you carry NCB Travelers Checks your funds are completely safe from loss or theft.

They're as readily spendable as cash everywhere. Hotels, shops, rail, air and steamship lines know that NCB Travelers Checks, backed by The National City Bank of New York, protect them just as they do you.

You sign NCB Travelers Checks once* when you buy them—and a second time** when you spend them. They are good until used. Cost only 75c per $100. In denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100.

Ask for them at your bank.

NCB
TRAVELERS
CHECKS

*


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looked as if the Reds' strike-stopping tactics were winning, they promptly would do a switch to prolong the trouble. During the Allen-A lockout in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1929, when a settlement seemed in prospect, the Communists published a pamphlet flatly accusing the A.F. of L. of violence. The struck corporation promptly reprinted the pamphlet, distributed huge numbers and there was more trouble than ever. This is still part of the Communist technique. When employers and labor leaders have agreed upon a settlement, and the dispute suddenly flares up again with impossible demands being put forward by the union, it is a pretty good sign that the Communist membership has been busy.

The campaign to organize out-and-out Communist unions was abandoned in the summer of 1935, following the People's Front Congress of the Communist International. Held in Moscow this

KATE OSSAM

THE WHOLE HOG

Baby, hear the money clank
When you shake your piggy bank—
  Soothing, don't you think?
By the time you're really big,
You'll be glad to have a pig
  Stuffed to every chink.
Here's a thing you ought to know:
Every cent you have, you owe—
  Not to us, it's true;
But the country's state of debt
Means the government will get
  Most of it from you.
Find what happiness you can
In your pig, my little man:
  Shake him, if you wish;
Still, remember what I said:
All you kids are in the red
  Thirteen hundred fish.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

was attended by important Communists from all over the world. The American delegation was headed by Earl Browder. The second phase of the Communist fight for the conquest of the unions—the inauguration of the infiltration and boring-from-within process—was begun.

When I left the party in 1945 plans were being made for a third phase, to include elements of both the first and the second. These plans will be put into operation when the Communist high command considers the time propitious; in fact, the bitter attacks by the Communists indicate they consider that time near at hand.

By resolution of the People's Front Congress in 1935, Communists everywhere were instructed to embark upon a program of sweetness and light, to disclaim revolution and violence, to operate behind Communist "fronts," and to make a pretense of co-operating with democratic organizations and governments. The Communist unions were to be dissolved, and the comrades were to join established unions.

In the United States, Reds were ordered to support a then new labor movement which was to become the C.I.O. In the summer of 1935, John L. Lewis suddenly became "a great labor leader," although as late as June of that year Jack Stachel, writing in the Daily Worker had denounced Lewis and George L. Berry, head of the printing pressmen's union, as "the most outstanding and infamous strikebreakers in the country."

Detailed instructions for the operations of the new technique were brought back from the congress by Browder. The task of carrying them out, in so far as they concerned labor unions, was entrusted to two newly organized bodies—the New York State Trade Union Commission of the Communist Party, and the party's National Trade Union Commission. The former group, for several years at least, was of particular importance. Its nominal head was Rose Wortis, but it was actually directed by Browder and Stachel. Both Browder and Stachel made no secret of the fact that they were in continuous communication with Lozovsky in Moscow.

The New York commission met one evening every week on the third floor at 35 East Twelfth Street. From January, 1936, on, I attended almost every commission session, as well as the meetings of the National Trade Union Commission. Among the Communists who regularly reported to the New York Commission for instructions were many who in later years became important figures in both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L.

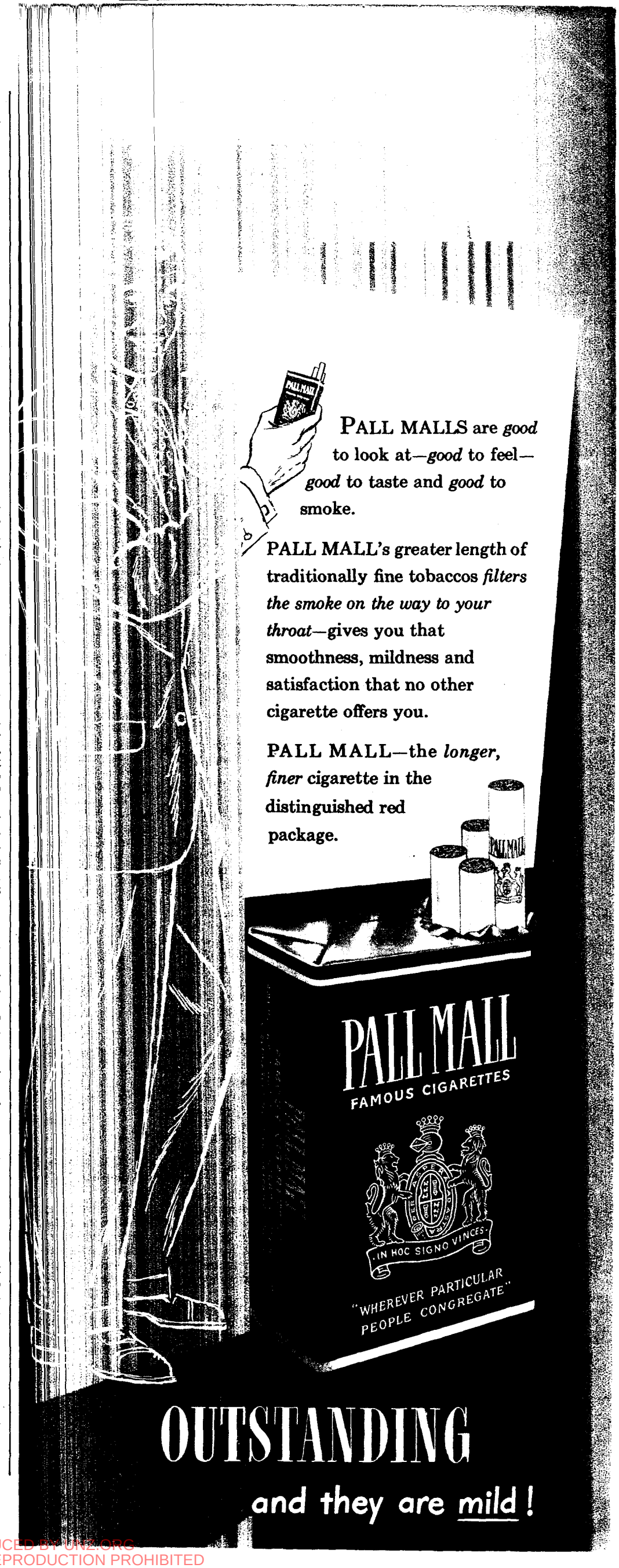
Among Those Present

As early as 1936 I recall seeing Matles, who became national organizer and political representative of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union; Jay Rubin, afterward a power in the Hotel and Restaurant Workers International Union; John Santo, alien Communist at this writing up for deportation, but still, as this is written, national organizer of the Transport Workers' Union; Louis Weinstock, who rose to be secretary of District Council 9 of the Painters' Union; Irving Potash, in later years a national officer of the Fur and Leather Workers' Union and an ex-convict; I. Rosenberg, who became national secretary of the United Shoe Workers; and James Lustig, now an organizer for the U.E., General Motors Division.

These men, all of them more or less obscure at the time, were among the hundreds chosen for special training in the new technique of infiltration and for other important tasks. Most of this training was carried on at two summer camps on the Hudson River not far from New York—Camp Nitgedaiget and Camp Unity. During the hot months these camps were Communist playgrounds; when the season ended, the party used the facilities for training schools. So far as I know it is still doing so.

The name of Camp Nitgedaiget was changed to Camp Beacon—it's near Beacon, New York—after it had been exposed in 1937 by the Washington Post as the site of the Communist party's Marine Training School, which was called the "Red Annapolis" and operated under the slogan, "A Communist Unit in every American Ship." Comrades were trained there to take over the National Maritime Union, which they very nearly did.

Similar schools were, and still are, in secret operation in various states—but they are local in character, while Camp Unity and Camp Nitgedaiget were generally national in scope. The course given at the latter changed from time to time, but always included lectures on the works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, on American labor history, parliamentary law and, most important, on Trade Union Strategy and Tactics from the Communist viewpoint. From them graduates went forth, and are probably still doing so, to take up their tasks of stirring up discord and transforming America into a slave state.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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

MODERN FOOTBALL IS QUICKER THAN YOUR EYE. ONLY THE MOVIE CAMERA CAN SEE EVERYTHING

The press box is a good point of vantage but the writers are tied up with writing

THE Average Football Fan (hereinafter referred to as AFF) has a secret ambition. Just once, he'd like to sit on the bench or in the press box. "Half the time," an AFF confessed recently, "I don't know where the ball is—or who's got it. What with unlimited substitutions and this razzle-dazzle T-formation ball handling, I'm lost."

Chances are, the AFF would be equally lost on the bench or in the press box—two highly overrated observation posts. On the bench, the AFF would be level with the players. He would see the ball carrier on occasional long runs, but most of the time the carrier would be obscured by blockers and tacklers.

From the bench, the AFF would see only the relatively unimportant action that takes place on the perimeter of the playing area.

Upstairs, in the press box, the AFF would have a better view of the game—but he'd be too busy to enjoy it. As a football writer he would record every play in shorthand. He would scribble *4 Walk W Le 27-FD*, then translate it by adding a line to the play-by-play account on his typewriter: "Walker went wide around left end for four yards and a first down on the 27-yard line."

The telegrapher (sitting next to AFF) would relay the information to AFF's sports department's copy desk. Saturday-afternoon games end around four-thirty—the first-edition deadline for Sunday-morning papers. Consequently, football writers are so busy *reporting* play-by-play developments they have little time to *analyze* team strategy or individual performances.

When you come right down to facts, nobody—coach, AFF or reporter—sees 10 per cent of the action in any football game. Modern football is too fast and complicated for one person to follow. That's why at least four officials are assigned to supervise 22 players. That's why many college and pro teams assign five observers to scout a strong opponent—one scout to watch the ends, another the tackles, and so on. And that's why coaches prepare their players for future opponents by consulting the only infallible witness of previous games—the motion-picture camera.

"Down at Georgia," testifies Coach Wally Butts, "our coaches are specialists in movie criticism. We run the films of last Saturday's games 15 or 20 times in the early part of the week. We analyze our players to the twitch of an eyelash. There is no other way to find out what they really did in the game. Camera analysis is the only foolproof method for evaluating players."

Occasionally, game films become more valuable with age. Coach Frank Leahy was on Navy duty in the Pacific during the 1944-45 seasons when Army's Blanchard and Davis paced the running up of 107 points against Notre Dame.

"We knew next to nothing about Army at the start of the '46 season," Leahy recalls. "Most of our players were returning veterans who'd never seen Blanchard or Davis. Fortunately, we had the 1944-45 game films and our youngsters became very well acquainted with Blanchard and Davis. So did the coaches. By studying the 1944-45 movies, we were able to plan a defense that held Army scoreless."

This year the inside information which coaches acquire by camera analysis is being channeled exclusively into the selection of Collier's All-America team. Each week, the 400 members of the American Football Coaches Association report directly to Collier's. After checking scouting reports, and

The telegrapher might like football, but he has his hands full with his busy key

analyzing official game films, they nominate All-America candidates.

Film evidence (showing each candidate in game action) is forwarded to Collier's Selection Board of famous coaches—Matty Bell, Southern Methodist; Bernie Bierman, Minnesota; Wally Butts, Georgia; Jeff Cravath, Southern California; Frank Leahy, Notre Dame; and Lou Little, Columbia. The board compares end against end, tackle against tackle, guard against guard.

Collier's is the only All-America which *compares* players. Collier's is the only All-America which has access to factual, impartial film evidence on every player in every play of every game. The findings of Collier's board are conclusive—sometimes startling. On the basis of early selection returns, a certain high-scoring halfback (who owes his headline success to strong blocking support rather than personal agility) may end up being the All-America face on Collier's cutting-room floor.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

Scouts see a lot of playing, but their eyes are only for one or two players

---

Former tennis champion Pauline Betz is getting ready to challenge Babe Zaharias' claim to being the world's most versatile woman athlete. Between table tennis skits in a touring sportsman's show, Pauline has become a proficient logroller and a passable crow caller.

OFF THE RECORD

Raynor Winward of Santa Monica, California, was fishing from a small boat below Hoover Dam on the Colorado River.

Z-I-N-G!—a big rainbow trout smacked his line. B-R-O-O-M!—a speedboat thundered around a bend in the river.

Suddenly the speedboat veered. It nosed against Winward's boat, and a stranger (earphones clamped to his head) thrust a tiny microphone into Winward's face and said, "This is the special features division of Station *(Continued on page 72)*

The broadcaster with his convincing way has someone to help him with each play

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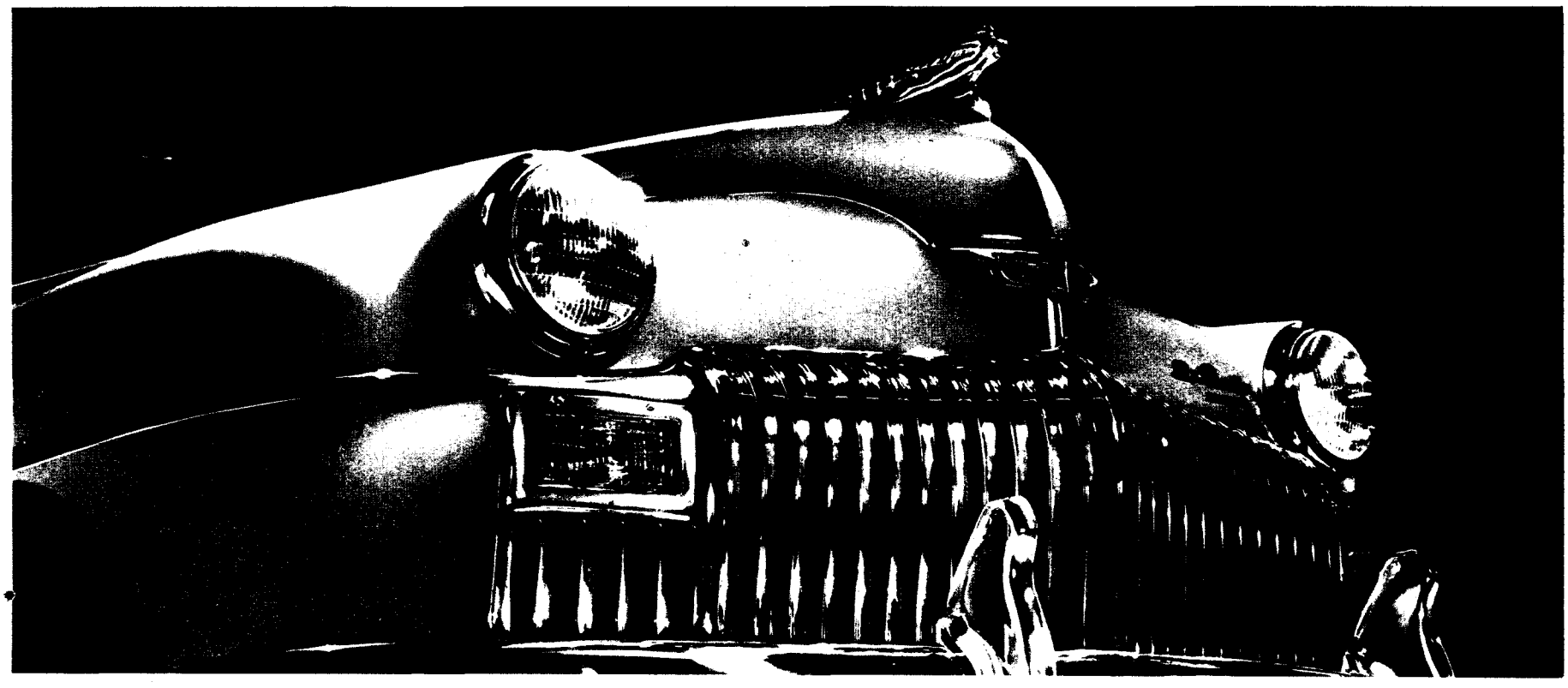

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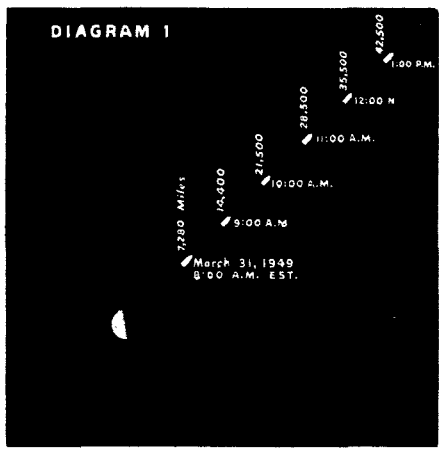
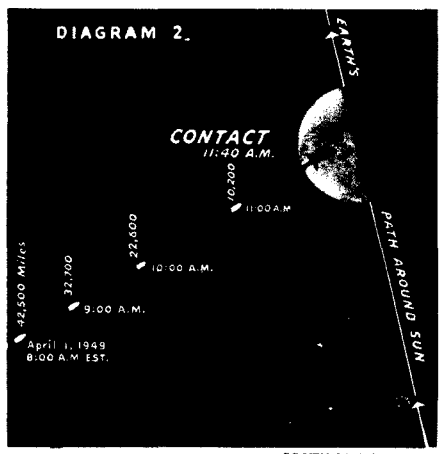


Diagram 1



DRAWINGS BY LEWICKI

Diagram 2

ROCKET BLITZ FROM THE MOON

Continued from page 25

today with a margin of error that would seem trifling to anyone except an astronomer.

Let's say that the calculations necessary to launch a body from the moon so as to strike a selected point upon the earth have been carried through rigorously by an enemy. For this purpose, New York City has been chosen as the first target.

We will begin detailing the evening's attack problem by briefing the reader quickly regarding conditions under which a lunar military base would be operated. The essential facts upon which astronomers are well agreed can be summarized in a few words.

The surface of the moon is exceedingly rough and broken, crossed by several steep mountain ranges and studded with thousands of craters. As a friend of mine from the Middle West once remarked, it would make mighty poor farming land. Although the craters resemble volcanoes in certain respects their origin is still a matter of speculation. If they were once volcanoes it is certain that they are quite extinct now, for there is no accepted record of one ever having been seen in eruption.

Data on Lunar Conditions

The most delicate tests have failed to reveal any trace of lunar atmosphere. Therefore, it seems work on the moon would have to be done in a hard vacuum, as physicists call it. The first expeditions would be compelled to carry their own supply of oxygen and water, but eventually it should be possible to produce those necessities chemically from mineral deposits. We should expect to find the same elements on the moon that occur on the earth, although not necessarily in the same abundance.

Without an atmospheric blanket to shield the surface from the rays of the sun by day, or prevent the escape of heat into space at night, the range in temperature on the moon is far more extreme than it is upon the earth. During the lunar day, which lasts for two of our weeks, the bare rocks become hotter than boiling water; while during the equally long lunar night their temperature falls far below that of dry ice. Yet probably a few feet below ground enough warmth remains from the sun's rays to keep the temperature above the freezing point.

Instead of appearing light blue as it does on earth the sky is uniformly black because there is no air to diffuse sunlight. The stars are always visible as sharp unwinking points of light even when the sun is shining among them. On the equator the earth looms overhead as a bluish-tinted globe with white polar caps, four times as big as the moon appears to us. The earth hangs almost fixed in the sky only shifting back and forth very slightly during the course of a month.

Trying to work under such abnormal conditions would be a severe handicap. Living quarters and other installations would have to be in airtight chambers underground. To venture outside without wearing a space suit inflated to atmospheric pressure would be instantly fatal. A man would burst like a deep-sea fish brought up from the depths of the ocean. As there is no air on the moon to carry sound, communication out of doors would have to be by portable radio or sign language.

Is the moon inhabited? This is a question that no one can answer definitely but it is hard to see how life could survive under such unfavorable conditions. It is safe to say that the moon is a desolate world utterly devoid of life.

Returning now to what we shall call

This article isn't the product of an imaginative man's flight of fancy. Its author is an astronomer who for 18 years has been on the staff of the star-watching Mount Wilson observatory.

For two and a half months, Mr. Richardson spent his spare time on the extremely complicated mathematical calculations needed for the moon-to-earth rocket flight he describes here. Checking his first figures, he found that rocket people using them would miss this planet by more than 50,000 miles.

"I revised my figures," he says, "and again missed the earth, theoretically, by 10,000 miles. I had to make ten calculations to get the right answer. The last and correct calculations filled enough foolscap to form a stack five inches high."

Chesley Bonestell, the artist who made the illustrations on pp. 24, 25, makes a specialty of scientific subjects.

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Operation Knickerbocker, the general approach to the problem of hitting the earth from the moon is not so different in principle from that of a man who is preparing to shoot at a jack rabbit from a moving automobile. After making allowance for his own motion, the hunter aims at where he estimates the rabbit and the bullet meet.

In some ways the astronomer's problem is simpler than the hunter's; in others, it is much more complex.

Rabbits are unreliable animals prone to changing course suddenly, without warning. Even if a rabbit obligingly ran with uniform velocity in a straight line the hunter might have his aim spoiled by a bump in the road. But we can rely upon the earth and moon to keep moving smoothly around the sun year after year in docile obedience to the law of gravitation.

On the other hand, gravitation is a complicating factor in launching a rocket into space. It would be disastrous to neglect the gravitational attraction of the earth and moon, for they never cease to influence the rocket over every inch of its path. It is somewhat as if the hunter and rabbit were able to exert an influence on the course of a bullet after it leaves the gun. Nor are the earth and moon the only bodies that would act upon a rocket. Although 93,000,000 miles away from the rocket's path, the sun is so massive that during most of the flight it would outpull the earth and moon combined.

We are now confronted by one of the most famous problems in the history of science: the problem of what would happen if three or more bodies were turned loose in space with nothing but the law of gravitation to guide them. The greatest mathematicians have never been able to find a practical general solution to the interstellar problem, although plenty of them have tried. Any particular case, however, can be solved by a slow and tedious process called numerical integration, whereby the answer is obtained a little bit at a time, like a detective gathering clues which, added together, enable him to reconstruct the crime.

We will suppose that the message containing the last-minute instructions to the enemy chief of staff has been received and that all arrangements have been completed for launching his Diana I, the first rocket ever to be fired at the earth. The base is situated upon a comparatively level expanse about a hundred miles northwest of the great crater Eratosthenes on the southern edge of the Imbrium Mare, or Sea of Showers, as it was named by the old astronomers.

The zero hour is set at 7:00 A.M. Eastern standard time, of March 31, 1949, which corresponds to slightly past midnight by local lunar reckoning. The lunar landscape is brightly illuminated by the earth overhead. Africa and Europe can be readily discerned near the center of the disk, with eastern Asia just visible near the twilight zone.

Seconds of Tension

In the underground control room technicians are seated before the mechanism that will send the rocket into space. A clock synchronized with the quartz crystal oscillator at the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington indicates the seconds till 700 hours—fifty-eight—fifty-nine—zero!

There is no sound as the rocket rises vertically from the launching cradle, a column of flame streaming from its exhaust. The ground crew watches anxiously as the Diana I rapidly gains altitude. But with not a breath of air to disturb its motion the take-off is perfect. Soon the automatic pilot begins to incline the missile gracefully toward the east.

An astronomer notes that it is heading in the direction of the star Alpha in the constellation of Libra the Balance. He nods with satisfaction—exactly on course.

When the flame from the exhaust suddenly dies, the watchers know the rocket

"—and please, try very hard to make me a good boy"

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

Your fence is part of your home, too!

There is nothing more "homey" than a wood fence. Unfortunately however, since fences are exposed to snow, rain and hot sun, as well as to termite attack, they sometimes deteriorate. This not only spoils the appearance of your home but also lowers its value.

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is finally on its way. No more fuel is needed to keep it moving now—it is a free body in space. Were it not aimed for collision with the earth, the Diana I would revolve around the sun indefinitely, a tiny man-made planet among the myriad natural inhabitants of the solar system.

Diagram 1 on page 44 shows the rocket's progress for the first six hours. It moves away from the moon in a nearly straight line, slowing down a trifle at first but soon going at a pretty steady rate of about 8,000 miles an hour toward its rendezvous with New York.

When Diana I crosses the halfway mark, at 120,000 miles, the sun is rising at New York on the morning of Friday, April 1, 1949. In New York, then, people are awakening, scanning the headlines over their coffee, and beginning to make plans for the day, never dreaming of the death that is rushing at them from outer space.

By 8 o'clock the speed of the rocket is quickening under the mounting attraction of the earth. At 11 o'clock it is 10,200 miles from New York and moving at a 15,700-mile-an-hour clip. Forty minutes later its mission is ended. Diagram 2 (page 44) shows its approach to the earth during the final minutes.

Easy to Miss the Target

It is doubtful if the first rocket would be launched with such precision that it would speed unerringly to the target as we have described. An error of a tenth of a mile per second at the start could throw the rocket several thousand miles off course by the time it had covered the distance between the moon and the earth.

In actual practice the first rocket might, instead of hitting New York, land far to the west in the Aleutian Islands or even miss the earth entirely. But as soon as ballistic experts on the moon were able to determine how far off their first shot was, they would correct their aim for the second.

Suppose they are luckier than they deserve on the third and fourth shots, which land on Manhattan and Queens, and the fifth and sixth which drop less than 50 miles away. There would be no respite even when the United States is turned away from the moon. Methodically the men on the moon could proceed with their work of destruction. Secure from reprisal they would be in no hurry to press the attack.

In modern warfare the psychological effect of a new weapon is often almost as important as its capacity to destroy. From this standpoint a rocket attack from the moon should be eminently successful. Attempts to trace the source of the attack would be practically hopeless. Rockets would seem to be arriving from all directions out of nowhere. There would be a terrible frustration at being unable to fight back. The nation that secretly initiated the attack could loudly protest its innocence, pretending to be as bewildered and mystified as ourselves. It might even arrange to have a few rockets fall in its own territory to make this story sound convincing.

We have attempted to describe war as it might come in the future. Is there any possibility that manned rockets will reach the moon during our lifetime?

There are many who scoff at the mere mention of such a notion. Others feel we are just as good as on the moon right now. (Several inquiries have been received by the government land office regarding title to land acquired on the moon.) The truth of the matter is that most people are simply guessing or indulging in wishful thinking. But one amateur rocket society, whose members design and test real rockets and so should be thoroughly aware of the difficulties to be overcome, went on record in June, 1946, as believing that manned rockets will complete the round trip to the moon within approximately two decades.

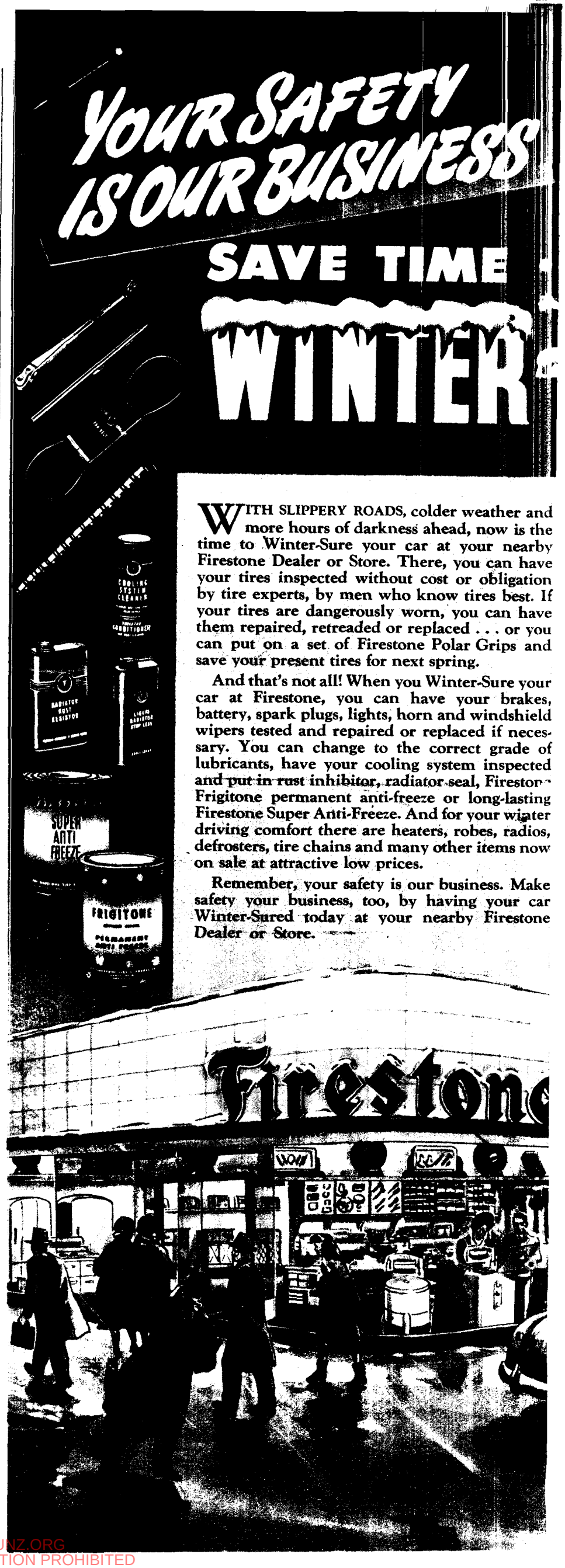
The trouble with trying to get reliable information is that the only individuals who really know how much progress has been made toward space travel are scientists working for the government, and their knowledge is a profound military secret. The government has been releasing very little information on rockets lately.

So who can say how close we are to making a lunar hop?

THIS FASCINATING WORLD

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
Los Angeles	A group of Indians was hired to play the part of white men in a Western motion picture
Columbus	Trolley car operators threatened to go on strike unless given longer working hours
Melbourne, Australia	The Town Clerk received a letter from an American Marine asking him to ascertain if there was any record of his marrying there
Chicago	A landlady asked for eviction papers for a tenant because he had not shaved or taken a haircut in 18 months
Boston	When a girl cashier was unable to identify a suspect as the man who had held her up, he gallantly identified himself
Pittsburgh	A woman ordered a phonograph record with the multiplication table on it, to save herself the trouble of coaching her young son
Medford, Massachusetts	A well-dressed man picketed a cleaning establishment, carrying this sign: "This store lost my best pants"
Joliet, Illinois	A prisoner asked for his release from the penitentiary because it was so far from his home town that his friends couldn't visit him

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



WITH SLIPPERY ROADS, colder weather and more hours of darkness ahead, now is the time to Winter-Sure your car at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. There, you can have your tires inspected without cost or obligation by tire experts, by men who know tires best. If your tires are dangerously worn, you can have them repaired, retreaded or replaced . . . or you can put on a set of Firestone Polar Grips and save your present tires for next spring.

And that's not all! When you Winter-Sure your car at Firestone, you can have your brakes, battery, spark plugs, lights, horn and windshield wipers tested and repaired or replaced if necessary. You can change to the correct grade of lubricants, have your cooling system inspected and put in rust inhibitor, radiator seal, Firestone Frigitone permanent anti-freeze or long-lasting Firestone Super Anti-Freeze. And for your winter driving comfort there are heaters, robes, radios, defrosters, tire chains and many other items now on sale at attractive low prices.

Remember, your safety is our business. Make safety your business, too, by having your car Winter-Sured today at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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Your pet is ill or injured. You can't get a vet or a doctor. You don't know what to do. Here a man who *does* know tells you

What To Do Until The Vet Comes

By DR. LEON WHITNEY, as told to KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

I AM a veterinarian, and I can state without equivocation that veterinarians are great fellows—but they can't be everywhere at once. The British are the most fanatic about pets, particularly dogs, but we Americans are close behind and something is always happening to pets. They get bumped by passing cars, chewed up by barbed-wire fences and knocked silly by the noonday sun. Unless they have immediate attention the results can often be serious. This is a short homily on what to do for the household pet before the doctor arrives.

Unless you have a pet you won't be able to understand what their owners see in them. You may think that the best treatment for a certain lop-eared mutt would be drowning, but his owner will not thank you for the advice. He loves the insignificant-looking mongrel and will go to any length to save his life. I learned that lesson years ago when a woman brought in a sick guppy and one of my assistants tried to discourage her from having it treated.

"Madam," he said, "you can get all you want of these silly little fish for ten cents apiece at the five-and-ten store. In fact we have half a dozen of them here we'll give you free gratis."

The lady withered him with a look. "You forget," she said loftily, "that this is *my* guppy. I love him and I don't want your guppies. Will you please get to work and restore him to health."

So pets are something you can't argue about; you either love them or you don't. With this statement we launch immediately into the matter of first-aid treatment for the most common pet accidents or ailments. We put most of the emphasis on dogs because what is good for them is equally good for cats. Let's take up the mishaps one by one.

Shock: Severe injuries, burns, fright, severe struggle or dogfights may bring on this condition. Animals thus affected seem to be prostrated in a semi-oblivious state, and yet are apparently anxious. Sometimes they are almost completely immobile; in other cases they are in a state of nervous excitement. The pulse is slow and weak, the breathing shallow.

First aid consists in wrapping your pet up so his temperature will return to normal. High artificial heat is not necessary if he is in familiar surroundings. If a stimulant is at hand, administer it and then let the animal rest. Fondling is reassuring and helpful but you must not expect immediate results. Recovery sometimes is very slow.

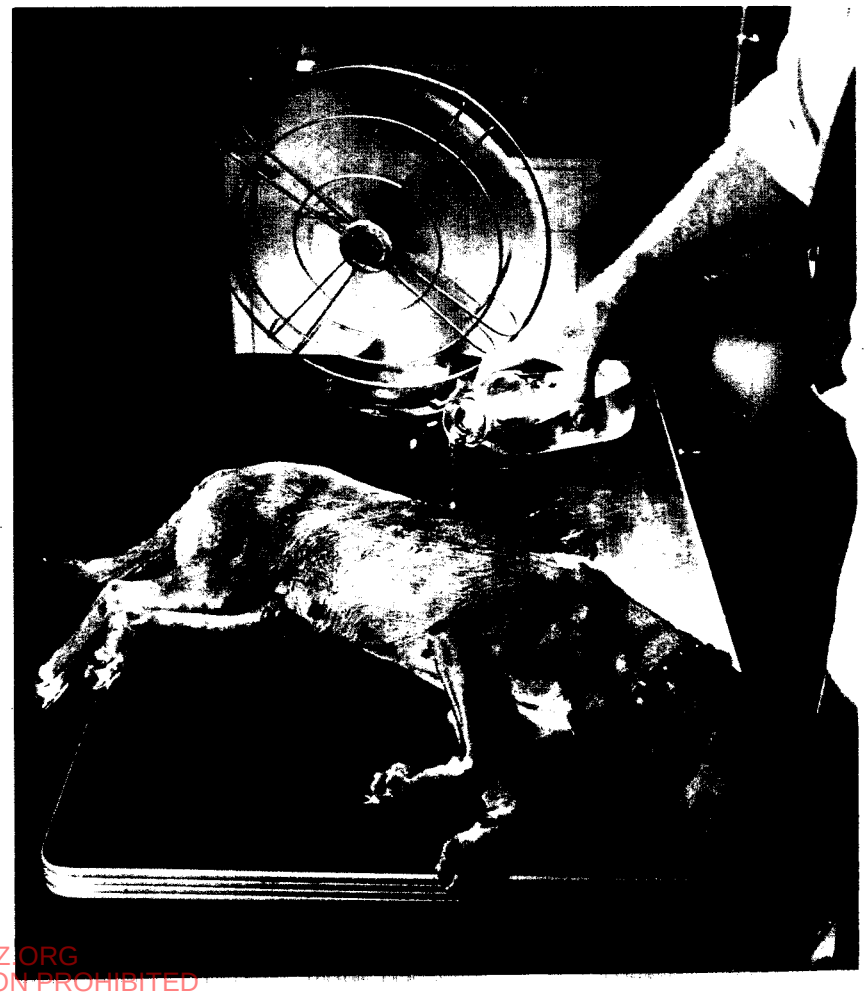
Heat Strokes: Of all pets, dogs are most subject to heat prostration. You feel the dog "burning up," his tongue is purple and he is having trouble catching his breath. Lay him on a flat surface and pour cold water on him until he is thoroughly soaked. Set up an electric fan a few feet away, turn its blast directly on him and keep dousing him as he begins to dry. Take his temperature at intervals. Usually the fever will drop in less than half an hour from 108 to 101. Dry him with a towel and keep him out of the heat. If you're driving in a car when the dog is affected, lay him on the floor in front, open the floor air vent, pour cold water on him and drive fast. Before many miles his temperature will have dropped to normal.

Accidents: Neither dogs nor cats can be trained to look both ways while crossing a road and consequently they are in thousands of car accidents. When a pet is struck, look first at his gums to see if he is losing blood. If his gums look gray or white he has probably suffered an internal injury and is bleeding internally. Do *not* move him far after an accident if these symptoms are present. He can bleed to death very quickly.

Wrap long strips of bandage (an old sheet will do) around his body tightly, corset-fashion. Be sure it will not pull together in a roll around his abdomen when he moves. It must form a tube, which holds his organs relatively immobile. This allows a blood clot to form. Do all you can to keep him quiet. The blood clot will eventually dissolve into the fluid in the abdomen. Knowing this, don't be alarmed if your dog starts urinating blood during his recu-

CUTS: **When a dog gets a serious cut on the foot or a leg, a tourniquet should be applied immediately above or below the wrist joint. If you're the doctor, loosen the tourniquet and tighten it again about every ten minutes**

HEAT STROKE: **If your dog has a heat stroke, place him on a flat surface and pour small quantities of cold water on him. Turn an electric fan on him and take his temperature often. When it's 101, dry him and keep him cool**



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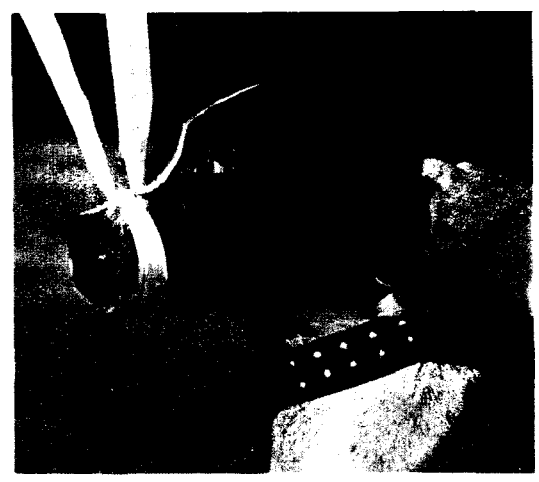
HOW TO RESTRAIN AN INJURED PET

Approach an injured dog from the side, his head to your right. Place your hand near his head and if he doesn't snap, grasp his scruff with the left hand and lift with your right arm

A large dog made vicious by pain can be held in check only by putting a foot on his neck or by holding him between the knees with enough force to strangle him, if necessary. Nothing else is safe



To prevent snapping, take a piece of bandage tape about three feet long, cross ends as though you were tying a knot, form a loop, slip it over the dog's nose, draw it tight and tie a square knot

To keep the dog from scratching the noose off, tie another single knot under his chin. Then bring both ends around his neck and tie them in a bowknot between the ears. That'll hold him

Cats, too, are sometimes hard to handle. The simplest way to control an injured cat is by wrapping it in a heavy folded blanket, grasping the bundle of squirming feline firmly on each side

Two men are needed to handle a badly wounded or frightened cat. One should hold the head with one hand and the front feet with the other. No. 2, the examiner, can control the hind legs

DROWNING: For near drowning and electric shock, apply slow, artificial respiration, with the victim on his side. Push on ribs with flat of hands, then pull your weight up quickly. Repeat every few seconds

ACCIDENTS: In accidents, internal injuries are indicated by the gray or white color of the gums. Don't move an internally injured animal. Wrap strips of cloth around his body tightly, corset-fashion, to hold organs tight, until a blood clot forms

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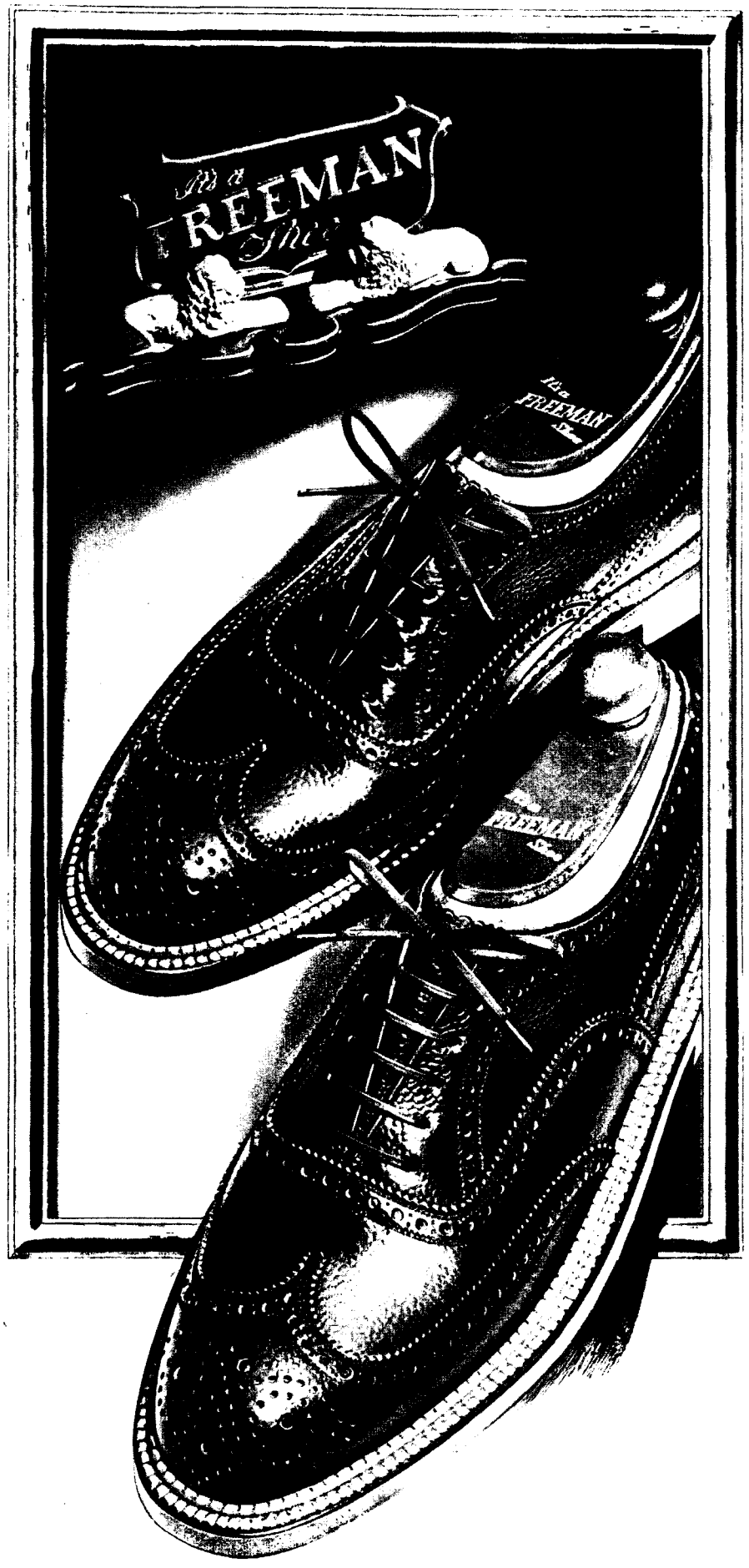

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peration. He isn't passing blood from his kidneys and bladder; it is only blood coloring matter from a dissolving clot.

Cuts: Animals get them from that afore-mentioned barbed-wire fence, from stepping on broken bottles or from scratching in ash piles. They come home gashed, bleeding or torn but they seldom bleed to death. If a dog can reach the wound with his tongue he'll do his own healing. Animal saliva contains an enzyme that digests most germs. But when cuts are on the neck, head, face and shoulders that he can't reach, shave away the hair and clean the cuts yourself (peroxide is excellent for this purpose).

With cuts on the feet and legs, first look to see whether there is a splinter to be pulled out and then stop the bleeding with a wad of cotton and a pressure bandage. If the flow of blood is excessive, apply a tourniquet immediately above or below the wrist joint. It must be loosened and reapplied every ten minutes.

Infected Bites: Big dogs bite little dogs, cats bite dogs, rats bite cats and dogs. In the case of a large dog attacking a smaller one or a cat, if one tooth mark is found, three others are nearly always near it. Shave away the hair and fill the wound with antiseptic (peroxide again is best) from an inserted medicine dropper. Cats are particularly subject to staphylococcic infections. If your pet cat comes home licking at a spot as if it were sore, start looking for teeth marks. Flush these moistened areas out with peroxide (never use phenol derivatives on a cat).

If you find a rapidly swelling area on your dog and suspect snake bite, rush him quickly to your veterinarian. If you can't reach him, try your family doctor. Many physicians have saved animal lives in emergencies. If you can't get either doctor buy some potassium permanganate solution, make a deep X-shaped cut right over the teeth marks, drop in the solution and hold it there for a moment. Apply a tourniquet above the bite, if it is on the leg or foot.

Another Use for Fishhooks

Foreign Bodies: If your dog gets a bone in his throat, the home-remedy treatment is simple: Pin him down and pull it out. You should push fishhooks through the tissue so that the barb sticks out. Then cut the barb off with wire cutters and pull the rest of the hook out. You can't always tell what a dog has eaten but if he shows evidence of having stomach pain, it is time for action. If you should happen to see your small dog swallow one of your child's iron jackstones, get on the job quick. Mix an ounce of peroxide with an ounce of water and pour it down the dog's throat. This will bring on vomiting. Lift the pup by his back legs until he is well tilted forward. Out will come the jack! If you hear stones rattling around in your dog's stomach, quick again with the peroxide!

Porcupine quills: Don't laugh when you think of this one. Porcupines are thick in the Eastern states and are becoming prevalent in the South. The stupidest thing a dog can do is to attack a porcupine, but he will invariably try it. The result is disastrous and that's when you have to get to work in a hurry. I always carry a pair of pliers with carefully machined jaws and tips when I go into the woods, but if you don't have that, use the pliers from your car. When the dog comes out of the scrap filled with quills, chain him firmly. Get to work with the pliers and don't let sentiment stand in your way. *Pull those quills,* blood or no blood. If they once work out of sight, they will continue to move on through the body. I've known dogs who were blinded and killed in that way.

Deadly Crawling Pests

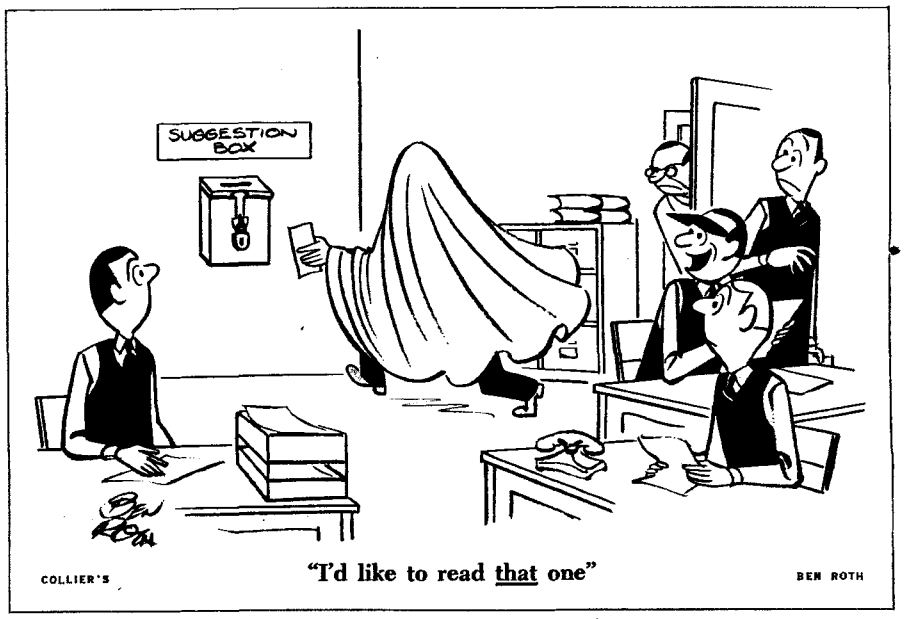
Maggots: Every summer hundreds of dogs die of maggots. In the South you have the screwworm to worry about as well as the common maggot. Often the first sign to the owner will be prostration of his pet, for the maggots exude a powerful toxin. The only remedy is to clip the dog's coat, wash the deep holes clean of the pests and apply dressings.

Skunk spraying: If your dog is left where he is hot, the odor will soon evaporate to a point where it isn't unpleasant. After all, skunk odor was once used as the basis for perfumes.

Drowning: If a pet can be pulled out of the water while his heart is still beating, he can almost always be saved. Slow, steady, artificial respiration does the trick. Place him on his side and push with the flat of the hand on his ribs. Then pull your weight up quickly. Repeat at regular intervals of every few seconds. Use the same treatment in cases of electric shock. The veterinarian will probably administer a drug to stimulate the heart when he arrives.

Burns: When an animal is burned, clean off the hair that has matted down on the burned surface. Apply a solution of one part tannic acid to a hundred parts of water (strong, strained tea may be substituted for the tannic acid). Then cover gently with petroleum jelly. If half or more of the skin is destroyed by fire, steam, acid or any other burning agent, it is kindest to put your pet permanently out of his misery.

Fits: You can't stop a fit. The best you can do is guide the animal into a room where he will do the least damage. I've known large dogs to make a shambles of a home before they could be confined. Most owners are terrified by a fit because they think the victim is rabid,



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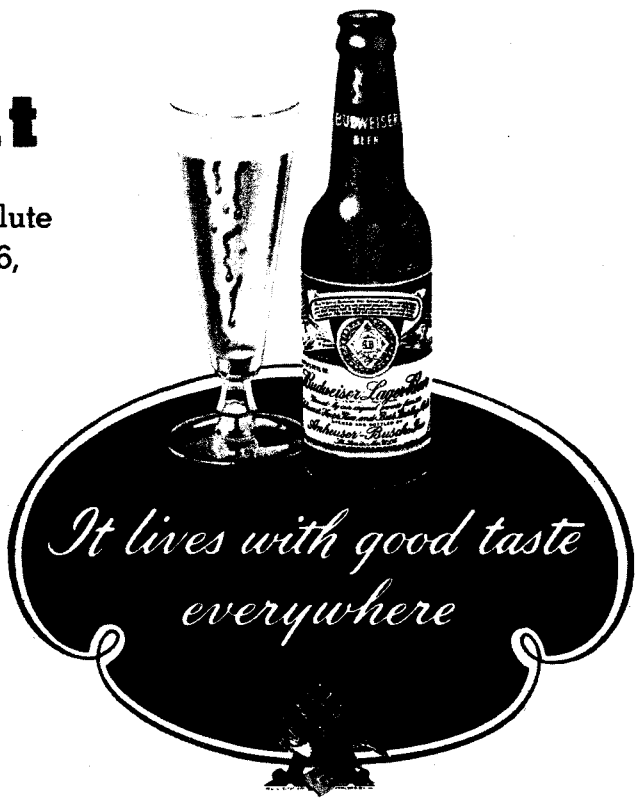

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but a dog in a fit won't bite you unless you get in his way. Cats, too, have fits but they act in another way. They will leap into a corner and try to hide, or they will run for the darkest spot they can find. There's nothing to do in any case until the dog or cat is well over the fit and the cause of it can be determined. Don't think of touching an animal with a fit until he is over the attack.

Bruises: These are nothing much to worry about. It takes a hard glancing blow to bruise a dog. I've known dogs to be knocked down by vehicles and dragged for yards, with no worse result than a loss of hair. When infected swellings are found, they need cleaning, but they soon subside. Cats are much like dogs in the matter of welts and bruises; they seldom show them and almost never require treatment.

Broken bones: If your dog comes limping home on three legs, holding one that dangles helplessly, keep your courage about you. You'll have to restrain him by force, straighten the leg and put it in a splint. A barrel stave, a tine from a bamboo rake or a yardstick will serve as a splint. (I've fixed canaries by using a toothpick as a splint.) Do the job immediately, before the broken bone slashes through the flesh and sets up a pocket of blood which will complicate the task of setting the leg. If ribs are broken, keep the dog quiet. Nature takes care of pelvis breaks and nothing else helps much.

Poisoning: Pain, trembling, panting, vomiting, convulsions, coma, shiny mouths are all symptoms of poisoning. An emetic *must* be administered at once. The loss of a few moments may be fatal. Mix equal parts of peroxide and water. Force your pet to take one and a half tablespoonfuls of this for every ten pounds he weighs. (A cat needs less than one tablespoonful.) A large dog can take two ounces, or seven or eight spoonfuls. If peroxide isn't available, a mustard or strong salt solution can be used.

To Control Animals in Pain

This covers the most serious problems, but the most important thing has yet to be mentioned: restraint of the injured pet. The gentlest animal will bite if he is in pain. If you want to help him, you must be firm and sometimes even cruel. Here are some ways of doing it:

(A) Approach the dog from the side with his head at your right. Put a hand near his head. If he makes no attempt to bite, grasp with your left hand as large a handful of loose skin as possible, high up on the neck, and hold tight. Lift him by this grip so high that your right hand can reach under his chest just between the front legs, thus encircling the body. This is the easiest way to move him, provided he doesn't have broken ribs or an injured chest.

(B) If the dog snaps viciously at you, take a single piece of bandage tape, about three feet long. Cross the ends as if you were starting to tie a knot, but, instead of drawing it taut, let a large loop hang down. Slip the noose over the dog's nose, about an inch and a half from the tip, draw it tight and tie a square knot. To keep the dog from scratching it off, tie another single knot under his chin and then bring both ends around his neck, tying them in a bowknot behind the ears.

(C) In all cases tighten the dog's collar and keep a tight hold on his leash so he can't slip away.

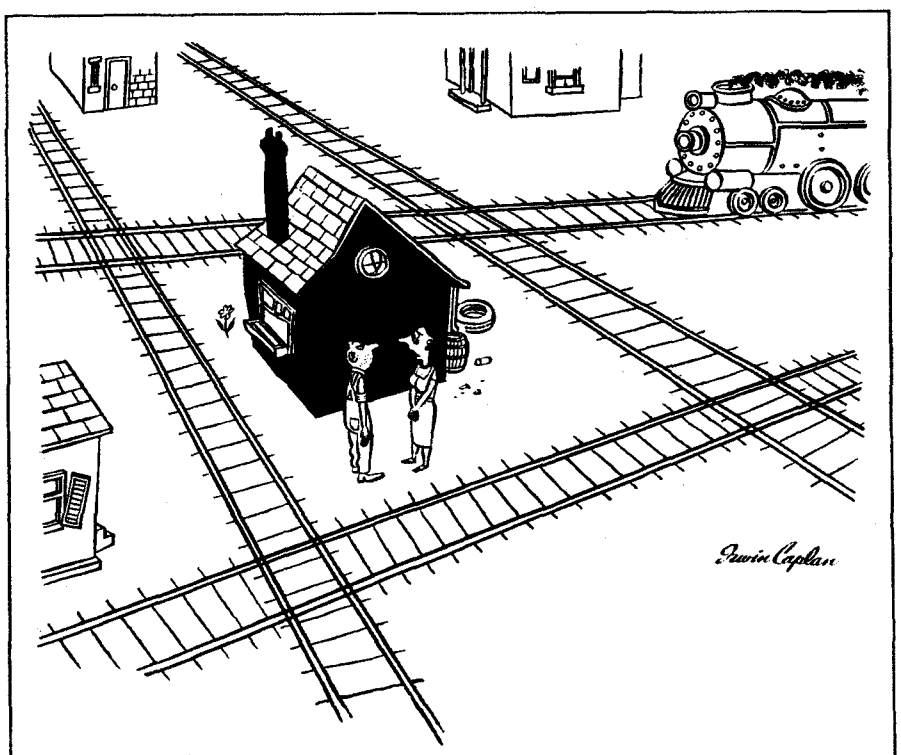
(D) A large vicious dog can only be restrained by putting a foot on his neck or holding him between your knees with such force that strangulation is possible. There is no other way that is safe either for the dog or yourself.

(E) The most vicious cat can be controlled by wrapping her in a heavy, folded blanket and grasping the bundle firmly on each side. Two men are needed to examine a badly frightened or wounded cat. One should hold the cat's head with one hand, the fingers under her chin and the thumb behind her head, and hold her front feet with the other. The examiner can control her hind legs with one hand and examine with his other hand. It can be dangerous if either man loses his courage or gets overly sentimental and lets the cat get away.

(F) Canaries are best held with the fingers encircling the body, without pressure, with the head and neck of the bird protruding through the opening made by the thumb and index finger.

That's all there is to it: the simplest thing in the world provided you keep your nerve and don't let yourself get tenderhearted.

Your pet needs your help and he won't thank you if you get so chicken-livered you can't give it to him. Of course it will help business if you call in the veterinarian to check up on the marvelous remedies you've used. The animal himself might even be reassured by it. But I don't insist on it and perhaps he won't either.



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THE TRIP

Continued from page 15

her in the crowd. Warm surprise lighted his face.

"I hardly recognized you in all your finery," he said.

"I can't believe I'm here," Nan answered. "Look. Polish on my nails."

In the train, they had a drawing room. Nan thought: This is like our honeymoon all over again. Only it's nicer.

THE next morning, sitting over corned beef hash and Southern rolls in the diner, Harley nodded to three men at a table across the car. "Couple of guys from Continental," he explained. "And the third one, the one with the glasses, is Chad Wallender, head of the Sales Division of Westward Copper—"

For two years, Westward Copper and its affiliated companies had seen more of Harley Case than Nan had. It was Harley's biggest assignment in his fourteen years with Brace and Long, Consulting Engineers. Westward was a big company, with an expansion program that stretched into the years ahead. To Harley it meant everything he had ever worked for.

The men had finished their breakfast and Mr. Wallender was coming toward them. He had a square, genial face.

"Harley. It's fine to see you. On your way to the meetings?"

"This is my wife, Nan," Harley said. "She thinks she'd better find out for herself what goes on at these conventions. Sit down and have some coffee with us, Chad. The big boss going to be there?"

"Davis McDonough? Last I heard he was planning to. He was supposed to be giving a paper but at the last minute he dumped it in my lap. Well, that's Davis. In a business deal, he could talk an Indian out of his tomahawk, but put him up on a platform, and he's completely ineffective."

Nan said feelingly, "It's nice to know there's one thing Davis McDonough can't do."

"Have you ever met Davis, Mrs. Case?" Mr. Wallender asked.

"I haven't. But Harley keeps talking about him. What's he got that no one else seems to have?"

"Everything, Mrs. Case. Everything it takes. Courage, stamina, vision—"

"How old a man is Mr. McDonough?" Nan asked.

"What would you say, Harley? Middle fifties?"

"Couldn't be more than that. He was still in his thirties, I understand, when he put Westward Copper together."

"The man never even finished high school, Mrs. Case," Mr. Wallender said. "He started out as a miner. Yet he's done more for the industry as a whole than any other man in the business. He's a great guy. You often wonder what he'd be today if he'd had college training."

"With a college education," Nan said, smiling, "he'd probably be working as a technical expert for Brace and Long."

Harley and Mr. Wallender laughed appreciatively. "Come and have a drink with us before lunch, you two," Mr. Wallender said, rising. "We've got to get in shape for this convention. And when you do meet Davis, Mrs. Case, just remember one thing. He thinks that Harley here is tops." . . .

Early the following morning the train left them at Southern Beach. The hotel stretched out along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, a landscaped oasis in miles of barren flatlands. Their room was big, and looked out over the palm-lined walks and gardens that spread down to the water's edge. It was a gray day, and after Harley had unpacked and gone down to register for the meetings, Nan stood on at the window.

A vague feeling of loneliness stirred in her. In all the milling crowd down in the lobby, she had seen no one she knew. Most of the women were older, elaborately and expensively dressed. She had stood, shy and tongue-tied, while Harley introduced her.

She turned from the window and did her own unpacking, then took a shower, conscious that she was putting off the moment when she must go back to the lobby. At last, dressed in the gray wool with the skirt that swirled around her slim legs, she glanced at herself in the mirror. She looked plain and unspectacular for someone that came from New York, but she would have to stand as she was.

Back down in the lobby, Nan found a recess in the meetings. Harley spotted her almost as soon as she stepped from the elevator. "We've been looking for you," he told her as he led her back to the group. "The boys want to meet you. Ken Holgate has asked a gang up to his room for a drink before lunch—"

She was introduced to six men who abruptly stopped talking business to welcome her.

"Harley, you are a snake in the grass," the man next to Nan said in a Southern voice, putting an arm about her waist. "All these years you've been keeping this lovely creature hidden from us." He hugged her waist in great good humor, then talking past her to Harley, said, "Is Davis here?"

"He's due in this afternoon, I think," Harley said. "All the Western planes were grounded at Chicago."

"You're a Davis McDonough fan, too?" Nan asked shyly.

"My dear, that's like asking whether I like good bourbon. Everybody likes good bourbon. And everybody admires Davis McDonough. He's the poor boy who started out with nothing but his own two hands and his one good brain."

That afternoon, going down to the solarium to play bridge with the other wives, Nan thought: Davis McDonough is like a saga to these men. Time after time during Mr. Holgate's cocktail party and at luncheon later, his name came into the talk.

IT WAS at the big cocktail party held that evening on the glass-enclosed south porch that Nan finally saw him. The porch was narrow and crowded with people, its windows open wide to the waters of the Gulf.

Nan was at one end of the porch when suddenly from the center of the party there arose a commotion. In a crescendo of laughter it swept on outside, and Nan turned to the window in time to see a great bulk of a man, highball glass in hand, start to slide down the wooden banister that led from the porch to the terrace. A dozen men and women ran down the steps behind him, and from their throats a cheer arose as he landed safely at the bottom, and striking a pose against the newel, drained the highball glass dry.

"You spilled—you spilled!" a high voice cried. "I win—"

"Come here and see," he challenged.

A pretty blond woman approached, reached for his coat. In the next instant, his arm shot out, and pulling her to him with a roar, he kissed her soundly.

"Davis up to his tricks again," a man's voice beside Nan said indulgently.

"That is—Davis McDonough?" Nan asked.

"The one and original."

Nan didn't know quite what she had expected. But she was conscious of a distinct sense of surprise. Whether it was the scene, or the man himself, she found herself unable to separate the two. He stood out among all those engineers,

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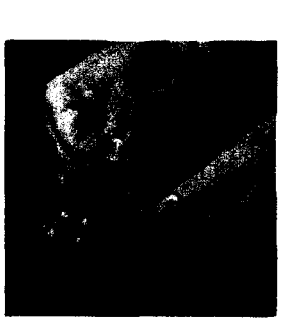

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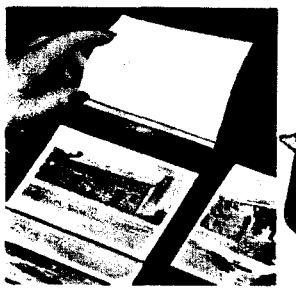

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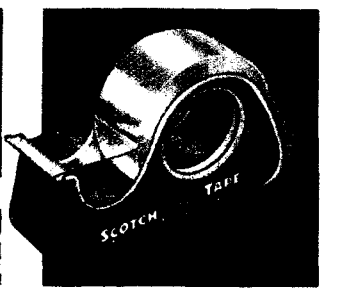

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company heads and presidents like a truck driver at a wedding.

He was the center of a crowd now, his voice carrying above all the others as someone started to sing My Wild Irish Rose. When they went in to dinner, he sat at a big table halfway down the dining room. But no matter where he was, he dominated.

As their own party rose from dinner, Harley came to her side.

"Come and meet Davis," he said, taking her arm.

"Harley!" Davis roared, jumping up from his chair. "Where have you been? We looked all over for you."

"This is Nan," Harley said. "One of the reasons she came to this convention was to meet you."

A smile broke over Davis' face. "Sit down, sit down. Mrs. Case, this is something I've looked forward to for a long time. What'll it be, Harley? A highball?"

"We just finished dinner," Harley said.

Davis put his arm along the back of Nan's chair. "Look, Mrs. Case. The gang here is trying to get up a party to go to some night club up the line. If we can get rid of Harley here, will you go with me?"

"Do we have to get rid of Harley?" she asked demurely.

"I think we should. How am I ever going to get to know you better with a husband hanging around?" He was eying her with interest.

"But I like Harley," she told him sweetly. "And besides, I just might need him. For protection."

DAVIS roared with pleasure, and the party rose from the table. It was almost ten o'clock. Leaving the dining room, Nan found it difficult to straighten out her thoughts. Davis McDonough might be crude, but she had felt his attraction.

She couldn't get him out of her mind as she and Harley and Chad Wallender went out to the porch. The two men were talking business, and she stood by the railing looking down over the shadowy gardens.

Chad said, amusement in his voice, "Well, I see you met Davis McDonough at last, Mrs. Case."

She asked curiously, "What—is Mrs. McDonough like?"

Chad took out a package of cigarettes. "Nobody sees much of Mrs. McDonough. She's sick a great deal of the time."

Harley said, stirring restlessly, "The Continental boys are having open house up in room 318. They want us to come up."

Chad yawned. "I'm getting too old for this kind of stuff," he said. "Think I'll skip the festivities tonight."

Nan asked after Chad left them, "What about the night-clubbing?"

"There was nothing definite. Just an idea Davis had, I imagine. How about you and me getting a breath of air?"

They walked down the path to the water's edge. The grounds were quiet, the night beautiful with stars. At the end of the path they stood, watching the water. And suddenly, quietly, Harley turned to her and took her in his arms. "Nan, I love you so much."

Deep behind his words Nan felt the flood of unsaid things he meant.

"What would you rather do?" he asked. "Go right on up to our room, or stop in at 318?"

"Whatever you think."

He said unsteadily, "I know you must be tired. It's been quite a day. We'll stop for a quick one with the crowd, then say good night. Oh, Nan—you are so lovely."

As they walked back along the path, laughter drifted from the hotel. There were only a few people in the lobby. On the third floor, they were halfway down the corridor when they heard a burst of racket ahead. Carrying above it was Davis McDonough's unmistakable roar.

Room 318 was on a corner, its four big windows partially open to the soft night air. There were a dozen people, beating time with their feet, clapping their hands, singing to the rhythm of The Irish Washerwoman. And in the center of the room Davis McDonough and the pretty blond woman from the cocktail party were doing a lively imitation of an Irish jig.

"Harley and Mrs. Case—this is nice," their host said, taking Nan's coat. Nan remembered him from the train. A Mr. Williams. He had a shy, charming manner. Their other host was Mr. Hayden.

The jig had ended in a burst of cheers. Davis stood panting and grinning in the middle of the rug. The blond woman

"Is there such a thing as a highball glass without flying geese?"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

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collapsed on one of the sofas in a fit of breathless laughter.

"I need a drink," Davis said.

Someone handed him a highball, and he carefully set it on top of his head. Then he began waltzing around the room, humming and swaying. The liquid in the glass swung to the top on one side, to the top on the other. Not a drop spilled.

"Harley—!" he roared, catching sight of them. He took the glass off his head and put the arm that held it around Harley's neck, and the other around Nan's. "Where you been? Looked all over for you. Thought I had a date with this pretty little redhead here."

"It still isn't too late to go to the night club if you want to," Harley told him smoothly.

"Not me," the pretty blond woman said. "I'm worn out. I declare, Davis, when you're seventy you'll still be wanting to paint the town. Jack—where's that husband of mine? Honey, get my shoes on."

WITH a swoop, Davis lunged across the room and snatched up the shoes. A moment later, he was standing with his back to one of the open windows, the shoes behind him.

The blond woman sat upright on the sofa, rolling her eyes to heaven for help. Then she got up, went over to Davis and pertly put up her face for his kiss.

For a moment, Davis grinned down at her wickedly. Then he brought his hands from behind his back, flicked her upturned face with his fingers, and stepped aside. The shoes were on the window sill.

The blond woman laughed uncertainly. "Guess that ought to teach me you never kiss the same woman twice," she threw at him over her shoulder.

As the crowd in the room broke up into little groups again, Nan wished they could leave. For she saw now the only two women left were herself and a dark-haired woman who was tight. And Davis had the highball glass back on his head and was roaming the room, the whisky and water swirling and swinging. He was humming loudly.

She turned to Harley, but he was sitting on the arm of the sofa talking to Mr. Williams and another man. Suddenly Nan felt tired. She was tired of Davis McDonough and the uproar that always surrounded him.

Davis was at one end of the room, shouting out a bawdy story to Mr. Hayden and the dark-haired woman. When he came to the climax a small wave of revulsion rolled over Nan. The dark-haired woman's laugh hung high-pitched and strident on the air. Pleased, Davis clapped the highball glass back on his head and turned.

Nan thought, a little wildly: If he comes over here—if he tries to tell me that story—

"Red," he called, his eyes lighting on her. "Where you been? Been looking all over for you. Got a joke. Wonnerful, wonnerful joke for wonnerful, redheaded sweetheart." His arm reached out for her.

Hardly knowing what she did, Nan closed her eyes and pushed him.

The highball glass jerked, toppled and tumbled down over Davis McDonough's face. He half fell on the sofa beside her. Whisky and water and ice shot over them both.

For what seemed like eternity, not a sound broke the stunned silence in the room but Davis McDonough's breathing. His face was working lividly. Hardly seeming to move, his hand went down and picked up the unbroken highball glass from where it sprawled on the sofa between them. With a sound like an oath, he raised the heavy-bottomed glass and brought it down shatteringly on the glass-topped coffee table.

There was a jerk of movement in the room, and the dark-haired woman let out a hysterical cry.

No one moved. Davis stood there swaying, a trickle of whisky and water running down his face. "Turn on the radio!" he bellowed, and kicked the coffee table. "Red and I are gonna dance!"

Sick with fright, Nan started to cry, "Harley—Harley—" But as she looked frantically to find him, she felt a hand like an iron band on her wrist, and she was in Davis' arms.

As long as she lived, Nan could never forget what followed. The room and everything in it spun before her whirling body. She wasn't even conscious of the floor beneath her feet. She seemed to be torn through space. One thing only stood before her eyes. Harley. Harley still sitting on the arm of the sofa, his back half turned. He was talking, talking to another man. He didn't move.

Davis bumped heavily into a chair, and sprawling, fell into it. With a roar of

COLLIER'S "You can remember the day that would have sold for eighteen cents. . . . Beat you to it, didn't I, sir?" BARNEY TOBEY

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CONTENTS OCTOBER 30th

Is YOUR Wife a Man-eater?

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glee, he pulled her on top of him, and held her fast. She began to gasp hysterically. The music drowned out every sound but Davis' laughter.

Her hair was tumbled over her face, and her skirt twisted above her knees. Now he was pulling her from side to side, his face burrowing against her neck, against the loose shoulder of her dress. It was as though everyone in the room were turned to stone.

Even Harley was not talking any more, but sat staring down into his drink. Nan felt all the strength going out of her body.

AND suddenly, as terribly as the dreadful mauling started, it stopped. Davis leaned back in the chair, his arms releasing her. "Nice goin', Red," he mumbled, and on his face there was a strange, white look.

Dully, Nan pushed back her hair and stood. It scarcely even registered that everyone in the room put down his drink and stood up. Without a word, she moved to the door. Mr. Hayden found her coat. Remotely she felt the pressure of his hands as he laid it gently over her shoulders.

Going down the long corridor, neither she nor Harley spoke. He stopped before the elevators and pressed the button. Three floors below, she heard the slow whir of the machinery.

At the end of the hall, people started coming out of room 318. She turned and went to the fire stairway. . . .

In their room, Nan undressed numbly. She couldn't look at Harley, she couldn't speak. He was taking off his coat, his tie. She got under the covers and began to shake uncontrollably.

He turned off the light and went to the window. In the darkness he stood silhouetted there for one short moment, his figure tall and lonely in the pale moonlight. He pulled down the shade to the edge of the open window and got into his own bed.

As she heard him turn away from her, a hard knot of pain gathered deep inside Nan. It seemed to her that together they had stood against many things, separation, disappointment, strain. But always she knew that no matter what came, Harley was hers and she his alone. This was different.

In the darkness, she thought she heard him speak. She lay taut, thinking she heard it only in her mind. Then his voice came again, uneven, like someone in pain.

"Nan—why did you do it?"

For a moment, she was unable to speak. Then she said in bitterness, "Oh, what do you mean, why did I do it? Do you think I didn't care?"

"Nan. Why did you push him?" he asked.

Slowly, sickly, she said, "So that was it, Harley. Because I pushed him, you let him maul me. You threw me to the wolves."

He made no sound.

"You could have helped me," she insisted. "Oh, Harley, you could have stopped it—"

He said very low, as though the words were wrenched out of him. "I couldn't, Nan—I couldn't."

"But why?"

"Nan. Davis McDonough is the man I work for." He got up and made his way blindly to the window.

Stunned, she tried to take it in. Slowly, dazedly, she thought: Nothing that has ever happened to us through separation is half as bad as what has happened to us now—

She said out of the emptiness inside her, "Every man in the room would have turned on him if you had made one sign."

"You don't do things like that," he said quite simply. "You don't throw away your life for a gesture. Nan, Nan, darling—you made a bad mistake. I don't think you know what you did. You challenged Davis, and I had to let you see it through. There was—no other way."

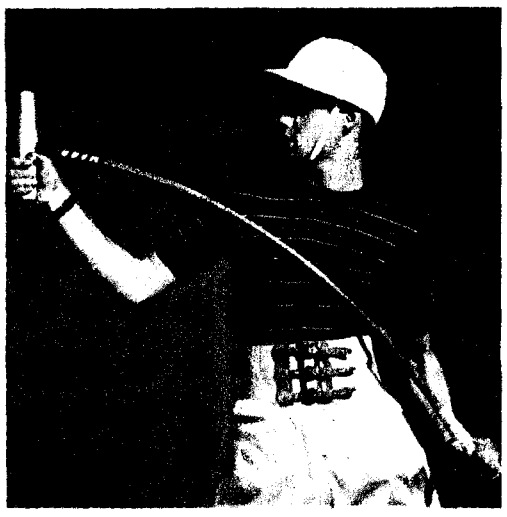
She felt his hands on her arms, trying to draw her to him. Slowly, unwillingly she raised her eyes to his. Then, helplessly, she turned away from him.

LONG after he had fallen into restless sleep, Nan lay awake in the dark hotel room. She could see the truth now, and it lay scalding in her mind. She had put Harley in a position where he was caught—caught between her and the man on whom his future depended.

It was she who was to blame, and she alone.

And she thought, in loneliness too great for tears: I wish I had never come on this trip. I've learned something I'd rather not know. And the hardest part of all is, we can never speak of it again, but each must remember alone.

Quality you can feel



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By MARTIN COHEN

Big Lumber Deal

I ROLLED the toothpick between my fingers. It was bent and twisted and dirty, otherwise a cheap, common toothpick like the hundred or so stacked in the paper cup beside Pop's two dishes of apple pie.

"I'll give you five dollars for that toothpick," Pop Haley said.

"You're crazy," I said.

Besides being the most meddlesome and fattest man in town, Pop was also a practical joker. And when Pop offered you five dollars for a piece of lumber not much bigger than a needle, you thought twice.

"What're you afraid of?" he asked.

"You're kidding me."

Pop grunted as he lifted his stomach and reached into his back pocket. He pulled out a wallet and laid a five-dollar bill on the table. "Money talks," he said.

"Take it, lover boy," Kay said. She set two cups of coffee on the table and leaned over my shoulder, her blond hair tickling my nose.

She turned to me. "With that fin we might go dancing tonight."

"You told me you had a date," I said.

"Handsome, for a guy who's smart enough to sell a splinter of wood for five bucks, I'll break a date."

A horn blasted. Outside a black sedan stopped by the gasoline pumps. I started for the door but came back to pick up my toothpick and put it in my shirt pocket. Pop was grinning as I hurried outside. The driver took twelve gallons, a quart of oil and a Pennsylvania road map.

When I came back into the diner, Kay was talking to a customer. He was a stranger, tall and gray-haired.

"Are you the lad who's selling toothpicks for five dollars?" he asked.

I shook my head.

He turned to Kay. "Maybe next time I'm in town?"

"It's a deal," she said. "I'm sorry about tonight."

He slapped a half dollar on the counter and went out.

"Then we have a date tonight?" I asked her.

"Sort of," she said.

"I've got to know for sure."

She threw back her head and laughed. "You'll have to break a date with Helen, won't you?" she said. "I'll let you know before she comes on duty."

I walked back to the table. Pop was eating his second piece of pie.

"I thought you and Helen were serious," he grumbled. "Thought you might even get married."

"No rush."

"What do you see in this blonde?"

"Are you kidding?" I asked.

"You been seeing much of her?"

"Not much. She's been here only two weeks and been dated up almost every night."

"So you're not having much luck?" Pop asked.

"No, but I will."

"And in the meantime, Helen—"

I got up. Another car was in front of the diner. I filled the tank and as the car pulled away, I saw Helen coming up the road. Her coat was open over the uniform. Under her arm she carried a long, slender box. I knew it would be the dress she would wear for our date.

She was too far away to call to so I waved and went into the diner. Kay was kidding Pop.

"Did you make up your mind?" I asked her.

"First I want to hear how you make out on this toothpick deal," she said and walked back to the counter.

I sat across from Pop but I was worrying about the excuse I'd make to Helen about the date. Not that I wanted to deceive her but I felt all mixed up.

FEATURE by feature Kay and Helen just didn't compare. They were too different. More men came to the diner to see Kay than to buy our Atomburgers. Helen I'd known for years. Pop didn't have to tell me she was sweet and lovable.

Then I saw Helen crossing the road. As she swung through the diner door, she smiled at Pop and me, then walked back to the kitchen.

"Now about that toothpick," Pop said.

"It's worthless. It's nothing but an ordinary toothpick," I told him.

"How do you know?" Pop said. "Maybe you got something of real value. Enough people want it."

I reached in my shirt pocket. The toothpick had slipped down to the seam and I worked it out carefully. "Now look, Pop. Give me one good reason why you want it and I sell."

"You got it. I want it," he said.

"Let's be practical," I said. "Mine is dirty."

"Backing out?" he said.

I shrugged. Discussing the relative merits of lumber shavings was a foolish business but for the moment it took my mind off the mess I was about to get in with Helen.

"I'm just trying to prove a point," I said. "Doesn't make any difference what you offer, it's still a worthless old toothpick."

Pop stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "You just taught me something," he said. "You shouldn't want something just because other people have it. A person should look at an object or person with a clear eye and judge it for what it's worth."

Kay came over to the table, buttoning her coat. A cigarette hung from her mouth and she squinted over the smoke first at me and then at the five-dollar bill. "How'd you make out?" she said.

"The offer still holds good," Pop said.

Helen was watching us from the far end of the counter. She turned her head as Kay put her hand on my shoulder.

"Okay, sucker," I said to Pop. "You made a deal."

"And you made a date," Kay said. "Pick me up at nine."

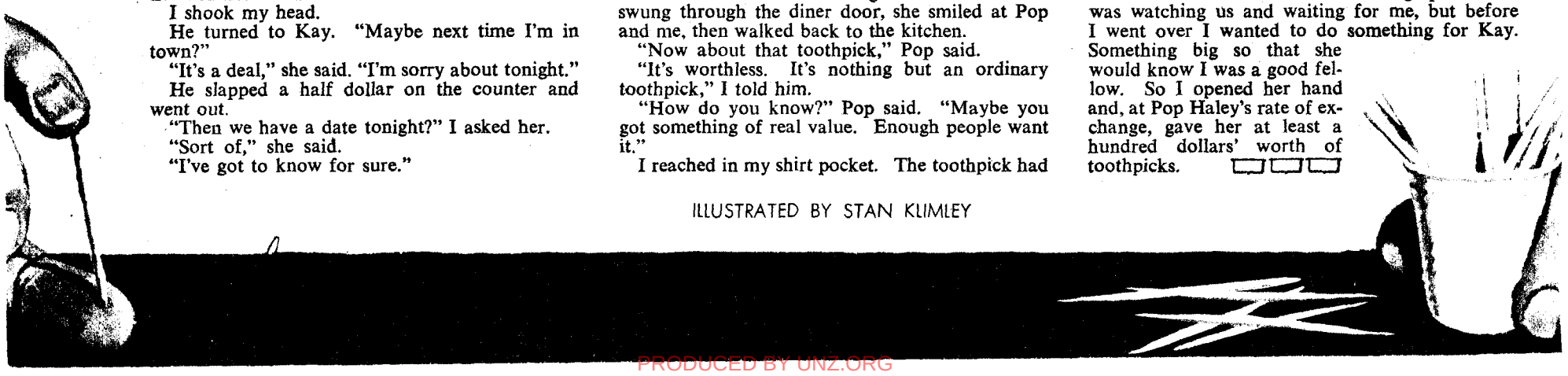
I folded the bill and stuck it in my pocket. "Sorry, Kay," I said. "But I won't be able to make it."

She frowned. "What gives?" she asked.

"It's all built around the philosophy of toothpicks," I said. "Something about the other fellow's lumber being greener."

She didn't like that. Her mouth hung open. Helen was watching us and waiting for me, but before I went over I wanted to do something for Kay. Something big so that she would know I was a good fellow. So I opened her hand and, at Pop Haley's rate of exchange, gave her at least a hundred dollars' worth of toothpicks.

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY



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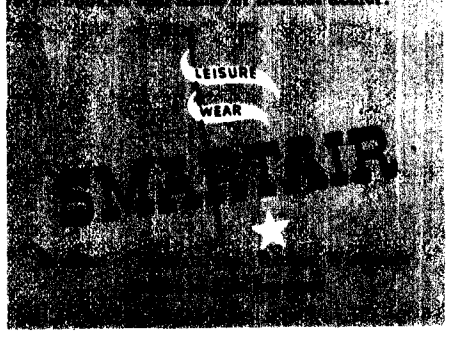

THE DEBUTANTE INDUSTRY

Continued from page 28

back in the ancient and extravagant tradition.

To give daughter a debut you must start getting set several months in advance. The competition for guests is terrific. Invitations for a December gathering must be out by early summer. Guests may be defined as boys and girls who are friends of the debutante; boys and girls you would like to be friends of the debutante; and oodles of young men who own a set of tails and can be expected to arrive at your party unarmed.

The names and addresses of 2,500 young men who fit these exacting standards are available in carefully kept lists. These lists are for sale by several firms of social secretaries controlled by ex-indigent dowagers. A girl can be a debutante for only one year, so the list of young ladies rarely tops 300.

The social secretary is first of a long line of functionaries with whom you must reckon. She provides the list and mails your invitations. She can easily be persuaded to handle all arrangements for catering, decorating and music. She charges you nothing for this, but gets a flat 10 per cent from the tradesmen. The tradesmen, in turn, add that 10 per cent to your bill. I hope that didn't surprise you.

A deb can get through a full season comfortably with eight ball dresses ($150 to $400 each); four cocktail dresses at $50 apiece; and five suits at $125 each, plus the usual accessories. There are fine ready-made dresses available, but the girls have grown wary of them. Eight debs appeared in the same divine creation at the same dance last season.

The Best Things in Life . . .

A deb who gets herself a lot of publicity will also get herself a lot of accessories cheaply. Milliners and florists supply often photographed young ladies with their best creations for nothing. It is assumed that the photogenic deb will truthfully answer any of her sisters who inquire, "Where did you get that lovely hat, my dear?"

There are five separate types of debut party. Practically every mother will give daughter a party at least two steps beyond what the family finances can reasonably stand. There are about 35,000 names in the Social Register, and while few if any are on the relief rolls, only about 70 of them can toss a party with no thought of cost.

Mother's insistence upon a dinner dance when the bank balance screams for a tea dansant can be usually traced to a nice sentiment. She wants to give her daughter a real blowout, and you don't have to be in the Social Register to come up with that kind of thinking. Then there are times when the Joneses have to be kept up with, or father thinks it sound business to look prosperous, or daughter is just a spoiled brat.

The least expensive of the five varieties of debut is the luncheon at home. There it's a matter between you and your own kitchen.

Next is the mass debut, such as the Grosvenor House Ball and the Debutantes' Cotillion, both fine charities. Ten girls are invited by Grosvenor House to bow for $1,000 each. Each girl is permitted ten dinner guests, but up to 50 more are often invited, at $12.50 each. As many as 125 girls have made their debuts at the Cotillion. The Cotillion has no fee but sells tickets costing $25 per pair.

A New York caterer is my authority for the cost figures on the remaining three types. He is a good authority because he would be the last man in the world to discourage prospective customers. Nor does he want 200 pounds of dowager shoving this magazine down his throat and screaming, "Fraud!"

He estimates 200 guests make "a nice little tea dansant" and sets $10 per person as a reasonable price. That's $2,000 for sandwiches and champagne and music from 4:00 to 8:00 P.M. It is not unusual for two girls to be launched at the same tea dance.

The dinner dance comes next: A banquet at 8:00 P.M. followed by dancing and champagne until 11:30. Once again 200 is considered to be "a nice little party" with $20 a guest to cover it for a total of $4,000.

Supper Dances Are Costly

Top dog in the debut industry is the supper dance. It is hard to conceive of anybody doing one for less than $10,000. And they frequently get up to $100,000. The supper dance starts at 11:30 and finishes when it finishes. I've seen men of iron dancing with girls of steel at 9:00 A.M. With the exercise of proper restraint this kind of debut can be thrown for $50 a guest. Among the essential items this sum will cover are champagne, a buffet supper, breakfast, decorations, two orchestras and detectives.

Ah, to be a boy now that debutante season is here! While father is pawning the heirlooms to finance daughter's bow, and daughter is in training like a prize fighter to lose ten pounds of baby fat, Junior is living like a pasha with a crew haircut. Young Lochinvar whiles away his afternoons at tea dances, sups handsomely at dinner dances, and then dances or hugs the bar until dawn. He has hundreds of lovely girls at his beck and whistle. If he already owns, or can borrow, a full-dress suit, his outlay in cash for a full season of wine, girls and song is absolutely nothing.

He is always the guest of a girl's mother if there are any tickets to be bought. Occasionally he gets stuck for a taxi fare, but usually daughter's family car is available. Mother likes it that way and so does Lochinvar. In moments of uncontrolled passion he might send flowers. But the girls say his control is excellent.

Neither Lochinvar nor the girl who brought him ever heard of a card dance, so he is free to stand on the side lines in sultanlike splendor inspecting the beauty languishing before him on the dance floor. He picks and chooses with discrimination; so the plain Jane spends most of her evening powdering her nose. Should Lochinvar find himself dancing with a girl whose beauty or charm disappoints, he signals for relief with the subtlety of an entrapped elephant.

He will dance once with his hostess. He will also thank her for a good time unless he has been forced to leave because the flow of champagne has ceased.

Champagne has proved too much for stalwarts in their thirties, forties and fifties, so it is not surprising that teen-agers and twenty-year-olds sometimes get more than passably tipsy. Considering the availability of wine at debuts, I think the lads hold their liquor rather well. August Weisbrod, general manager at Sherry's, one of New York's biggest catering firms, has been watching deb parties for a quarter century. Says Weisbrod, "The boys drink better today than ever. No longer do they storm the bar en masse when the host shuts off the champagne at 7:30 A.M."

Systems for handling drunks vary with different caterers. Some close down the bar for twenty minutes and send out waiters with black coffee to seek the casualties. Other caterers shudder at the 20-minute shutdown. "Shutdowns frighten the true drunks," they explain.

Read between the lines!

Fine clubs

Many of the most famous clubs and hotels in America make their cocktails with *Heublein's Vatted Vermouth.*

and hotels

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Vermouth

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

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"Fearing another drought, the serious drinker prepares himself assiduously for such an eventuality and passes out."

The urbane Weisbrod has his own system. "I serve the drunks ginger ale. They can't tell it from champagne," he says.

The true pest of the debutante party is not the young man nor the extremely rare young lady who drinks too much. It's the uninvited guest. The best crashing effort last season was made at a party for 200. The hostess found herself with 400 hungry mouths to feed.

I accept as a left-handed compliment the fact that two young men literally risked death to get into my party. They climbed six flights of icy fire escape in freezing weather to jimmy open my window. My stepfather greeted them as they crawled over the snowy sill. In explanation they stated that they were Harvard men. Father, a Yale man, offered them a sip of warming spirits and then showed them a more conventional way to get out.

Another father watched twenty young men in sombreros and serapes file into his home. Questioned, the young men explained, "We are ze Mehican orchestra. We are hired to play for theese party." Father knew he had hired just about everything hirable, but no Mexican orchestra. So the blue-blooded peons departed.

The social secretary is charged with keeping out crashers, but she rarely knows by sight one in 25 of the young men she has recommended to the hostess. Thus she is easy prey for the uninvited Tom Smith who says he is the invited John Jones. When Jones appears, he too is admitted upon identifying himself.

If a party is in a hotel, the crasher lurks in the lobby until an invited accomplice brings him a drink. Then the interloper, drink in hand, saunters by the secretary who thinks he is a returning guest. The accomplice is, of course, readmitted upon identification.

An Expert Job of Crashing

This season has already produced a major masterpiece in crashing. Fourteen young men bulled their way into a dinner dance before it began. They replaced 14 place cards with slips bearing their own names. They then rearranged the hostess's seating plan so that they might sit with the ladies of their choice.

Crashing could be stopped. Professional door attendants with a no tickee, no dancee attitude could do it. But, after all, a debut is basically a party for friends. Not a double-header at the Yankee Stadium.

The rudeness of the crasher and the boorishness of the drunk may be too much for the harassed mother of a deb, but she has at long last rid herself of one form of moocher—the press agent. These once powerful and costly figures in the debutante business are now almost extinct. They came into power in the middle 1930s, when they told publicity-shy mothers that nothing but sedate and gentle things would be printed about daughter. Mothers have since learned what any high-school editor could have told them: Nobody can keep anything out of the newspapers that the newspapers think is news. And the papers think debutantes are news.

Charity Breaks a Tradition

In grandmother's day no lady who was a lady ever had her name in print except when she was born, was married, and died. This excellent tradition was swept away by charity. The promoter of some forgotten charity stole a leaf from the Broadway press agent and used pretty girls to garner free newspaper space. The young ladies were photographed pouring tea from an obviously empty teapot. The captions under the pictures explained that the girls were members of the debutante committee working for the charity. This publicity technique, including the empty teapot, has been with us two decades and who is to say it is wrong? Fully three quarters of the debs so pictured *are* working for the charity—to the best of their ability.

Another reason debs get in the newspapers is because it makes them feel important to be mentioned in Broadway and society columns. The girls may affect a deep distaste for such notoriety, and refuse to discuss it even with their friends. But the young men have no such subtlety. If a boy is enshrined in a Broadway column he goes about with the paper clutched in his hand, bleating to one and all, "Did you see what that rat wrote about me?" He then rattles off the item verbatim without bothering to look at it.

The cold facts seem to be that boys have always liked squiring "the toast of the town," and girls have enjoyed the attentions of "important" men. "Toasts" and "important men" are made in this day by the Broadway and society columnists.

When I was a deb I had a wonderful time. I danced every dance, loved my pretty dresses, and met a lot of wonderful people. I am a society columnist now, and I have learned that these gay debuts are a multimillion-dollar industry. I know there is a good deal of bad taste, worse manners and unforgivable cruelty connected with the coming-out business. Nevertheless, someday I hope I will have a daughter and this is notice to any interested bystanders that she will make a debut if I have to hock the family helicopter. If she has as much fun as her mother had it will be worth it.

If getting her picture in the paper will help advertise a charity, she will get her picture in the paper. If she has to lose ten pounds I know a swell place to lose them—as a nurse's aid at Lenox Hill Hospital. On the other hand, if she doesn't want all the fuss and bother of getting pretty clothes and dancing through the night, I will know that I have a most unusual seventeen-year-old girl on my hands.

IT'S ALL HR FLT

Checking checks for meals, I've heard,
Is always wise and prudent.
But the checks that I've incurred
Require a special student
Of hieroglyphics to decipher
All the items listed.
Today I had hmb-rel, and pic-br.
With the hmb-bun tsted.
Yesterday my check perusal
Showed me cof with cr on side
And mayn on tst, tom, lets, and goosl,
With one ord of pot, fr-fried.
So it goes from lnch to dnr,
Brkfst isn't btr.
The waitress thinks I'm getting thnr,
All I say is: "Ltr!"

—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD

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makes learning to dance easier than ever!

Good dancers are popular
Here's the First Step to Popularity
IT'S EASY! TRY IT!
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Take Arthur Murray's short-cut to good times. Find the self-confidence and popularity you've always longed for.

Only a few hours at any Arthur Murray Studio will transform you into an expert dancer. His unique methods make learning easy, lightning-quick and such fun!

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COLLIER'S—OCT. 23

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Mr. Bottle Lives Here

By COREY FORD

The not so tragic story of a man without a country home

OF COURSE I remember it," Mr. Bottle said firmly. "The whole thing comes back to me as though it were but yesterday."

He included the surrounding landscape in an expansive wave of his cigar and beamed at his companion. Miss Celeste LaRue, wrapped in thought, sat behind the wheel of the parked roadster, studying a touring map spread out on her ample lap. Once, a generation ago, Miss LaRue had been a glittering star in the Hurtig and Seamon burlesque firmament; but her span had increased with the years, and today her curves were mostly circles. "Now, Willie, are you sure you know this road?"

"Every stick and stone is familiar," Mr. Bottle assured her. "In those days, my dear Lessie, I had to get up before dawn and milk the cows. I might add that I have entertained a distinct distaste for the beverage ever since." He exhaled cigar smoke with a reminiscent sigh. "Poor little tyke, struggling through the cruel drifts toward that little red schoolhouse in West Easton . . ."

"It must have been quite a walk," Lessie remarked, looking up. "The sign says Easton is 146 miles."

"It is? Aaah. H'm." Mr. Bottle collected himself. "Distances always seem so much less when one is young." He shrugged. "Yes, I can see myself now, setting forth on my daily trek in pursuit of education, fortified only by a few sandwiches and a small jug of peach brandy that I swiped from my father's cellar—"

"Willie," Lessie interrupted, frowning at the map, "are you positive that you were born in West Easton?"

"Of course I was born there. What else would I have been doing in West Easton at that age?"

"Because there's an East Weston," she said, "about twelve miles from here."

"Easton. Weston." Mr. Bottle knocked an ash from his cigar with a thoughtful tap of his middle finger. "Perhaps you're right, my chickadee. He returned the cigar to his mouth. "On to East Weston. The prodigal calf returns."

Lessie threw in the clutch, and Mr. Bottle bounced back forcibly against the leather cushions, emitting a sharp puff of smoke. A late October sun filtered through the fall foliage, and the bright-colored New England landscape unrolled before him like a Persian carpet, spread at the feet of East Weston's home-coming son.

Upon this lavish display of bursting granaries and harvest home, W. W. Bottle bent a poisonous eye. Nature in all her moods held no appeal for him. During forty-odd years of show business, his acquaintance with country life had been limited to one or two occasions when his troupe had been stranded between towns for lack of funds; and these painful encounters with the bucolic had sharpened his resolve never to get up before six o'clock at night, except on matinee days. Fresh air, to Mr. Bottle, was a noxious vapor, inimical to human

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

"Only fifteen hundred?" Mr. Bottle said. "Why, the house alone is worth two thousand dollars!"

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CAN I TRUST YOU?
ONLY WITH MONEY!
He knew she was all bad from the moment he first saw her, but he kept right on calling her an angel in silk stockings—and fighting to keep alive!
RKO
DICK POWELL
JANE GREER
in
Station West
with AGNES MOOREHEAD · BURL IVES
TOM POWERS · GORDON OLIVER · STEVE BRODIE
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Produced by ROBERT SPARKS Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
Screen Play by FRANK FENTON and WINSTON MILLER
FROM THE ACTION-PACKED PAGES OF THAT FAMOUS SATURDAY EVENING POST SERIAL STORY!
Hear Burl Ives as the troubadour of Rock Pass!

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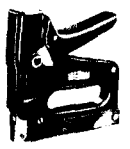
. . . via BOSTITCH

By using Bostitch to attach springs to bus seat frames, a well-known manufacturer increased his output two or three times — cut production costs — cut cost of materials, too.


ONE OF 800

Many others save with Bostitch: *A frozen food locker* halved material and labor costs in sealing packages, and reduced spoilage as well. *A dry-cleaner* saved $1000 the first year when Bostitching replaced safety pins for tagging garments. *A novelty manufacturer* cut costs by doubling production and did a neater job, fastening elastic bands to hats and masks.

Could you cut costs, too? Whether you have wood, metal, cloth, paper, plastics or other materials to fasten, the chances are you can do it faster and better . . . using one of the 800 Bostitch machines. In 91 key cities, 250 specializing field men make it easy for you to benefit from skilled Bostitch research and 50 years' experience in solving a wide variety of fastening problems.

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life, to be traversed in sealed conveyances filled with carbon monoxide and traveling at great rates of speed from bar to bar.

"Do you think, perchance, my sweet," he ventured, "that we might pause at some wayside tavern for just one quick—"

"Now, Willie," Lessie replied patiently, without slacking the car's pace, "you know what the doctor said."

Mr. Bottle made a snarling noise in his throat, like a bumblebee spinning in. He knew all too well what the doctor had said. That meddlesome medic, summoned hastily backstage by a distraught stage manager when the star comedian had collapsed in full view of the audience during the Boston try-out of Peggy Ann, had voiced his opinion in no uncertain terms. "My friend," he had announced, applying a stethoscope to Mr. Bottle's chest and wincing perceptibly at what he heard, "you need a good long rest."

In vain Mr. Bottle had writhed in protest on his dressing-room cot. His sudden indisposition, he had assured the doc, was due to the fact that some miscreant in a Tremont Street bar had sought to pollute his Scotch with a drop of water. He could go on with the show as soon as his system had recovered from the shock of that alien fluid. The doctor shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but you're all through acting for a while. What you've got to do is get out in the country somewhere and relax." He rammed a thermometer into Mr. Bottle's mouth in the nick of time to check a roar of abuse. "Oh, and by the by," he added cheerfully, "no more drinking."

THIS pilgrimage to his birthplace had been Lessie's own idea. It was a forlorn hope; but it was the only device she could think of that might lure him, even temporarily, into the great outdoors. She had been taking care of him, somehow, ever since they first met in the original Follies—she had graduated from the chorus line that year to a job as wardrobe mistress, he had emerged after a decade of knockabout vaudeville to become overnight the show's bright new comic star. She had seen him march across the theatrical heavens, a triumphant sun, and she had trailed behind him through the years like a faithful shadow, content in his light.

She stole an occasional anxious glance at Mr. Bottle's reflection in the tilted windshield mirror as she drove. At least, as they neared the outskirts of East Weston, she was encouraged to note that his interest in the countryside mounted perceptibly. They rounded a curve in the road, and he sat forward suddenly.

"My natal site," he breathed. "Just as I always remembered it." He pointed to a little village ahead of them, nestled in the bend of the river. "They seem to have added a couple of mountains since I was a boy, but I suppose one should allow for certain modern improvements." His voice grew husky with emotion. "Yes," he exclaimed eagerly, as the car moved slowly down the elm-lined main street, "there's the little church, under whose roof I first learned to shoot craps with the other choir boys. There's the little school from which I was expelled for attempted arson, and there"—indicating a small brick building with barred windows—"is the local hoosegow where my father spent much of his time, following his frequent altercations with the law. How well I recall sneaking him an occasional can of beer from the village pub during his periods of incarceration."

"Look, Willie," Lessie interrupted, quickly changing the subject, "do you remember where your house was?"

Mr. Bottle strove to think. "It seems to me," he said after a moment, "that it was on a hill." A road to the right led out of the village at a sharp incline, and Lessie swung the wheel. "I distinctly remember a hill," Mr. Bottle said, "because my father used to have considerable difficulty in negotiating it after a convivial evening in town, and sometimes made the last quarter mile or so on his hands and knees. I can see the old gentleman now as he crept through the front door, wearing his greatcoat and a couple of kitchen utensils which my mother had wrapped around his neck. It is one of the fondest recollections of my childhood."

THE car climbed slowly in second gear up a winding country lane, carpeted with red and yellow autumn leaves. At the crest of the hill the road leveled again, affording a spectacular view of the valley below; and directly ahead of them, framed by two ancient elms, was a rambling yellow house and a set of dilapidated barns.

"That's it," Mr. Bottle exclaimed, "I'd know it at a glance."

"They seem to have a lot of company," Lessie remarked dubiously, as they turned into the driveway and halted.

The yard was full of cars, parked at random around the lawn and on the flower beds; and under an elm a group of townspeople stood attentively before a portly gentleman on a table, who seemed to be haranguing them in a singsong voice. In his hand he held an antique clock which he brandished above their heads, occasionally patting it affectionately with his palm. Puzzled, Mr. Bottle sauntered across the lawn. A young girl was standing at the edge of the crowd, and Mr. Bottle removed his hat with a courtly bow.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but could you tell me who lives here?"

"I do," she said, turning her eyes toward him. Mr. Bottle had a fleeting impression that she had been crying. "That is," she corrected, "I did. I'm Ellie Libbey."

He bowed again. "Forgive my intrusion," he apologized, "but I have a certain sentimental interest in this old house. I used to live here once, many years ago." He indicated the assorted chairs and bureaus and four-poster beds arranged on the lawn. "In those days," he added pointedly, "we lived inside."

"Oh, that's all for sale," Ellie explained. "I'm putting up everything. I've got to—I'm moving away, you see."

Mr. Bottle shook his head sympathetically, and his gaze wandered idly toward the group of people before the table. Abruptly he stiffened as though he had grasped a hot electric wire. The auctioneer, having disposed of the clock, had picked up another item from the pile of household goods beside him, and was holding it aloft before the crowd. "I'm bid a quattah for this antique jug." He patted it, producing a suspicious gurgling sound. "Do I heah thi'ty cents?"

Mr. Bottle, uttering a whinnying sound, whirled and plunged through the crowd toward the auctioneer. Ahead of him, he could hear the singsong voice: "Going . . . going . . ." He reached the table just as the auctioneer concluded, "Sold to Deacon Godfrey for a quattah!" and passed the jug down to a lean tight-lipped gentleman before him. The purchaser turned in silence and made his way back toward the parked cars. Mr. Bottle hurried after him, panting.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said, "I wonder if I might have a word with you?"

Aldo Godfrey halted, peering at him stonily over the half panes of his spectacles.

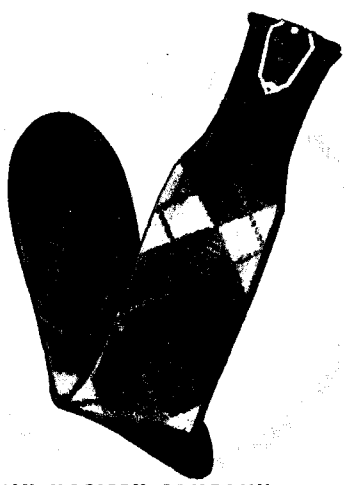
"If I may introduce myself," Mr. Bottle began genially, "my name is Bottle."

"Bottle?" Aldo Godfrey repeated, recoiling a little. "You mean, like a bottle?"

"The same." Mr. Bottle nodded, clinging to his arm. "In fact, the receptacle to which you refer was named after my grandfather, Ephraim J. Bottle, who invented it many years ago. Up to that

Phoenix Socks

are seen in the best circles



PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

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time"—assuming his most disarming smile—"liquid had to be moved from place to place in paper bags, or else carried cupped in the palm of the hand. Naturally not a little was spilled in the process, and my grandfather, who was a frugal man, was pained at this needless waste. So he put his mind to work, and after experimenting with various means of transporting fluids, such as soaking them up in a blotter, he finally evolved the container which bears his name today. My paternal sire," he explained, "was rather short and stocky, with a long neck, and could contain up to a gallon at a time without spilling it." His audience seemed to be growing restive, and he hastened to the point. "In deference to his memory, therefore, I've made it a point to collect receptacles of every type and description—"

"In other words," Aldo interrupted, "you want to buy this jug?"

Mr. Bottle groaned: "You said it, brother."

"Well, 'taint for sale," Aldo snapped. "It contains spiritous liquor." He removed the cork, and deliberately turned the jug upside down.

Mr. Bottle's eyes glazed.

"Why, you pious Puritan," he burst, "you smug self-righteous sanctimonious Sabbatarian!"

Aldo Godfrey swung on his heel and strode away, swinging the empty jug negligently by its handle.

MR. BOTTLE sank crushed onto the running board of a parked car, and buried his head in his hands. He felt a tap on his shoulder.

"If you was to come with me," someone murmured in his ear, "I most think I could fix you up with somethin' for your thirst."

Mr. Bottle looked up dully. A short spare figure in overalls and manure-caked rubber boots stood beside him, his thin shoulders sagging like a wire coat hanger with the weight of his clothes.

"Been waitin' a long time," he chuckled, "to hear somebody tell old Aldo off that way. I'm Shad Savery, I'm the hired man here." He lowered his voice. "I got a little cidah out behind the ba'n."

"Cider," Mr. Bottle moaned.

" 'Taint like reglah cidah," Shad said mysteriously. "I use less apples."

Mr. Bottle rose, with a wary glance at Lessie's unsuspecting back, and followed the hired man through the gate into the barnyard.

Shad unbolted the door of a small shed. "Look out for your head."

Mr. Bottle stooped and entered. A strong odor of sour-apple mash assailed his nostrils, and in the semidarkness his eye made out a couple of barrels, covered with cobwebs, standing beside a homemade cider press. Shad tilted one of the barrels, filled a dipper, and handed it to him.

"It's my own recipe," he said.

Mr. Bottle accepted the dipper in skeptical silence, and drained the contents. There was a moment's pause. Then, very deliberately, his hat rose a good two inches above his scalp, a series of colored dots revolved before his eyes, and the tip of his nose lighted up like a pinball machine. He opened his mouth, emitting a baleful blue light, and uttered a single bell-like note.

"Nectar," he averred solemnly.

Shad filled the dipper again. "Like to keep a little trickle of it runnin' down my throat when I'm hayin'," he said. "Helps to cut the dust. 'Course, Aldo he wouldn't like it."

"That dehydrated Pilgrim," Mr. Bottle snorted, emptying the dipper in a single indignant gulp, "doubtless disapproved of his own nursing bottle."

Shad shrugged his thin shoulders. "He's sma't, Aldo is. Timber alone's wuth more'n he's payin' Ellie for the place."

"Why does she sell it to him?"

"Got to." He reclaimed the dipper, and tipped the barrel again. "Her husband was hurt in the war, he's in a hospital out West an' she's got to go live there with him. Aldo ain't hardly offered her enough to cover the mortgage."

"Isn't anybody bidding against him?"

"Don't dast to. He owns the bank an' runs the lumber business in town; they're scairt to cross him." Shad passed the brimming dipper back to Mr. Bottle. "Here, have some more cidah."

Mr. Bottle sipped. "I suppose you've lived here all your life?" he asked anxiously.

"Me? Oh, no. I was born across the river."

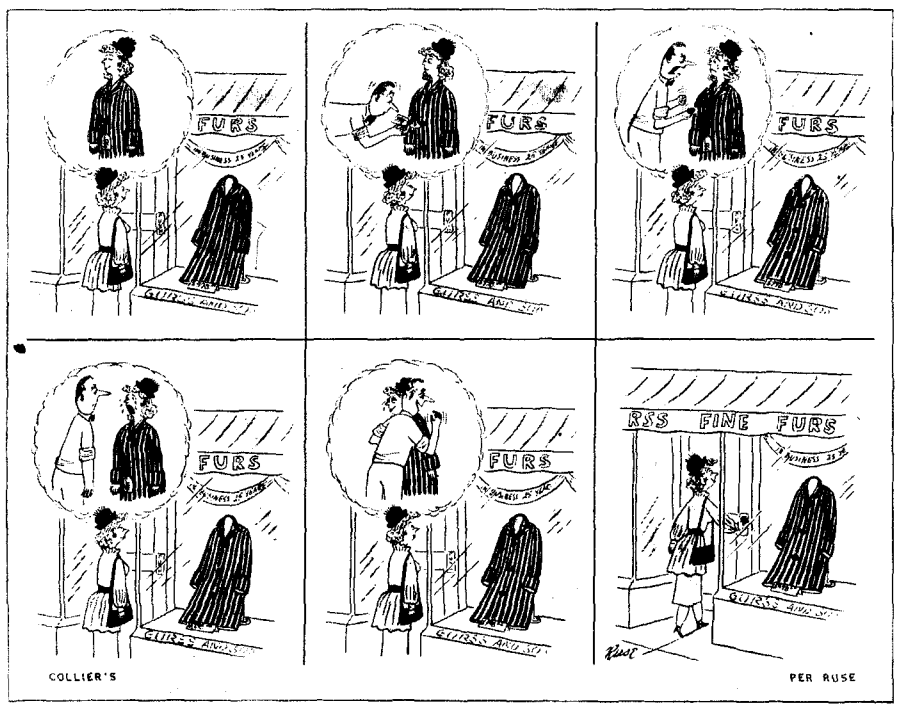
"Then this isn't your home town?"

" 'Course it is," indignantly. "Home ain't where you come from, it's where you want to go back to. I made this my home." Shad reached for the dipper. "Might as well get rid of this before Aldo does."

Mr. Bottle drank in appreciative silence. . . .

Lessie hurried toward him as he made his way back through the barnyard, lurching slightly. There was a curiously veiled expression on her face. It could not be called crafty—Lessie's big amiable features were incapable of guile—but her lips were pursed and the glint in her eyes indicated that she was resolved upon a last desperate plan of action. "Willie, where've you been? The auction's almost over."

"Imbibing the beauties of nature, my



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by don herold

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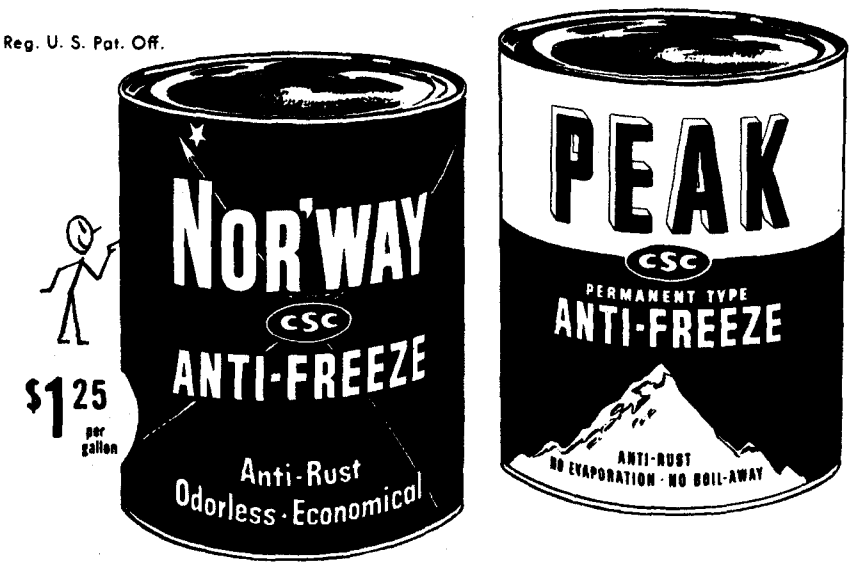

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pet," he replied, with a vague wave of his cigar. "Drinking in the sunshine and fresh air."

"It's such a pretty place," she agreed. "I hate to see it fall into that Deacon Godfrey's hands." She paused for a calculated moment. "After what he was saying just now about you."

"I have no interest in the remarks of that arid ecclesiast," Mr. Bottle frowned. He paused. "What did he say?"

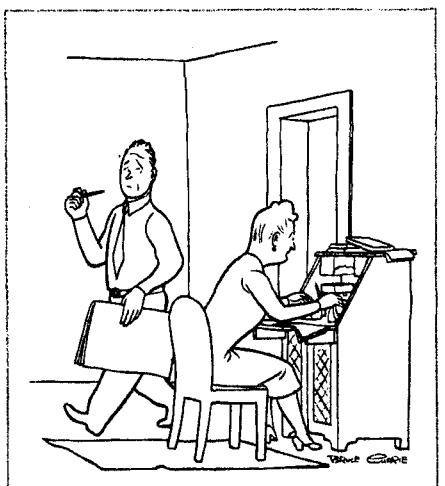
"Oh, just that he was buying the place to keep certain undesirable elements out of town," she said innocently. "Said he didn't want to see the countryside polluted by stage actors with their loose morals and drinking and all."

The tip of Mr. Bottle's nose, she noted with satisfaction, had begun to glow a belligerent red.

"It does seem a shame," she sighed, poising her harpoon, and shrewdly estimating the target, "to see this nice old house torn down."

Mr. Bottle gasped. "Do you mean that thin sliver of Plymouth Rock would desecrate the shrine where I was born?"

"He's using the lumber to build some bungalows." She wound up and sunk the barb halfway up the shaft. "I hear he's turning over the site to the New England Temperance Society for their annual summer conference."



"I wish that I could find that budget we used in 1941—it always left us so much more cash!"

COLLIER'S BRUCE CURRIE

Mr. Bottle leaped violently, and his nose flashed on and off like a warning beacon. He turned in grim silence, and strode toward the group gathered in front of the auctioneer. Most of the townspeople had departed with their purchases; only a few of the more curious had remained to witness the perfunctory conclusion of the afternoon's proceedings. Ellie, standing beside Aldo Godfrey, smiled pleasantly as he approached, but the deacon gave him a single hostile glance, and turned to the auctioneer.

"All right, Harry, let's get this over with," he said. "'Course the old place is pretty run down, ba'n is in bad shape and the land ain't wuth much, but I known Ellie here since she was a little girl." He grimaced at her over his spectacles. "An' I want to do the right thing by her. I'll pay fifteen hund'ed cash."

The auctioneer nodded perfunctorily. "Wal, Aldo, I guess if they ain't any other offers—"

Mr. Bottle held up his hand, teetering a little. "Surely, my good man," he said, "you cannot consider such a paltry sum for this historic landmark. Think of our hardy forebears who wrested this land from the savages. Think of them hewing these massive beams from the primeval forest. Think of the ancient walls, the ancient hearths, the ancient plumbing—the house alone is worth two thousand dollars."

There was a shocked silence. "Two thousand?" the auctioneer inquired faintly.

"I'll pay twenty-five hund'ed," Aldo Godfrey snapped, with a malevolent look at Mr. Bottle, "but not a penny more."

"Consider these fertile fields of grain," Mr. Bottle continued, carried away by his own eloquence, "the barns and stables sweet with new-mown hay, the orchards humming with bees. Why, the place would be a gift at three thousand."

"Three thousand," echoed the auctioneer, mopping his forehead.

"Well, I suppose with the timber and all," Aldo snarled, "I might make it thi'ty-five hund'ed, but it's plain highbowdjery."

"I'm glad you mentioned the timber," said Mr. Bottle. "That ought to bring it up to four thousand dollars at least."

"Four thousand?" gasped the auctioneer.

"Five thousand," said Mr. Bottle promptly.

"Five?"

"Make it six—"

"Willie," Lessie interrupted uneasily.

"Seventy-five hundred," he replied.

"Willie, listen to me," she repeated, tugging at his arm. "Nobody else is bidding."

Mr. Bottle checked himself, a trifle disconcerted. The auctioneer's hammer descended unheard amid the pandemonium.

ELLIE, her eyes streaming, threw her arms around Mr. Bottle and hugged him. "I . . . I can't believe it," she sobbed. "Why did you do it?"

"A sentimental attachment, my dear," Mr. Bottle said, smiling tenderly, "for the site of my birth."

Aldo Godfrey sniffed. "Never heard of anybody called Bottle in this town."

"My family changed its name after I was born."

"Don't blame 'em," sourly.

Mr. Bottle ignored him. "All my life," he began, "I have longed to return here to my native hills of Vermont—"

"Did you say Vermont?" Aldo inquired sharply.

"The home of Ethan Allen, of Calvin Coolidge and of W. W. Bottle—"

"Well, you got the wrong state," triumphantly. "This happens to be N'Hampshah."

Mr. Bottle's jaw sagged. He fell backward a step, and rested a hand against the elm tree for support. The whites of his eyes rolled like a stricken animal's.

"Oh, Willie," Lessie moaned, "it's all my fault. I made you do it . . . but, you see, I thought you were born here . . ."

"Of course, Mr. Bottle," Aldo Godfrey interrupted, pursing his lips as though he found the name distasteful, "if you was to withdraw your offer, now, I sh'd be willing to repeat my original bid of fifteen hund'ed." He sneered. "Bein' as this ain't your home."

Mr. Bottle gazed around him thoughtfully. The late sun threw lengthening shadows across the lawn, the distant hills were blue with autumn haze.

"'Tain't for sale," he mimicked. "I always wanted to be born somewhere, and this is as good as any. I'm making this my home. From now on, this town is going to be known as the place where W. W. Bottle lives. And now, you parsimonious refugee from the Mayflower," he roared, "I'd thank you to get the hell off my land." He offered his arm to Lessie. "Come, my chickadee," he said, "we're going home."

"Oh, Willie," Lessie burbled, as they ascended the front steps together, "I wonder if it's got a kitchen, I always wanted a kitchen of my own, I never had anything but a hall closet with two burners." She paused in the doorway and clasped her stout palms rapturously. "It's going to be just beautiful here in the spring. Think of all those apple trees in bloom."

"Yes, my pet"—Mr. Bottle exchanged a knowing look with Shad—"I was thinking of those apple trees."

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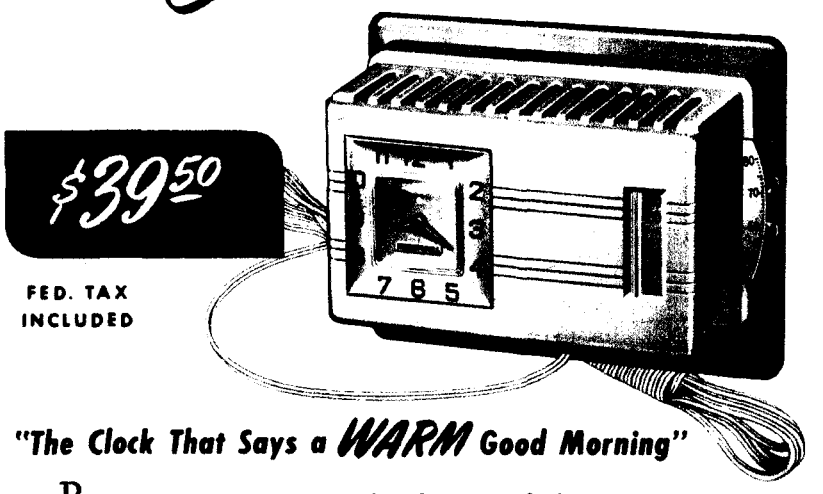

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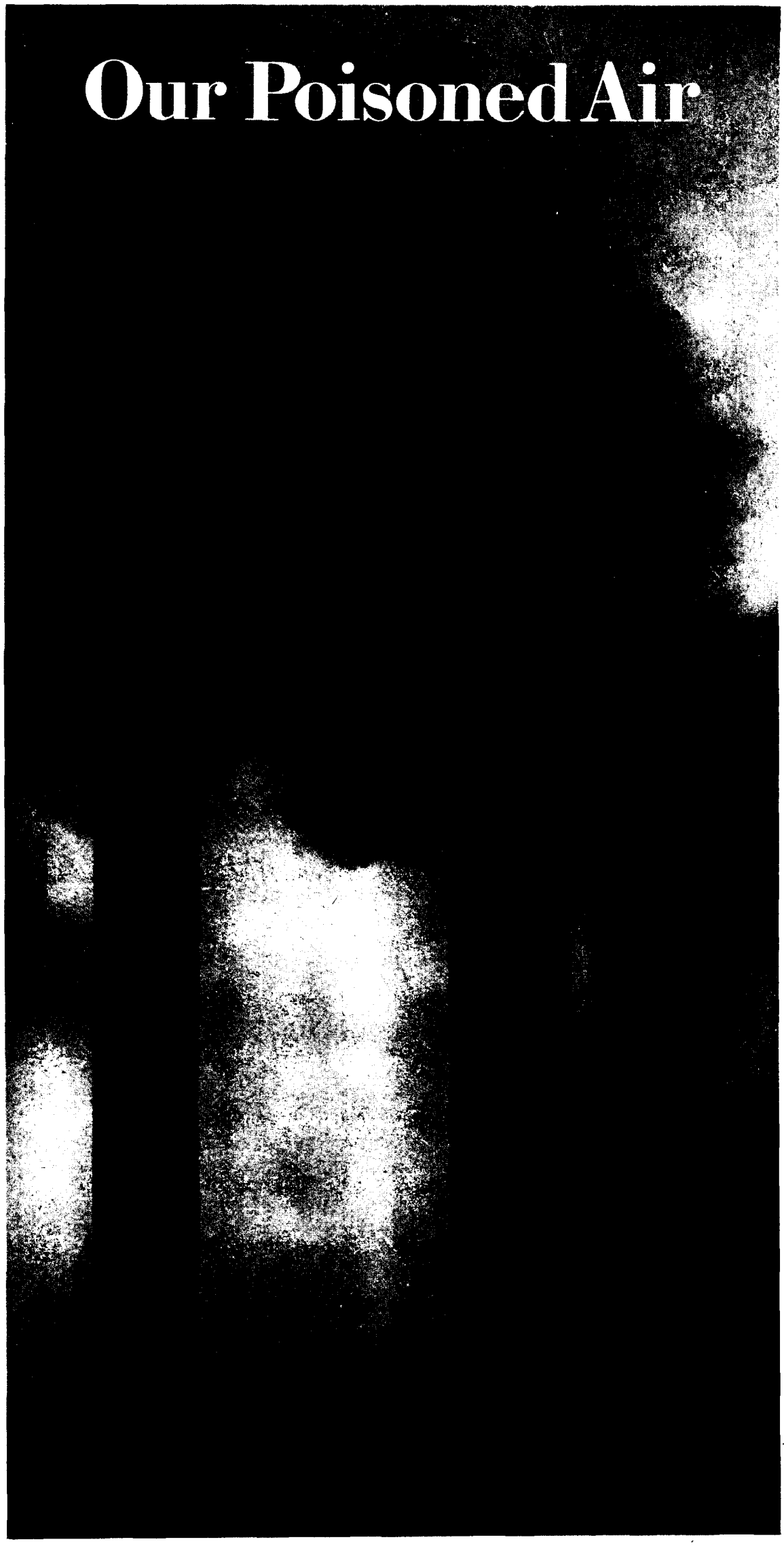
Our Poisoned Air



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

By BILL DAVIDSON

Given the right weather conditions, enough poisonous fumes are poured into the air every day to produce a great disaster. It happened once in Belgium. Now European nations have air-pollution control. Should we wait until some appalling catastrophe happens here?

WHEN, on December 1, 1930, a heavy fog settled down on the neat little farms which dot the Meuse River Valley in Belgium, no one thought much about it. When the wind was right, they often got the smoke from near-by Liége's factory chimneys.

Three days passed, and the fog merely snuggled closer. On the fourth day, coughing farmers stumbled out to their barnyards and fields to find their livestock writhing and choking in agony on the ground. During the dreadful 48 hours that followed, 63 people in that fog-shrouded valley died, gasping for breath through throats and chests which felt as though they had been seared with flame. The little market town of Engis was nearly wiped out. Its mayor reported that all 3,000 inhabitants not dead or dying were in panic-stricken flight.

Peasants throughout the valley barricaded themselves and their few remaining farm animals indoors, sealing every crack with wet rags. There were terrifying rumors of German poison gas. There were equally terrifying whispers of the Black Death—scourge of the fourteenth century.

But, as an official inquiry revealed, this was strictly a twentieth-century scourge, one of far more terrifying import to us in America than if it had been an attack by poison gas or a resurgence of the Black Death. For it was simple air pollution, such as almost every manufacturing city in the United States produces, combined with a set of meteorological conditions which *could happen here.*

This is what the inquiry found: The coal used around Liége has a high sulphur content. This sulphur, when burned, produces a gas called sulphur dioxide, tons of which enter the air in smoke. During the period of the poison fog, this sulphur dioxide became locked down in the valley because a meteorological "roof" of cold air settled on the surrounding hills and prevented it from escaping. Other industrial fumes then added oxygen atoms to convert the sulphur dioxide to sulphur trioxide—which in turn absorbed water from the air to become deadly sulphuric acid. It was sulphuric acid, in tiny fog droplets, that burned out the lungs of the Meuse Valley victims.

The horrifying thing about this is that, as Professor J. Firket of the Official Inquiry Board pointed out, more than three days of the same set of conditions could cause the same disaster again in any industrial area. The miracle is that it *hasn't* happened in the United States; for it is American habit to poison our air as flagrantly as we have poisoned our waters.

In the Los Angeles area, for instance, a strange, bluish-gray fog has plagued the inhabitants intermittently since 1943, causing eye smarting and throat burning. Sometimes the "smog," as it is called, sends coughing, weeping people streaming homeward from their offices.

Los Angeles burns high-sulphur-content California oil in its factories and oil refineries. Every day, some 800 tons of sulphur dioxide pour

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uncontrolled into the city's atmosphere. Nestled in a bowl of hills, Los Angeles also has periods of the meteorological "roof" phenomenon that locked the 1930 fog into the Meuse Valley. The oil industry and the county are working feverishly today on that one burning question: "Does the Los Angeles smog contain a dangerous concentration of sulphuric acid?"

From time to time the medical world contributes even darker hints that we may be paying a steep price for poisoning our air. Recently, for example, a Collier's executive visited the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York City. He was told that there is a group of complex hydrocarbon chemicals any one of which will, when injected into mice, produce cancer in the animals 100 times out of 100.

"And where," the executive asked, "do you get these chemicals?"

"From tar formed by burning coal," the researcher replied. "We are experimenting now with ordinary New York soot that we collect on the roof."

In London, experiments have established that chimney soot definitely produces cancer in men as well as in animals; and in New York, the U.S. Public Health Service collected air from the Holland Tunnel, condensed it, and injected it in mice. The result? Cancer. It is common laboratory practice today to induce cancer in laboratory animals by placing their tissues in contact with synthetic hydrocarbons much like those extracted from coal tars.

In addition to soot and sulphur dioxide, each lungful of air most city-dwelling Americans breathe also contains such delightful substances as ammonia, formaldehyde, nitric acid, hydrochloric acid, and chlorine and phosgene, the war gases. Medical researchers have long been intrigued by the possible affinity between these air poisons and respiratory infections, like pneumonia.

Startling Results of Survey

In 1932 and 1933, the U.S. Public Health Service made a survey to determine which American cities had the most air pollution. Dr. I. Hope Alexander, Pittsburgh's noted public health director, then made the startling discovery that the four most polluted cities —Pittsburgh, Boston, Baltimore and St. Louis—ranked 1, 2, 4 and 5, respectively, in pneumonia deaths. (New Orleans ranked third in pneumonia deaths, not because of pollution but because of its large and pneumonia-susceptible Negro population.) Dr. Alexander's theory, substantiated by other authorities, is that the complex tars and acids in polluted air attack sensitive respiratory membranes and render them less capable of fighting off invading bacteria and viruses.

There is a medical phenomenon known as "the Pittsburgh lung," which invariably is slate-gray or black from the number of carbon particles inhaled. In 1903, famous Pittsburgh lung specialist Dr. Joseph H. Barach was called to West Penn Hospital to perform an autopsy on an itinerant Chinese who had died in town. The then young physician took one look at the itinerant's pink lungs and yelled for the medical director.

"What's wrong with these lungs?" he asked when the director arrived.

"Nothing," the supervisor said. "You've just never seen normal lungs before."

Smog kills sunlight, which helps us build up resistance to disease. It kills asthmatics, who can hardly breathe for it, and whose hearts give out.

Recently, Dr. Clarence A. Mills, Professor of Experimental Medicine at the University of Cincinnati, wrote "Death rates from pneumonia, tuberculosis and lung cancer are three to five times higher for men in the dirty districts than in the clean suburbs. In Chicago alone, over 700 more people die each year from these three diseases than would die if the death rates of the suburban areas prevailed over the whole city."

That's a heavy price to pay for smoking stacks and chimneys. As I traveled across the country on this air pollution survey for Collier's, I realized that the economic price tag is exorbitant, too. In southern California, orange and vegetable crops are stunted; the air lines lose thousands of dollars each month in canceled flights because of smog; some sanitariums are closing because, as one director told me, "Our climate now is a hazard rather than a help for tuberculars."

Costly Atmospheric Damage

In St. Louis, the steel city hall tower had to be removed because of acid damage several years ago. In Pittsburgh, before its cleanup program was launched, the extra cleaning and laundering bills for the citizens of that area were estimated at $30,000,000 a year. In New York, the visible smog generally blows to sea, but there is enough filth and poison in the air to cause thousands of wrong numbers in the dial system telephone exchanges, unless the exchanges are protected by electrostatic air-cleaning devices.

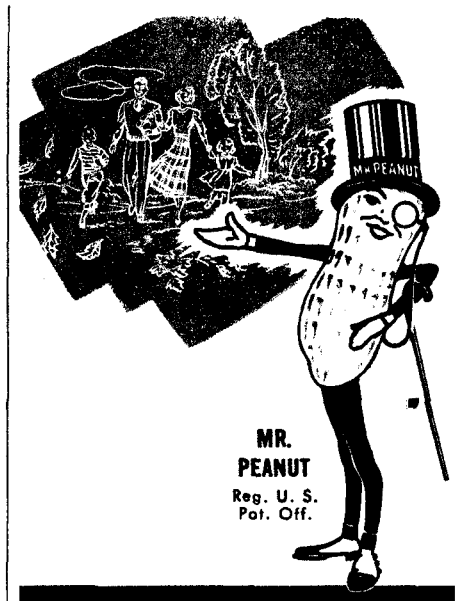
Not even rural areas are inviolable. In the late 1920s Stevens County, in remote northwestern Washington, became a scene of devastation. Oat and wheat fields withered and died; apple orchards became barren; acres of soil no longer produced grass to feed the cattle; and farm implements corroded in the barns. Finally an international commission investigated and fixed the blame. It was our old friend, sulphur dioxide, channeled down the Columbia River Valley from a smelter in Trail, British Columbia, several miles across the border.

This Trail incident proved rather conclusively that air pollution, like water pollution (see last week's Collier's), does not recognize state and national boundaries. But we have made no attempt to solve the problem on a national scale, and just one state, Illinois, is considering state-wide control. Only on the city level have there been a few notable cleanups.

Previous to 1940, St. Louis had smog about a sixth of the time. A typical day was described as follows in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "Visibility was zero at 10:00 A.M., and autos groped along with bright headlights turned on. Even so, many of them ended up on sidewalks and on the wrong side of the street. The street lights were turned on at 9:00 A.M. but they did no good. Trains were delayed in the yards 30 to 40 minutes. The Mississippi River bridges were clogged with stalled traffic, and outside the city, farmers' fields were crowded with cars that couldn't go any farther. Physicians were deluged with patients whose sinus were irritated and whose mouths were made raw by the acrid smoke."

On November 13, 1939, during the ninth day of this in a four-week period, Ralph Coghlan, chief editorial writer of the Post-Dispatch, drove downtown to work. Suddenly he found himself on the sidewalk. The terrified face of a Western Union boy loomed up over his radiator as car crashed into bike. The boy was only shaken up, but Coghlan was in a cold sweat. When he reached his office he sat down and wrote one of the classic angry editorials of all time. It began with, "Smoke! Smoke from a thousand chimneys! That's the curse of this city!" It ended with a violent demand for action.

The editorial touched off a cleanup. Within a few weeks, Mayor Bernard Dickmann had appointed a citizens' committee under banker James L. Ford, Jr. This committee went to work with the smoke commissioner, a capable ex-professor of mechanical engineering at



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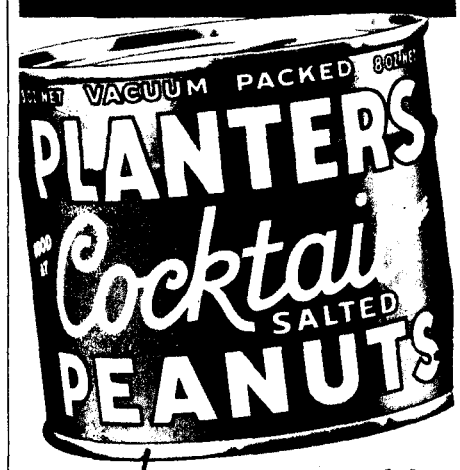

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Washington University named Raymond R. Tucker.

In a short time they had arrived at an astonishingly simple solution. St. Louis had been burning high-volatile, smoky coal from near-by Illinois, and most of the air pollution came from the billions of carbon and tar particles that went off into the atmosphere because of incomplete combustion. The Tucker-Ford solution was: (a) Either burn low-volatile fuel, like oil, gas or hard coal, or (b) use devices to insure complete, smokeless burning of the soft Illinois coal.

An anguished outcry went up from the Illinois coal operators and miners but, backed by the St. Louis newspapers, Mayor Dickmann rushed the new smoke ordinance through the city council. Tucker's college-trained smoke inspectors went around teaching violators the principles of combustion engineering. When the violators ignored warnings they were hauled into court and fined.

The constitutionality of the new ordinance was tested in court 17 times, and 17 times it emerged unscathed. Industry fell into line and began installing stokers and blowers. The Post-Dispatch published an ever-growing honor roll of co-operators. Smog control took on all the patriotic fervor of a War Bond drive.

The following winter the city witnessed a miracle. The Weather Bureau reported only *one* hour of thick smog. St. Louis saw the winter sun steadily for the first time in nearly 100 years. And, even more interesting, the research station of the National Cancer Institute of the U.S. Public Health Service, set up in St. Louis in 1939 for the purpose of "making soot-sampling studies," had to move across the river to East St. Louis, Illinois, to carry on its work. The city's physicians reported a 40 per cent drop in respiratory infections. And, strangely enough, instead of being ruined, the Illinois coal operators sold nine per cent more coal than in the preceding year.

Many other cities, impressed by St. Louis' success, swung into smog control programs. But most of these were bogged down by politics, local pressures and World War II. A few persistent people kept plugging away, however. One of these was Pittsburgh's afore-mentioned Dr. Alexander. No sooner had the ink dried on the surrender documents aboard the battleship Missouri than Dr. Alexander resumed his crusade. Today, under the whiplash of a remarkable septuagenarian Carnegie Tech professor-emeritus named Sumner B. Ely, the city's smoke commissioner, Pittsburgh is 68 per cent cleaned up.

War Plants Bring Smog

Los Angeles' problem is more complicated. The area has always had a harmless, natural haze. But in 1943 came the war industry, the great increase in population—and the eye-burning smog.

One morning in 1946, Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, came to his office in much the same mood as the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Ralph Coghlan; and from that moment on, his paper assumed command of the war against smog. Chandler personally hired Raymond Tucker from St. Louis to survey the situation. Then he helped jam a law through the state legislature to create the post of County Air Pollution Control Commissioner. The man picked for this job was the U.S. Bureau of Mines' Dr. Louis C. McCabe, a brilliant ex-Army colonel who had run the Belgian Ruhr and Saar mines for the Allies during the war.

McCabe stepped into a first-class whodunit. Something in the smog was making people ill, but no one knew the identity of the culprit. To track down the chemical criminal, the California oil industry has, for the past two years, donated $250,000 annually to the Stanford Research Institute. The institute, embarked on a three-year program, has not yet announced any positive conclusions.

McCabe's research (utilizing facilities at the University of Southern California and UCLA) has tended toward the sulphur dioxide theory. He predicts he'll have the situation licked in 18 months. In fact, just a few weeks ago he made the positive announcement that he believes the culprit to be "a formation of sulphuric acid mist."

The principal factor in any campaign to depoison the air is the co-operation of industry; for it is industry that must spend the millions on corrective measures. This co-operation always comes more easily when a plant can be shown how to get its outlay money back, or even to make money on air pollution control.

An Executive Learns How

One day, for instance, McCabe said to the president of a Los Angeles smelting and refining company, "Don't you know what you're pouring off into the air?"

"Sure," the executive replied, "lead oxide."

"And don't you know," McCabe said, "that lead oxide is worth ten cents a pound or thereabouts on the current market?"

McCabe thereupon told him about a method of collecting lead oxide by passing the fumes through Fiberglas in a huge, tentlike "baghouse." The baghouse cost $40,000. It is recovering 15 barrels of lead oxide a day at $20 a barrel, which amounts to $1,800 a week. The smelter will be making a profit out of its baghouse by next year.

In the same way, gases like the ominous sulphur dioxide can be recovered by washing devices. The smelter in Trail, British Columbia, now uses this method and runs the washings into an ammonia subsidiary plant, to make ammonium sulphate, which is in demand as fertilizer and for the munitions industries. The company is reputed to make more money today from the sulphur dioxide waste that once devastated Stevens County, Washington, than from its original smelting products.

Perhaps the most efficient anti-air-pollution device is the Cottrell precipitator, which gives each tiny particle in smoke a charge of electricity as it passes through the precipitator. The charged particles are then collected on plates carrying the opposite electrical charge. The gases, after the smoke particles have been removed, then pass up through the smoke stacks.

The Detroit Edison Company, which furnishes electric power to the Detroit area, installed Cottrells on its stacks over 20 years ago, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Today, Detroit Edison sells the waste fly-ash thus collected at a profit. Aluminum and magnesium foundries use fly-ash in molds, and some Detroit Edison buildings are partly constructed of lime, rosin and the fly-ash that used to torture asthmatics when it entered the air.

Despite all this, however, we have scarcely made a dent in our air pollution problem. We merely have created a series of clear islands in the smog. And when the wind blows the wrong way, the islands are overrun by fumes from the next town. St. Louis has its East St. Louis; Pittsburgh its Allegheny County.

Europe, it seems, learned its lesson from the Meuse Valley disaster. Belgium, Great Britain and Sweden now have stringent national air pollution control legislation. Before the London Power Company could build its new plant at Battersea in England, both the Ministry of Transport and Parliament had to approve its plans for devices to remove sulphur dioxide fumes from the stacks.

Are we Americans waiting until we experience a Meuse Valley disaster of our own?

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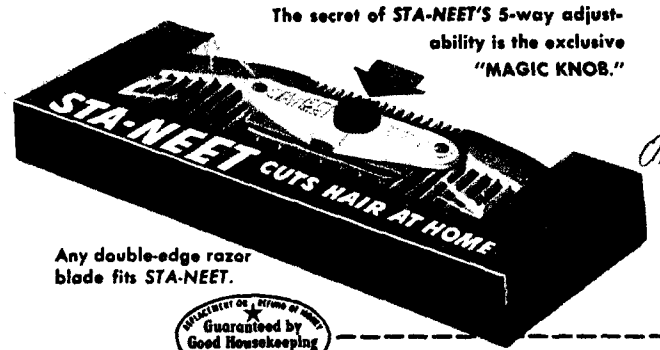

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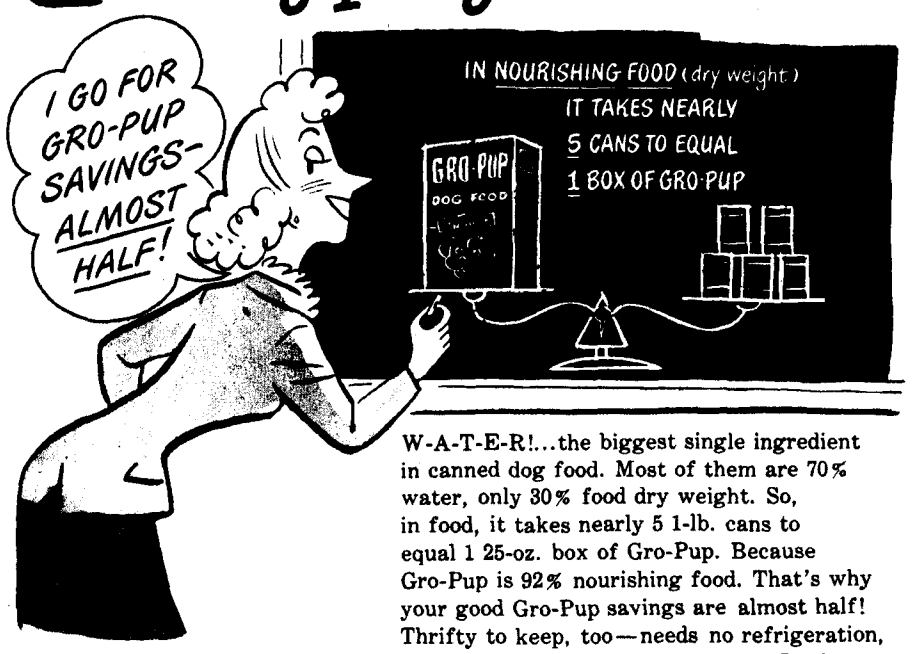
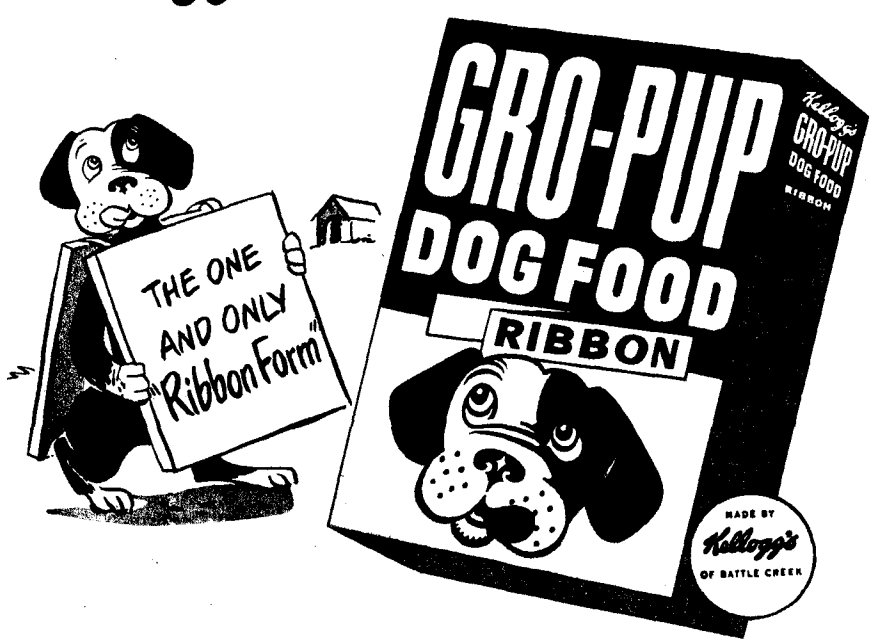


W-A-T-E-R!...the biggest single ingredient in canned dog food. Most of them are 70% water, only 30% food dry weight. So, in food, it takes nearly 5 1-lb. cans to equal 1 25-oz. box of Gro-Pup. Because Gro-Pup is 92% nourishing food. That's why your good Gro-Pup savings are almost half! Thrifty to keep, too—needs no refrigeration, won't spoil! (Also in *Meal* and *Pel-Ett* form.)

The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For Kellogg's GRO-PUP

INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 42

KENO, Las Vegas, Nevada. How are the fish biting today, sir?"

S-N-A-P!—Winward's line broke against the speedboat's hull. The rainbow was gone. S-P-L-A-S-H!—Winward's net plopped into the water and sank.

Winward acepted the microphone and spoke into it for two minutes—but his remarks were never transcribed for the listeners of Station KENO, Las Vegas, Nevada.

MIGHTY MITE MURTAUGH

The baseball scouts kept an envious eye on young Alvin Dark, the Milwaukee shortstop, during the 1947 campaign. The Boston Braves owned Alvin (via a $40,000 bonus) and the kid couldn't miss big-league stardom.

Nobody paid much attention to Alvin's double-play partner, Danny Murtaugh, a squat and thirtyish second baseman who had been tried by the Phils and found wanting. Murtaugh was just another minor-leaguer playing out his string.

So Dark moved up to the Braves last spring and—true to the scouts' predictions—stepped into stardom. Young Alvin will be acclaimed 1948's Rookie of the Year when the critics cast their ballots, although Philadelphia pundits will stir up a strong protest vote for Richie Ashburn, the Phils' center fielder.

And Murtaugh? Well, the desperate Pittsburgh Pirates—eighth in 1947—bought Danny's contract. They weren't counting on Danny for big-league service, but they thought he would make a good utility man for their Indianapolis farm. When Danny arrived at the Pittsburgh training camp, a youngster named Romanus Basgall was earmarked for regular second-base duty. But Murtaugh hustled Basgall off second before the season was two weeks old. He hiked his batting average to .275. In August, when the brash Pirates won 19 of 29 games and climbed into the pennant fight, Danny banged hits in 22 consecutive contests.

"The little guy woke up the whole club," Manager Billy Meyer declared. "I never saw a guy with more pep and holler."

There will be no awards for Murtaugh, despite his great season. At thirty-one, he's well past Rookie of the Year consideration. Overshadowed by Stan Musial and the other strong-arm sluggers, Danny isn't even a Most Valuable Player candidate. Next year, if his stumpy legs slow half a step, he'll be shunted down to Indianapolis—or even lower in the Pirates' minor-league chain. But if there were such an award as Come Back Trophy, the scrappy Irishman would cop it.

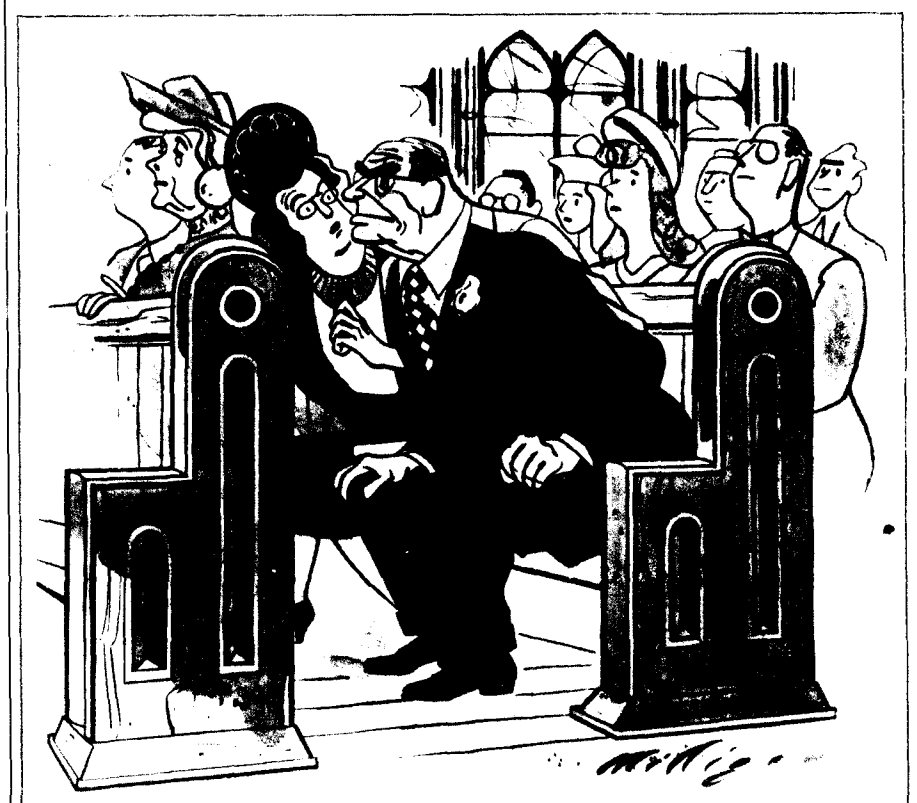
Being pint-sized, Danny is often the fall guy for hecklers. One night while playing for Cambridge, Maryland, a spectator kept up a flow of witticisms about the size of Murtaugh's ears. After standing it for five innings, Danny dared the guy to come down on the field. At the ballplayer's side was Joe Davis, the Cambridge manager, who shook his fist and seconded the challenge. But unfortunately it was dusk; neither was prepared for what happened next. Out of the shadows leaped a man who seemed twice the size of Johnny Mize. Davis looked at the big fellow, then turned to Murtaugh. "Well, Danny," he said, "I got him down here for you."

A NAGURSKI BLOCK

The fabulous Bronko Nagurski always liked to meet people—head on. Bronko never tackled anybody. Instead, he specialized in thumping body blocks that knocked ball carriers down—and frequently out.

Bronk's peculiar technique failed only once—and the failure cost the Chicago Bears a touchdown against the Green Bay Packers. Clarke Hinkle, the Packers' fullback, surged through a hole at right tackle. Bronko charged forward to close the hole—and bounced Hinkle rearward five yards. Hinkle returned to earth, feet still churning, shot forward through the same hole, and ran for a touchdown.

The double reverse transpired just beyond the grasp of George Musso the 260-pound Bear tackle who had been detoured by a Packer blocker. "It was the only time," Musso recalls, "that I ever saw a back go past me three times on the same play."



"But he could be speaking about practically anybody"

COLLIER'S — JOHN MILLIGAN

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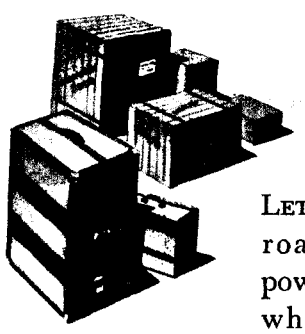
Suppose America depended on this kind of "common carrier"



LET'S SUPPOSE that railroads had *only* man power — no equipment whatever — and that their employees had to transport America's freight on their backs.

If each railroad employee *could* carry on his back 75 pounds of freight 15 miles a day, to move a ton of freight one mile would cost, at present wage rates, $18.45. This means that *your individual* freight bill on the things *you consume* would amount to $84,473.69 per year.

But actually, of course, the railroads provide each worker with $20,265 worth of such "tools" as cars and engines and the tracks on which they run. These tools so greatly multiply the transportation output of each worker that the average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is only 1⅓¢.

So it's easy to see how important it is to everyone in America that the railroads have the best equipment available.

Right now, railroads are adding new locomotives . . . freight cars . . . passenger trains...signals...rail...all sorts of improvements just as fast as they can get them.

To keep on improving America's rail transportation system, the railroads must be allowed to earn enough to supply their workers with even more and better "tools." Only in this way can they continue to provide the low-cost, efficient transportation so essential to the very life and prosperity of our nation.

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THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

Continued from page 26

warn me to leave soon? I thought you did. It seemed a little thing, but Governor Sprague was quite angry. He told the major that the Choctaw commissioner and not the Army would decide when I was to leave."

"In our politics, Sean, men guard their power jealously. In the Army too."

"But it was more than that. He told the major he had been warned the Army would try to . . . how did he say it?—'hack away'—that was it . . . the Army would try to hack away his authority over the Choctaw removal. He seemed to think my case was the first test. He threatened to go straight to your President if he didn't get the fullest co-operation from Fort Gibson."

"What did Traut say?"

"He was so furious he walked away without a word. But he came back and informed Governor Sprague very formally that the Secretary of War's instructions with regard to co-operation would be carried out to the letter. He said he had no instructions to feed the commissioner's staff, so if my food came from garrison stores he regretted the necessity of billing the commissioner. But he said that was a small matter since he still did not think I would be here long. Then he looked at me and laughed. He . . . Phil, I've never heard a laugh with so little humor in it!"

"Where was Ollers?"

"He was there. Didn't say a word till it was over. Then he took charge and made the whole thing seem rather humorous and inconsequential. But it wasn't really, you see."

"No," said Royall slowly, "it wasn't." His thoughts went back to Montgomery's Point, for the words of Donnell struck some chord of similarity in his mind. There had been times when he was convinced he had imagined Ollers' casual manipulation of that day's violence. It had been so unexpected, so incredible, so wholly without visible purpose.

But now he saw again the laughter that had been in Oller's eyes. And through Donnell's words he saw it still again, more hidden this time, as Ollers placated Sprague and Traut. He was suddenly certain that Ollers had manipulated their antagonism. Ollers made Sprague believe that the Army would try to hack away his authority. And this was at once contradictory. Ollers was a friend of the Army, an intimate of Major Traut. Ollers had an enterprise here. His wife and daughter lived here.

PUZZLED by the fact of her existence, Royall kept his mind briefly on Harriet Ollers. There was too much here he did not know, and probably had no business knowing. But he found fascination, a distinct sense of pleasure even, in contemplating this emerging pattern. No, it was not yet a pattern. Whatever it was, it was purposeful. It had an objective that must in time appear. And Royall was going to jump into the middle of it. He knew that. He had known it since Montgomery's Point. The thought returned a small measure of zest to him.

He said to Donnell, "You won't let this change your plans? You're staying?"

"I'll stay. It wouldn't be fair to Governor Sprague to go now."

"There may be more trouble."

Donnell looked at him keenly. "Phil, I've seen the way you look at Ollers sometimes. Beth does it too. What is it?"

"Beth too?"

"Yes. She's . . . it's almost as if she were afraid of him."

Royall delayed his answer, saying after a time, "I don't know what it is. But you must stay out of it."

"No." Donnell spoke quickly, almost vehemently. "Don't you see? I've always stayed out of things. But I mustn't now. If I'm going to remain, I mustn't now."

Royall looked at the lights of Colonel Arbuckle's cabin. Beth was there, making the compulsive changes that a woman makes in a house she is going to run. And waiting for Donnell.

"You're not a warrior, Sean. Don't try to be. Beth wouldn't want you to be."

"Philip, lad. Can't you understand that I have to do this for my own sake?"

Royall smiled at the gentle tone of exasperation. "Of course. But a man usually decides what's good for himself because of a woman."

"Very well. I won't be a warrior. That isn't what I meant anyway. Come along with me to see Beth."

"You don't have to go to the other extreme and be so confounded gentlemanly. I might be a rival. You don't want me there."

"No," said Donnell slowly. "No, we are not rivals." He stood silently for an interval, caught up in some inward turning that brought sadness to his face. Then it was gone and he said cheerfully, "Good night, Phil."

ROYALL took a path to his left, toward the river. The last radiance was dying out of the western sky, and darkness pushed in behind him with a warm and impalpable weight. A night bird wheeled erratically close overhead, shrilled once and was gone. A deep croaking from somewhere below was presently answered from a greater distance, and the antiphonal chorus told him there was stagnant water along the river's near reaches. He walked slowly on, savoring some special quality in the night and trying to identify it, but failing because it was outside his experience. There was no alertness here, no expectation of attack from the savages who roamed the prairies a hundred miles to the west. Yet the watchfulness was all about him, and he felt it though he could see no one.

When the path brought him quite near the river he came upon another large log structure. Light from its open door fell across the path. He paused there, seeing through to an array of shelves that identified this as the sutlery. He heard two women's voices, and then a woman's form filled the door. He could not see her face and he thought at first it was Harriet Ollers. But this was an older woman, quite plump, and she smoked a long-stemmed clay pipe. He knew she saw him but she gave no sign as she gazed over his head toward the river. He turned in the direction of her gaze, seeing there the lights of the Deerlick.

She still stood in the doorway when he moved on, following the path as it wound left again along the river and brought him to the boat landing. Masculine laughter reached to him from the Deerlick as he changed direction once more. He entered the stockade through the west gate, completing the circle, and tramped to his quarters.

He undressed and lay on top of the bed, leaving the candle burning. A stand, with a ewer and basin atop it, and this iron bed by the small window, were the only furnishings. Probably the last occupant—had the sergeant said Grimes?—had had other little comforts in here. But he had followed the custom and divided them among his friends before he departed.

If anything useful still remained, others had come here and claimed it for their own rooms.

A sudden thought came: no craft bearing an officer had passed them on the

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Arkansas last week. How had Grimes left?

The drumbeat of tattoo fell across the night, followed by a last rising and falling murmur around the stockade of final roll call in quarters. Below his window the great gate groaned shut. The timbered bolt was driven home with a dead, clunking sound. There was a brief growling of voices, then one pair of steps receded down the passageway.

Royal reached to the candle and killed it. As he lay in the warm, stale darkness he felt the first pricklings of perspiration on his chest. He stirred, turning toward the wall. A faint, sweetish smell of rotting vegetation touched his nostrils. He reached out a hand to the nearest log, pushing his fingernails into the wood and finding it soft. He felt along the log until his forefinger found a spot pliant as palm flesh. Damp little fragments like sawdust fell into his hand, and the smell was stronger and less sweet. This was cottonwood, erected green and decaying now.

He rose, propped the door open with a boot and returned to bed, feeling grateful for the slight circulation of air. A fife joined the drum somewhere on the quadrangle, and together they called out their lonely message of finality. He lay listening to the sound long after it was gone, thinking that it possessed here a meaning which he had never grasped before. Taps locked each man inside the realm of his own mind, warning him there was no other world in the long night except the world within himself, and he must make peace with it or fight the darkness.

He thought again of Harriet Ollers, remembering her dark beauty and his surprise that Ollers had a daughter. Coming up the Arkansas they had stopped at Little Rock, and Ollers had played genial host for a night in his home. A large, comfortable, overfurnished house, the only one in the territorial capital with a third story. Its balconies had ornate railings of wrought iron, steamboated like the excess of French furnishings from New Orleans. A slat-thin, talkative Frenchwoman had presided as housekeeper, and Royall had thought Ollers was a bachelor or widower if he thought of it at all. Ollers had said nothing of a wife at Fort Gibson, or a daughter who hated him passionately.

Now a distant sound caught Royall's ear, and as he listened for it again the sweet music of a violin filled the night. It was a gay, capricious melody, coming to him through the open door, distantly from the direction of the Deerlick. It ended in mid-song, and was followed at once by another as merry. Long afterward, when he was half asleep, the music stopped for a time. He had a recollection, never really certain, that he heard the strings begin again, crying sadly this time of lost love and death. The mournful notes of Roslin Castle floated with him into deep sleep.

The drum called him back. It beat at him with a strong, imperative throb, driving him from bed so suddenly that he stood in the middle of the dark room before conscious thought returned. It was not morning. Through the window the eastern sky was black.

He fumbled for his pantaloons, located one boot and remembered that the other was at the door. He found it and stood at the gallery rail with the boot in his hand, looking down into the quadrangle. The drummer was there, a lantern beside him, Major Traut striding up and down before him.

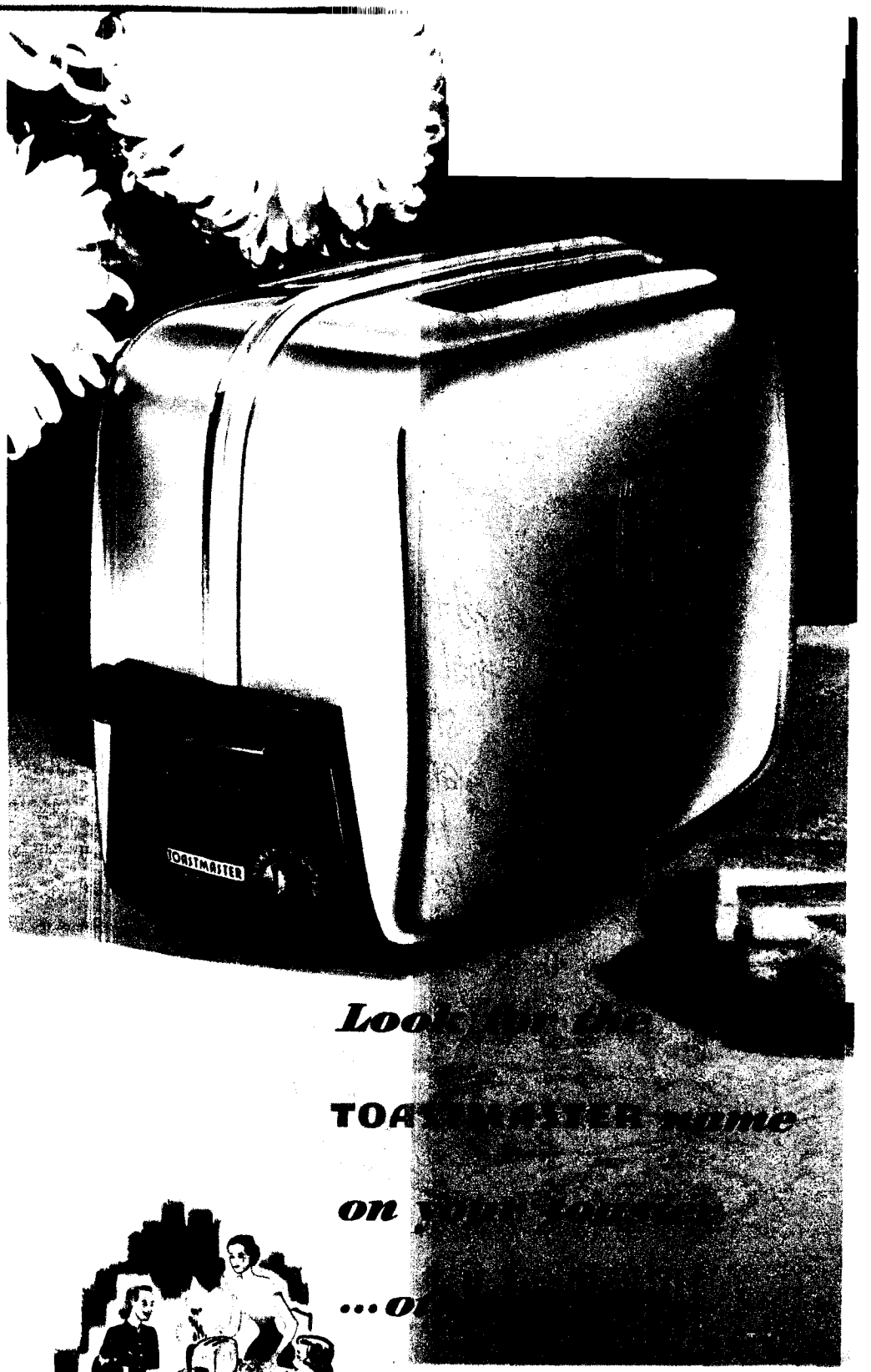
Royall ran back, struggled into his clothes, found rifle and cartridge box and sped out. Boots pounded along this gallery and the gallery below, and men's voices called sleepy, cursing questions. Another lantern bobbed across the parade. A voice bawled a command for pine torches. Two officers clumped down the stairs close behind Royall. "It couldn't be—" said one, and the other answered angrily, "Of course not. It's another one of his damned surprise roll calls."

AS THE lines formed, Royall closed file on the nearest company. The high-pitched bellow of A Company's sergeant started the roll. The sound built up slowly at first, then all at once until it was a thunder of voices rolling around inside the palisades. Lieutenants stalked down the lines, counting the heads. The sound fell away to taut single voices, only to build up once more. That was B Company, calling its roll a second time. Through it all Major Traut stood, a shaft of immobility.

Then it was over. The ranks broke quietly, the men moving toward their beds in sullen silence. Traut strode forward. Royall saw him stagger and recover, standing this time with an exaggerated stiffness as the company commanders came to him and doffed their headpieces.

Royall tramped toward his quarters. Traut and the group about him cut across his path and he stood while they passed. "Hogue and Schultz," Traut was saying. "Hogue—isn't he that big wheelwright we caught last time?" Traut

COLLIER'S "Look at me! No more shape than a boy!" CHARLES PEARSON



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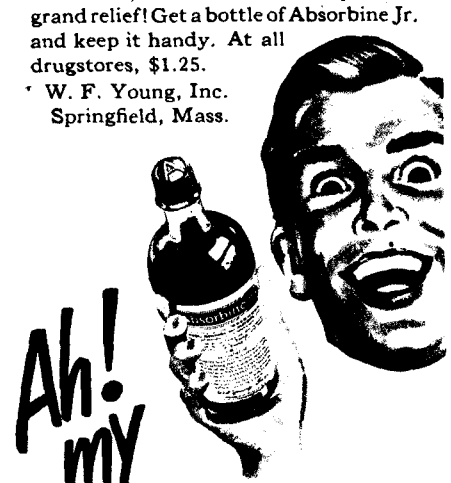

Ah! my Absorbine Jr.

received no answer, and he barked, "Ballance, isn't he?" A reluctant voice said, "Yes, sir," and Traut said, "So then. We'll have a rider for the horse tomorrow." . . .

Royall stood before Traut in the headquarters office. The commanding officer sat precisely, his shoulders pulled away from the high back of his chair. It was a large, wide chair, designed for a heavy man; it shriveled him, making him thin and autocratic.

"Your last duty, Mr. Royall?"

"Aide to General Macomb."

"And prior duty?"

"None. I went to Washington from the academy."

"Indeed. By selection?"

"By influence."

"So?" Traut looked more directly at Royall, his interest aroused, his attention less routine. "What happened to your influence?"

"Nothing. I asked for assignment."

"You know the history of this station?"

Royall nodded. "I have heard it called the charnel house of the Army."

"Then why did you come?"

Royall hesitated. "My reasons are personal."

"I assumed that," said Traut impatiently. "A girl?"

"They are personal, sir." He met Traut's demanding stare, feeling stubbornness rise and grow in him, knowing he was wholly within his rights but knowing, too, that he was making a mistake.

"Mr. Royall, I am indifferent to your personal affairs. But we live of necessity in each other's laps here. There is no place for a man with personal grievances that can affect harmonious relations among my officers. If your reasons might have such an effect, I demand to know them."

"They are not grievances."

HE SAW Traut hesitate, then decide to abandon the subject. But it left an antagonism. Traut's gaze moved deliberately over his uniform, making a point of observing the little superiorities in cut and fabric that proclaimed Royall's pride and love of dress. When the eyes lifted again they were hostile, searching for and interpreting the confident set of Royall's shoulders, the challenge on his mouth and the lack of respect in his eyes.

Traut said abruptly, "Have you ever killed a man, Mr. Royall?"

"No, sir."

"Or fought and won a duel?"

"No, sir."

"Or been commended for skill and courage as an officer?"

"No, sir."

"And at Montgomery's Point when you had an opportunity to reflect credit on yourself you were decoyed entirely out of it, were you not?"

"Yes, sir. By the—" Royall bit the words back.

"You were about to say?"

"Nothing, sir. I was decoyed."

"Ahhh." Traut leaned back in his chair for the first time, smiling up at Royall's hot eyes with an acid satisfaction. "That is all, Mr. Royall. You will report to Captain Hardin of B Company."

"Yes, sir."

Traut spoke once more at his back as he turned away "I buried a young officer last week. Mr. Grimes was the first of the summer. I'll bury more before the season is out. It is a fact, sir, for you to remember."

Royall changed direction in midstride, passing without an answer through the door at his left. He looked down at Ballance. The adjutant was staring straight ahead of him, out the open door toward the quadrangle. His face was round and damp and very young, and he was listening absorbedly, though no particular sound was coming through the door.

"What caused Grimes' death?" Anger denied release made Royall's voice quick and harsh, and he regretted it but could not soften it.

Ballance's head came up jerkily, as though he were jarred out of reverie. "Why ask me? See Doctor Clausen. He'll tell you!" His voice rose unevenly. "By the hour he'll tell you!" The adjutant's stare returned to the door. The slight belligerence drained out of him. "There was no point in mentioning Grimes yesterday. What the hell! We all sleep here in dead men's rooms."

ROYALL walked out upon the gallery and stood at its edge, gazing without sight into the bright sunlight, fighting himself to beat down his anger, to contain it and wash it away. This was the right and privilege of authority, to lash and ridicule and strip the fine feathers from a galliard subaltern. This was the bitter mold to which the subaltern must submit, to emerge cleansed and tested and toughened if he can. This was why he was here. He flung the words at himself, fighting back at his mind as he would saw at the reins of a runaway horse. Clarity came back to him, and the rigidity went out of his arms and stomach and the muscles of his mouth as his strong habit of control asserted itself.

But the anger was still somewhere within him, a small and sullen glow of fire, as he became conscious for the first time of the unnatural quiet upon the quadrangle. On the lower end, beyond the well house, a double line of recruits moved at the strained, subdued call of an officer. Two soldiers passed Royall, one at each end of a hewn timber. They walked silently, eyes on the ground. He became aware that the headquarters orderly, standing not five feet from him, was staring tautly at nothing.

The reason lay in Royall's vision, across the quadrangle and in front of the guardhouse, and when his eyes found it he walked directly to it, compelled by his own disbelief. He was only dimly aware, as he came to a stop before the device with the open framework and peaked ridge, that Doctor Clausen was already there.

"Can you hear me, Hogue?" called Clausen loudly.

The soldier strapped astride the device gave no sign. He was a big, barrel-chested man, wide of hip and of shoulder. Across his chest was a placard. On it was painted, in crude letters and with the same red paint as the patrol boat, the words "Whisky Runner." His head was bare, and where the coarse red hairs did not fall across his forehead there were little glinting beads of sweat. His lips were stretched and drawn back across his teeth. His eyes were tight shut with pain, and his shoulders moved against his bound arms in a steady, writhing motion.

"Speak up, man," called Clausen.

Hogue's eyes opened and fixed on Clausen with a scornful glare. Then slowly the lids closed down.

Clausen became aware of Royall. The rotund surgeon was perspiring with nervousness. He tried to speak with detachment, but only sounded fretful, "You have to make sure when they lose consciousness. They faint away, you know, and if you don't get 'em down soon enough you've got permanent trauma of the spine to deal with."

A grunting moan escaped from Hogue. His head fell forward; he brought it up again, sucking in his belly and twisting his trunk in a spasm of effort to move his buttocks. The movement only increased his agony. His arms were stretched taut and imprisoned. His legs were raised and spread and held at length by leather thongs, so that no motion in any direction was possible. The base of his spine pressed immovably upon the beveled

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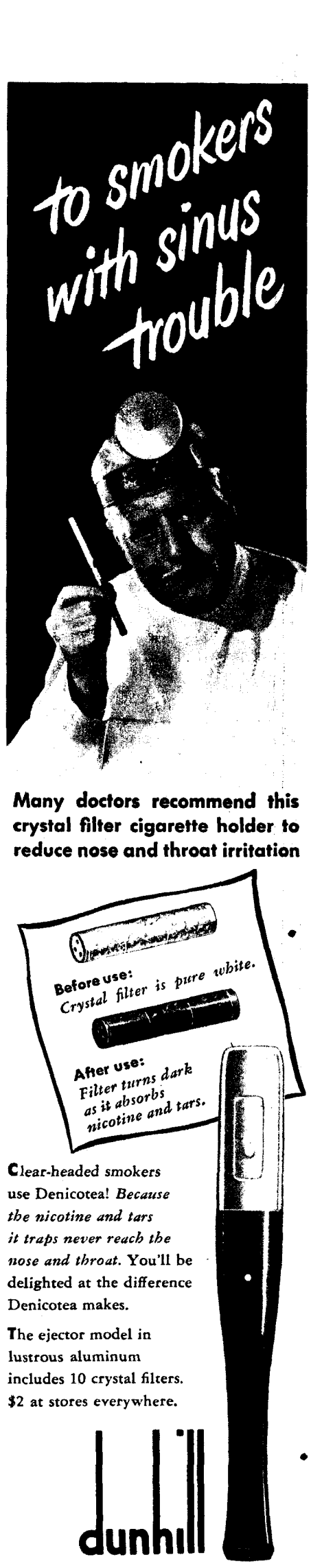

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ridgepiece, and the whole weight of his body crushed down upon it.

The wooden horse. Royall had recognized it at once. General Washington fought against it a half century ago and all but drove it out of the Revolutionary Army. General Jackson forbade it, declaring there was more mercy in shooting a man. Yet Royall had known that it still existed in some distant outposts, and his disbelief gave way slowly only because his mind revolted at the cruelty of it. He knew, as the whole Army knew, that the department shut its eyes to last-resort use of the wooden horse on the frontier because the ranks held brutal and mutinous men,

Royall turned on his heel, feeling sickness squeeze his stomach and force its way up his throat. He heard a spitting sound, and a hoarse voice growled, "Beauty Boy." He swung around, seeing the stubborn, hating gleam of Hogue's eyes full upon him before the lids closed down again. Half a step from Royall's heel was a flat blob of spittle.

Royall placed a level look on the surgeon, saying with careful distinctness, "That did not happen."

Clausen nodded vigorously, seeing Royall as an individual for the first time and smiling a little in relief.

As Royall stalked diagonally across the quadrangle, he saw the motionless figure of Major Traut watching from the headquarters gallery. Royall paused, facing that figure, and silently sent his defiant scorn across the distance.

IN LATE midafternoon Royall dismissed his detail at the ox stable and tramped to his quarters. He gathered towel and soap and a change of uniform and left the pickets by the west gate. At the riverbank he turned downstream, making his way until he found the bend he remembered from the arrival yesterday. He swam furiously for several minutes, climbed out and was scrubbing himself when Doctor Clausen hailed him from the bank.

"Good man," said Clausen.

The surgeon stripped, splashed in and out and began soaping his round little belly. "I've told Colonel Arbuckle," he said conversationally, "and I've told Ed Traut, and I've told every officer on the station that the Devil loves a dirty body. I said to 'em, 'Scrub your men like you would a skillet. If you'll do that,' I said, 'you won't come to me every summer whining about miasmatic vapors.' But I can't get even the officers down here. They'd rather go to Harriet Ollers and load up with Cologne water and whisker pomatum."

"How's Hogue?" asked Royall.

"He'll be good as new in a week. Half mule and hard to kill, that Hogue."

"Did he know he was risking the wooden horse?"

"Last time he was caught running whisky he was tied to a stack of rifles and lashed. He knew if he was caught again it would be worse. But the horse won't stop him. He'll keep on till Traut kills him."

"Unless he deserts first."

"Not Hogue. He hates us too much." Clausen shook his head, and his bright eyes peered at Royall. "That reminds me. You've got a nickname now. He'll make that 'Beauty Boy' stick in the ranks."

Royall grinned. "Let it stick."

Clausen patted his stomach. "I've got a name too. It's Papa Pot." He roared with laughter. Then he stopped abruptly. "But in a month or so, when the bloody flux hits 'em and there's a fire on their skins like oven heat, it's Doctor Clausen they'll want."

Royall nodded, liking the garrulous little surgeon.

"And then again," Clausen went on, "maybe you won't see it. You could well be at the pineries."

"The pineries?"

"The timberland three days up the Neosho. We cut in the summer and float the saw stocks down in the winter."

"Then I was getting my training for it this afternoon," said Royall wryly. "I had a firewood detail."

"You didn't see the Deerlick go out?"

"No. I heard her bells."

"You missed a show. Ollers left aboard her, and Harriet wasn't there to see him off. Traut sent Ballance up to get her. Poor Ballance came back alone with the imprint of her hand on his cheek, plain as a lash welt."

Clausen splashed into the water again, rinsed himself and returned to the bank.

"You've been wondering why the daughter hates the father. But you're a careful young man and won't ask, so I won't tell you."

"I'm not a careful young man as you know," smiled Royall. "And you'll tell me."

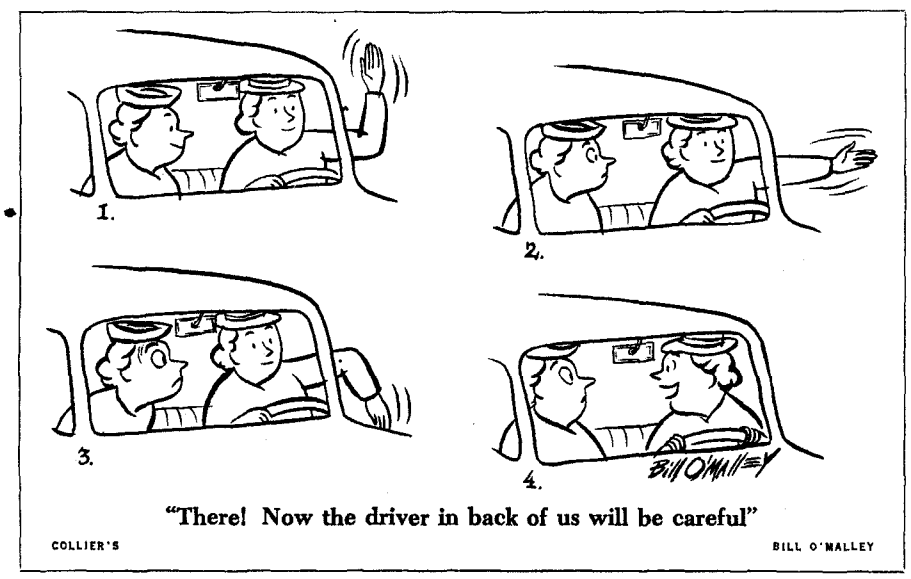
"Yes, I'll tell you. Talk is all that's left to a man out here, and your blasted military academy doesn't teach the art of it. Sean Donnell, now, there's my man. He's lending me his copy of Villon tonight . . . did you know that Harriet's mother is a Cherokee fullblood?"

"No, but I should have guessed it."

"That's where Harriet gets her looks. These Cherokee maidens are beauties, as you'll find out. Harriet's mother is a fine woman. Had some Methodist schooling in Tennessee before she came as a child with Tah-lhon-tusky's band to Arkansas. Ollers married her there. Some say he loved her. Some say that was the only way he could get into the Cherokee settlement with a trader store."

"So?"

"That was his start. He spread to freighting and steamboating, and by the time Arkansas began to fill up he was the biggest man in the Territory. He dominated the legislature and owned the territorial representatives in Washington. Then came something he hadn't figured on. As more settlers came in, they be-



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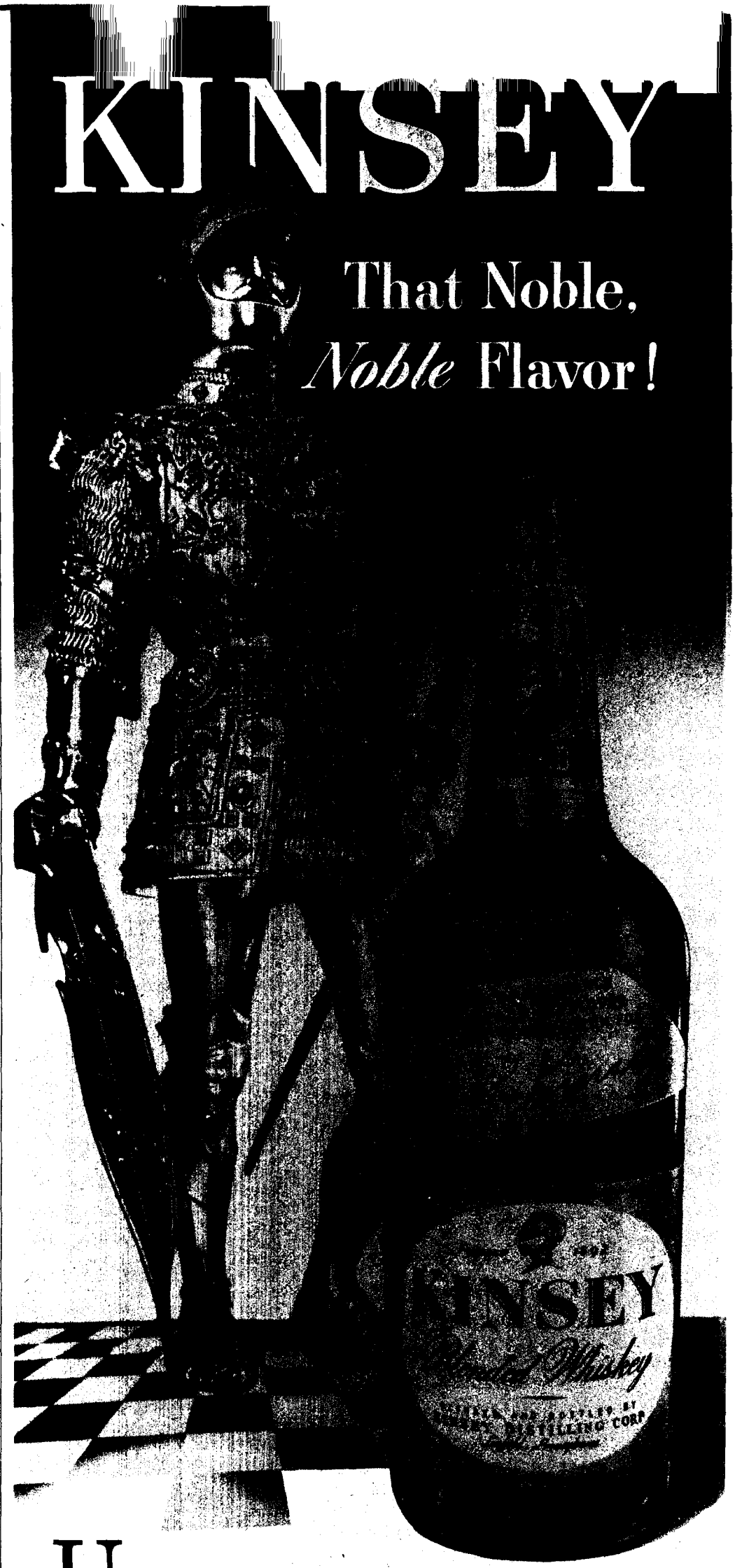

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gan pushing the Cherokee farther west just the way they had done in Tennessee. They couldn't do it legally, so they accused the Cherokee of thieving and raiding, and demanded that the Jackson Administration move 'em out of Arkansas.

"Ollers' enemies began to accuse him of protecting the Cherokee because of his wife. It wasn't so. He was stealing more from them than anybody else. But it was hurting him politically. He stood to lose control of the Territory. So he got rid of his wife by sending her out here to run his sutler's store. That was two years ago. Harriet was at a seminary in Connecticut when it happened. Ollers had her there because he was going to make her a grand lady who could stand up to the best of 'em in Boston. He worships her the way a man worships his proudest possession. Anyway, when Harriet heard about it she left the seminary and came straight here. Didn't even leave the boat when it tied up overnight at Little Rock."

Clausen paused, and his round face was shaped by a memory that pleased him. "I was here when Ollers came after her. She spied him and ran into the sutlery as the boat reached the landing. When she came out ten minutes later she was barefooted, wearing an old cotton dress shaped like a bean sack and a ragged tribal turban. She never changed clothes till Ollers left, and he was here a week. He ordered her to return with him to Little Rock, and she laughed at him. Told him, right in front of Colonel Arbuckle and me, that if he tried to take her back by force, she'd give herself to the first common soldier she could find."

"Can't Ollers take the mother back now?"

"I suppose he could. He has the Territory tight in his fist again. But that would be admitting that Harriet got the best of him, and you've seen enough of him to know him better than that. He'll find a way of getting her back. And soon, too, I'm thinking."

"Why soon?"

"How should I know?" replied Clausen with unaccountable irritation. "Why did Colonel Arbuckle let his arthritis come back on him right after he heard Ollers was interested in moving the Choctaw out here? The Choctaw removal is going to cause trouble on this whole frontier. Colonel Arbuckle knows it, and he's not a man to dodge his responsibility. Why did Ollers pick the same boat as Governor Sprague to come out here? Why can't Ed Traut sleep nights?"

Royall said abruptly, "You followed me down here to tell me this. Why?"

"No, I told you that because it's common knowledge and there's no reason you shouldn't know it too. I followed you down here because you're the first man I've seen who acts like he's willing to stand up to Ed Traut, and I don't want to see him break you the way he'll break Hogue."

"You are wrong. I am a professional soldier, and I take orders from the rank, not the man."

THE surgeon said mildly, "Very well, Mr. Royall. Be stiff about it if you want to. I may love to talk, but you'll find there are some tales I don't bear. Ed Traut will find it out too one day. I just wanted to tell you not to go out of your way to make a quarrel."

"I appreciate it," said Royall, "and I will remember it."

"No," said Clausen. "I don't think you will. But perhaps that is all right too."

They turned back up the river. The path was rough, and Clausen walked behind, puffing a little, until they reached the clearing. When he came abreast he grumbled, "Any man over thirty-five is a fool to stay in this wilderness."

"How about a man in delicate health?"

"If you're talking about Donnell you can stop worrying. I'll keep him alive. I'm not going to lose the only man on this frontier who can talk half the night about the Roman poets."

They swung right at the landing. Ahead of them Harriet emerged from the west gate and took the path toward the sutlery. Royall kept his eyes on her, observing the quick grace of her carriage.

"Don't get the wrong idea about Harriet, my friend," murmured the surgeon. "She still taunts her father by threatening to give herself to the next man who catches her fancy. She's going to make as much hell on earth for Frank Ollers as she can, and the only weapon she has to do it with is herself. But I wouldn't presume on that."

"You're ahead of me," said Royall dryly. "I've barely spoken to her."

"Nor will you, if you'll remember the advice I just gave you."

"I recall her father said something of the same sort."

"And the two of us just whet your curiosity, eh? If you'll be patient for a few days, you'll observe that the young officers do not call on Harriet Ollers. They've got more sense than to risk Ed Traut's temper."

"What claim has he?"

"He commands, doesn't he?" The contract surgeon sent a sidelong glance at Royall, continuing scornfully, "It has been my observation that professional soldiers who get ahead obey the man as well as the rank."

THE crash of the evening gun rolled down the valley, its reverberations beating back unevenly from the low hills. The colors came down and the ranks dissolved for their brief hour of freedom from the fife and the drum and the interminable fatigue duty. Traut wheeled away to the headquarters building, with Ballance at his heels. Three first lieutenants came abreast across the parade, intercepting Royall. They formed a line blocking his path, putting just enough exaggeration into the maneuver to make it obvious.

The center man thrust out his hand, grinning and saying, "I'm Dahl. George Dahl. Miller here and—Bryce."

Royall shook each hand in turn, keeping a set smile on his face and waiting as they measured him. This was the old and inevitable challenge, differing only in degree from the challenge thrust at him by Scanlon back there on the Mississippi. Dahl was the leader. He was a few years older than Royall, stocky and solid.

"Have you found the council house yet?" asked Dahl pleasantly. "There's a billiard table upstairs there, and your friend has the guest room in back."

"Thank you," said Royall.

"You take the road to Miss Sprague's quarters," continued Dahl. His eyes danced, and a warning came plainly into his voice. "But you do not stop there. Do you understand? You go right on. You go up the hill a hundred yards, and it's on your right. You'll find Mr. Donnell there tonight, I believe."

"You are kind," said Royall. "I'm sure I can find it—when I want to find it."

Dahl's grin did not change, but his eyes hardened. "Mr. Donnell will be staying in tonight. I imagine he is expecting you."

"Mr. Donnell has his books," said Royall. "He doesn't have to run in a pack to enjoy himself." He took a long sidestep to pass around them, but they moved with him.

"We have a kind of rule here, Mr. Royall," said Dahl. "There are not enough of the good things to go around. So we take turns. We think that is a good rule, and we enforce it. Mr. Donnell agreed that it is a fair rule."

Dahl linked his arms with those of his companions and the three of them swung around. Royall followed at a

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slower pace, turning off at the stairway to his quarters as they continued out the east gate.

He removed his sword and stretched at length on the bed, still held by a sense of enjoyment at the encounter. This was an inescapable facet of garrison routine, that a new man should have his mettle tested and that the odds in numbers should be against him in the beginning. He would make or lose his place among the other young officers of the station according to how he withstood these tests. And experience had taught Royall that the tests would be more severe in his case. But he welcomed them.

He had known at once that the three had conceived the rule on the spur of the moment, for his benefit and Sean's. In the competition for a pretty woman, there could be no rules and no laws. No, that was not quite true. There was an unspoken rule that kept these officers from the sutlery in their hours of pleasure.

They would be at Beth's now, and if he failed to follow them the first skirmish would be theirs. The realization came to him then that Beth had been somewhere in his thoughts all day, and that he had been looking forward to seeing her.

Presently he swung off the bed and out of his quarters. It occurred to him as he strolled down the passageway toward the gate that the high tension of yesterday was gone from the stockade. The punishment of Hogue had cleared the atmosphere just as a violent thunderstorm sweeps away the oppression of a summer day. The fun-making of the three lieutenants was an indication of the relaxation that had come upon the garrison. Yet some impalpable quality of sullenness, some sense of waiting, remained.

At the gate, Sergeant Taylor saluted and said respectfully, "A fine evening, sir."

"It is, Sergeant." An impulse brought Royall to a stop. "Did you say you were with General Jackson at Chalmette?"

"I did that, sir."

"Under what colors?"

"Tennessee's." Taylor spoke proudly, his face lighting. "We had the left flank, agin the swamp, right where the British tried their dangdest to come through."

"We studied that battle at the academy. There was some argument that a more enterprising enemy could have flanked you through the swamp and reached New Orleans in a day."

"Don't you believe it, sir," said the sergeant earnestly. "I was right there, and I'm sayin' nothin' that walks on two feet could 'a' got around us."

"I say the same, Sergeant."

Royall walked on, leaving Taylor standing pleased at his gate. It had been an obvious thing to do, and Royall smiled derisively at himself. What right had he to patronize an old frontier warrior? Yet, examining the impulse that had made him stop, he was conscious of no intent to patronize. It had seemed the natural thing, for he liked the man. He turned off the road at the Sprague quarters, paused a moment on the gallery to listen to the gay masculine voices within, then knocked. Beth came to the door.

"Hello, Phil," she said. He saw the briefest of hesitations before she stood aside and added, "Won't you come in?" She had been laughing; her eyes held a lively pleasure. Observing it, he knew a moment of perverse irritation at her.

HE STOPPED just within the door, looking at the three first lieutenants with a challenging smile. They sat at their ease in Colonel Arbuckle's stout oaken chairs, each with a glass in his hand.

"Have you met these gentlemen?" asked Beth. "Let me get you some lemonade."

"I've met the gentlemen," said Royall. "And I'll take the lemonade." He found a chair and placed his shako on his knees.

Dahl smiled his enjoyment of the situation. "We have been telling Miss Sprague," he said, "that you and your friend Donnell had her to yourselves on the journey out here, and she must expect you to stand aside now for us."

"Did you tell her," asked Royall, "that you promulgated a new rule to make us stand aside?"

Beth looked at them in puzzlement as they shouted their laughter.

Dahl said to her, "You'll have to disabuse Mr. Donnell. We told him that under the rule he must remain away from these quarters during evening hours until further notice, and he took it all in."

"Don't you think," continued Beth quickly, "that he should find it out for himself?"

"Oh, good girl!" said Bryce.

"But I shall tell him, of course," said Royall. "Since you lumped us together in this, we'll stand together."

Beth brought his lemonade, and as he took it she smiled at him. It was a friendly, almost merry smile. He had the odd thought that she found in numbers some safety that she needed, that she was more at ease now than she had ever been with him alone. She handled the four of them with a cool competence, placing Royall on exactly the same footing as the others. He found himself resenting that, although he acknowledged that the feeling was not justified. But more strongly, he resented the whole situation because of Sean. In some way she was not being fair to Sean.

Miller drained his glass and stared at Royall. He was a lean, heavy-boned man with large black mustaches and pushing eyes.

Still looking at Royall, he said, "I think we should have made the rule stick."

Dahl said quickly, "Whoa up, Steve, we've milked all the fun out of that one."

"I don't think so," said Miller. "He likes himself too well for my taste."

Quick anger put an edge of wickedness to Royall's tongue. "There is another pretty woman on this post," he said. "If you'll insist on your turn there too, I'll abide by your rule."

Beth said quietly, "I have a rule too. You may not quarrel in this house."

Royall drained his lemonade, set down the glass and stood up. He was not sure whether his temper was directed at Beth or the three men, nor did he care. It

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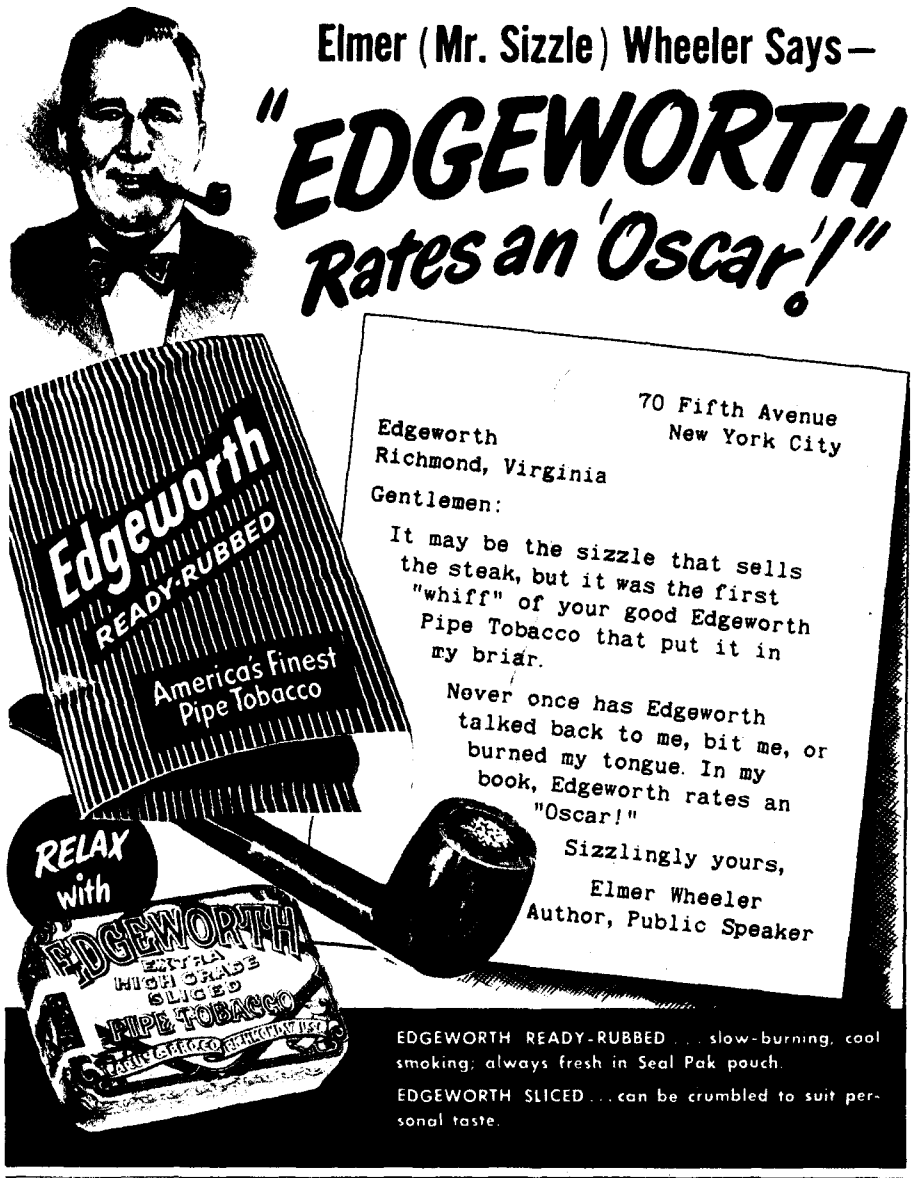
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came to him vaguely that this had been building up all day, ever since he had turned away this morning from Hogue's blob of spittle there at his heel.

He nodded to Dahl, bowed to Beth and turned toward the door. Beth followed, moving ahead of him when he opened the door. At the gallery step she stopped.

"Are you going to see Sean?" she asked.

"No, I'm going to the sutlery."

"Oh." After a moment she turned and left him without a word.

HE TOOK the path he had followed last night, walking rapidly with a set purpose. Another half hour of strong twilight remained in the sky. The warmth of the arriving summer filled the earth beneath his feet, and the slight breeze was westerly and without coolness.

The sutlery door was open. He stepped into the gloom to find it empty. Almost at once Frank Ollers' wife came down a passageway from the living quarters in the back, holding a lamp before her.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good evening. My name is Philip Royall."

"I have heard," she said. "The new lieutenant. The handsome one."

Her simplicity disconcerted him. She smiled directly and unwaveringly into his eyes, in the way of a child, and he saw that her dark eyes were gentle and infinitely patient. There was still a depth of color in her bronze skin; she was not an old woman, yet she was waiting through time, uncomplainingly as the aged wait.

Quick footsteps sounded in the passage, and Harriet entered. "I will take care of it, Mother," she said. The older woman nodded and smiled at Royall again and left without a word.

"You did not come last night," said Harriet. She took up the lamp, moving with it to the center of the room and suspending it from its hook. Remaining there, she sent a questioning gaze across to him. Her expression was a little distant, a little antagonistic, and that puzzled him. He felt the quick little run of excitement that she had stirred in him before. This time he had no wish to check it.

"I did not come," he said, "because I did not know I was expected."

"The new ones usually come the first night. They are lonely and a little lost. Then they find this place, and they buy things they do not need and stay until I send them away."

"But after they have been at this post a little while they come only to buy what they need and do not stay?"

She moved her head in assent without change of expression. "They do not stay."

"Cologne water and whisker pomatum," he said.

"I do not understand?"

"I was repeating something Doctor Clausen said. I do not want any."

"We have fine cologne waters. Farine, prevost or round. My father considers himself a judge of colognes."

"I don't want any."

"That is good. A man should smell like a man."

Royall stepped forward until he stood directly before her. Through the open door he could see that the lamp's beam reached to the path. To anyone passing outside, they were visible here. He thought of that and knew then she had been waiting deliberately to see if he would come to this point in the room.

"I will not buy anything," he said, "but I will stay."

Still not smiling, she moved her gaze over his face and back to his eyes as though seeking evidence stronger than his spoken words. He did not understand her at all; she was outside his experience. She could play the game of the sexes full-bloodedly; that had been very evident yesterday. But she made no slightest gesture of acceptance, or of withdrawal from him. There was, after a time, only an instant's flaring of her

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COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

eyes that might have meant satisfaction.

"Shall we walk?" she asked, and turned away to the door without waiting for his answer.

He followed her down a path that curved away from the house toward the river. Near the river the path joined a road. She took his arm, silently guiding him up the road and around a small sawmill. Beyond it there was no road and no path, but she led him unerringly through the darkening woods until they came to a shelf of rock above the river. There she sat, making a place for him beside her. She gazed above the trees and beyond the river, her face still and withdrawn, and gave no sign when he chose to stand.

"Papa Pot told you other things," she said.

"He did," acknowledged Royall.

"Did you believe them?"

"Yes."

"What are you to my father?"

"Nothing. I met him on the boat."

"Did you believe that Major Traut is my lover?"

THE cool directness of the question astonished him and delayed his answer. She turned her gaze on him, holding his eyes as he answered, "Doctor Clausen did not tell me that."

Her voice quickened with impatience, "But you knew it. Everybody knows it."

"I do not know it."

"Why?"

"Because that would put an end to your reason for being here."

She broke into unexpected laughter. It was merry and altogether pleasant, and yet it contained an edge of mockery. "You don't believe it is because I'm a good Christian girl, then?" she said.

"Of course I didn't even imply that. I don't know whether you're good or bad. I do know you're a remarkably pretty girl."

She asked abruptly, "Why did you come?"

"I have just told you that you are beautiful. That is reason enough."

She moved her head up and down slowly, as though confirming a thought. "The others say it with their eyes," she said. "But you say it with your voice. That is very different. I knew you would when I saw you on the boat yesterday. It is not the reason you came. But I am satisfied."

"Then I shall come again."

She laughed up at him, this time softly but without demureness. He sat down as she moved her skirt aside with a little commanding gesture.

"Beth Sprague is lovely," she said.

He grinned at her. "She is."

"And good and Christian," she added. "And unhappy."

"Why?" he asked. It had taken him weeks to discover that unhappiness lay behind Beth's reserve. This girl must have seen it at a glance.

"Because she is a dutiful daughter."

He thought about that, reaching for the meaning of it and not grasping it, yet sensing that it brought him close to an answer he had been seeking.

"That is enough," said Harriet. "I do not want to talk about her. We will talk about you."

Royall stretched back, resting his weight on his elbows. It was easy to let lightheartedness overtake him. This was idle pleasure of a kind he knew well.

"Very well," he said. "I was born on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. I have been in love many times, and always enjoyed it. I am a traitor to my class because I think General Jackson is a great President. I have never been west of the Mississippi before. And by the way, who told your mother that I am 'the handsome one'?"

"I did," she said promptly. He turned his head to look at her, and she stretched back too, her shoulder against his, her face quite close to his. She was laughing at him silently, not at all embarrassed. The laughter went away as he brought his face to hers, but a smile still shaped her mouth as he kissed her. Her lips were full and pliant and they welcomed his, yet they offered him nothing. He put a hand under her chin and held her face a little away from his.

The mocking edge came again into her voice. "That was too easy, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It was too easy. But it was nice."

"And now that you know how easily I give my affection, do you still believe that I am not Major Traut's lover?"

He sat up and a little way from her, his ear still listening to a strange intensity that had been in her tone. She was not laughing at him now. The thought came to him that a violent turmoil underlay her mockery.

"I still believe," he said slowly. "The reason I gave you is still valid. There is more to it. But I don't understand it because I don't understand you."

After a little silence she said, "Do you know the nature of my father?"

"A little," he said shortly.

"I am very like him."

He rose as she stood up. The twilight had thickened. The loneliness and the mysterious dangers of night were at hand.

"I don't accept that," he said. "Your

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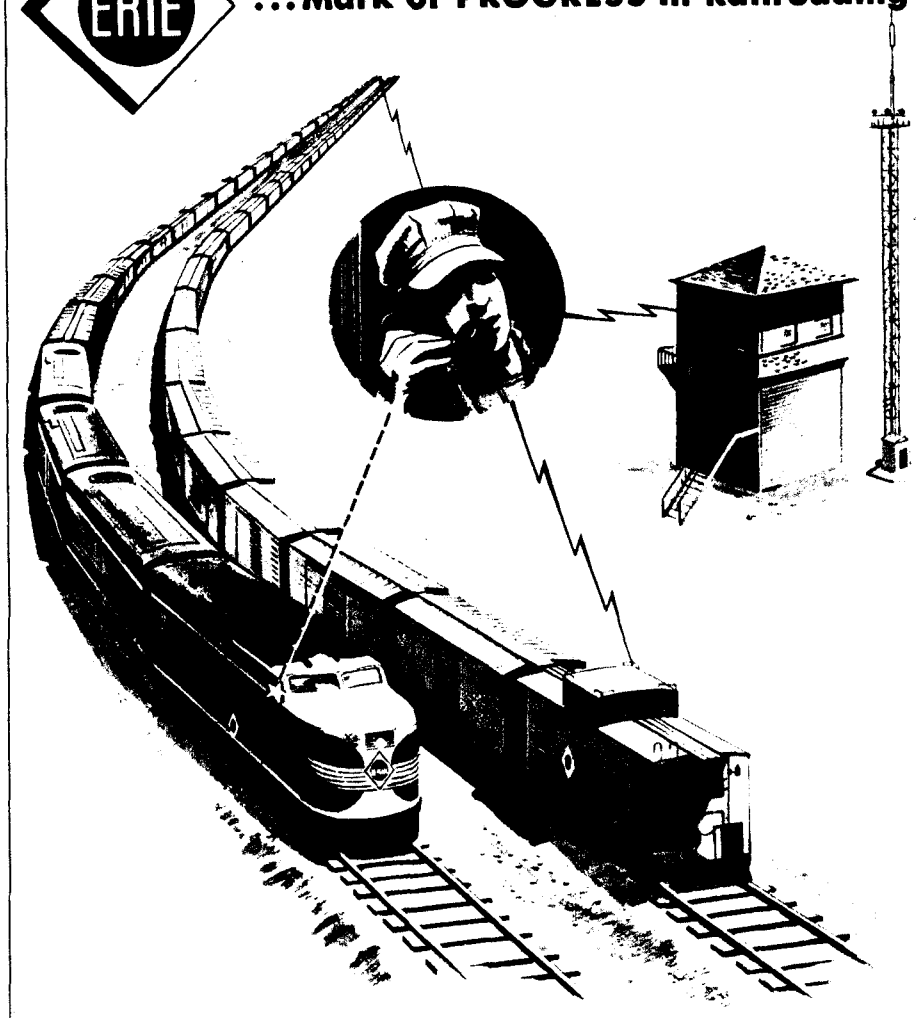

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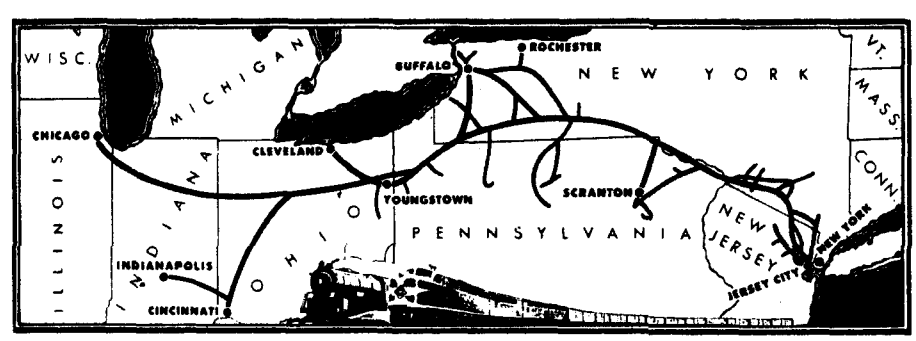

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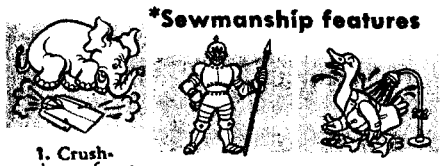

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father is a cold and calculating man."

"No. All men make that mistake about him. That is why they seldom guess his purpose until it is too late. My father is ruled by violent passions."

"If he is, he hides them well."

"He does. The Cherokee taught him that. Now he uses it against them and all Indians."

"All Indians?"

"He hates them because he believes he wronged all of them by the wrong he did my mother. He would destroy all Indians if he could to wipe out the object of his wrong."

"You don't believe that," he said.

"I don't hate my father so much that I would imagine an evil in him," she said quietly. "Sometimes I wonder whether I hate him at all."

Royall said thoughtfully, "He is a strange man."

"And I am his daughter and a strange woman."

"Yes," he agreed, smiling. "But still not like him."

WITHOUT answering she turned away, and they started back. He had the feeling that she had withdrawn from him again. They walked in silence around the sawmill, down the road and up the path to the sutlery.

When they were quite near she murmured, "Have you heard of the pineries?"

"Yes," he said. "Your Papa Pot spoke of them."

"I do not forbid you, but I don't think you will come again soon."

She laughed at him then, a strong peal of laughter that carried across the night and was filled with brittle amusement. He looked at her, startled, then followed the direction of her eyes to see Major Traut standing in the vague shaft of light before the sutlery.

As they came into the light Traut's glance remained on Royall only long enough to recognize him, then moved to Harriet. His lean face was immobile. The laughter remained on Harriet's mouth. She met Traut's gaze, and in the long interval of time Royall saw the clash of two unyielding wills.

When Traut presently spoke, he said prosaically, "We have not received our copy of the pricings on the new stores your father brought. May I have it, please?"

"Certainly," said Harriet. She turned to Royall, offering her hand and letting it lie in his. "Good night, Philip," she said.

"Good night. I shall come again soon."

As he stepped around Traut, the fury he saw in the older man's eyes was like a physical blow. Royall paused, grinning impudently. He spoke over Traut's head to the girl, "Tomorrow night," and heard her strong laugh as he walked on.

Reaching the point where the path met the road up the hill, he thought of Sean and stood indecisively. In Sean's quiet presence he could find a patience, a tolerance even, that he needed tonight and did not have. But precisely because the need was great, some perversity in his nature took hold of him and turned him back toward the pickets.

The voices of Dahl and his companions reached Royall again as he passed the Sprague quarters. Tramping on, he thought back to his conduct there and acknowledged to himself that he had been unforgivably rude to Beth. Yet she had not cut him down in front of the three senior lieutenants, as she would have been justified in doing. It came to him suddenly that she understood the illogical elements of a man's pride, and had restrained herself to safeguard his. So it was that he made the discovery that Beth too offered him the patience he did not have, and he wondered if that was why he was drawn to her.

The challenge of the sergeant's guard rapped out at him, and he responded and passed through, feeling at once the constriction of the stockade against his senses. He was in bed before tattoo's drum throbbed its brief reminder.

The summons to the company room came immediately after guard mount the next morning. He listened with silent attentiveness to the company commander's instructions and, as he wheeled away, caught a speculative regard in that officer's eyes.

Emerging, he saw Doctor Clausen coming across the court. The surgeon signaled him to wait, at the same time moving a little faster on his short legs. When he came up he examined Royall's face with sharp curiosity.

"Is it the pineries, my friend?" he asked.

"It is."

"When do you go?"

"Today. As soon as I can withdraw stores."

"I knew it! Didn't I tell you?"

"You didn't tell me," he said, "that Hogue would be assigned to me."

Clausen filled his cheeks and blew out the air explosively. "Now what is Ed Traut up to?"

"I didn't ask," said Royall dryly. "But I got some good with the bad. The captain gave me Sergeant Taylor."

(To be continued next week)

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CAYETANO THE PERFECT

Continued from page 23

Cayetano swallowed. "I'll—I'll fight free."

"Are you drunk or crazy?" said Delgado frowning.

"I'll fight free!" repeated Cayetano. "There's one condition, though. If I win the twenty-thousand-peseta prize, you have to pay me what you would have paid El Estudiante."

Delgado chewed his cigar. "Have you seen the bulls?"

"No," said Cayetano. "But I know they're big."

Delgado stared at him solemnly. Then he gave a laugh. Then he gave a louder laugh, and clapped Cayetano on the shoulder. "Chico, you're drunk and you're crazy but I'm too much of a businessman to pass this up." He grew serious again as suddenly as he had laughed.

"But, Cayetano, you can't be better than Morales. Even if he has a bad day tomorrow, he still cut both ears day before yesterday and that counts for the prize."

Cayetano's heart sank. "Both ears?"

"Both ears. You'll have to cut ears and tail on one of your bulls. Better take the fifteen thousand, *chico*. I'll make it twenty, but I can't go any higher."

Cayetano hesitated. He put his hand up to the scar. He felt a little sick. He wanted a drink. Then he heard himself saying, "No, all or nothing, Manolo. I'll get the prize. I can win."

Manolo sighed again. "All right, *chico*. If that's the way you want it, all right."

AND now it was Sunday and Cayetano looked at his wrist watch and it was quarter of one already. He yearned for three thirty to come and at the same time he prayed that it would never come. He blew out a cloud of smoke and wondered what was keeping Pinturas. He should have been back from the drawing fifteen minutes ago. He got up and went to the window. He saw that there was still no wind and pulled the shade down. He went back to bed, and lighted another cigarette.

He was thinking of Maruja now. He hadn't gone back to the café last night after signing the contract with Delgado. He'd felt sure she wouldn't be there—that she would have gone out with Morales, and he didn't dare go back to find out.

Fifteen minutes later there was a knock on the door. Pinturas at last, Cayetano thought.

"*Adelante!*" he called, and the door opened. It was a little monkey-faced man with a beret—Suárez, the sword boy.

"*Buenos dias*, matador," he said.

Cayetano sat up in bed. "The *traje* is in the closet."

The little man went to the closet, took out the uniform and stripped off the white protective covers. "Ahhh," said the sword boy appreciatively as he turned the heavy gold and green suit around on the hanger. "They don't make them like this any more." It was blood-stained and tarnished, but the best Manfredi ever made. Suárez laid it out neatly on the chair with the frilled shirt and tie and stockings.

Pinturas came in without knocking ten minutes later.

"What did we draw?" Cayetano asked quickly.

"Well, we're in luck, matador!" Pinturas tried to work his old face into a reassuring smile. "Your first is a nun, a real little nun, with a comfortable head, and the smallest of the lot."

"Which means I've got the biggest for my second," said Cayetano. His fingers worked the scar on his face. "How big is it?"

Pinturas' face went serious. "It's a cathedral, Cayetano. Open of horn and big as the Alcázar. But there's no wind, thank God."

Cayetano got out of bed casually and went to the bathroom. He didn't want them to see his hands trembling. He brushed his teeth. He tried to shave, but he was afraid of cutting himself, so he stopped and took a long bath first. He did better afterward on the shaving. When he came out with a bath towel around him it was two ten. The towel didn't quite hide the white scar that ran down his leg from his hip.

"We'd better start," said Suárez. He had had some coffee brought up. Pinturas had gone to get dressed.

"Yes," said Cayetano. "We'd better." He gulped some coffee after he put on his underwear. A matador doesn't eat the day of a fight so that he can be operated upon immediately if he gets gored.

It was two forty-five by the time Cayetano got the three pairs of silk stockings on and the sash and knee strings tied exactly right and the artificial pigtail clipped on tight to his hair that was combed back wet and even blacker than usual. He had just been helped into the ornate vest and heavy jacket when there was a light knock on the door.

"*Adelante!*" Cayetano called. It was Maruja.

"*Hola!*" she said softly. She stood in the doorway for a moment. Then she came in a little awkwardly.

Cayetano turned to Suárez, and jerked his head, and the little man slipped out into the hall. "What are you doing here?"

"They say you are fighting," she said. "I know it's an important fight. I—I thought you might want me here. I waited for you last night."

He took her hands in his. He cleared his throat. "You're good to have come. This is an important fight. It's my last fight. The most important of my life."

Suárez knocked and came in. "No time left, matador." He began to gather up the leather sword case and the canvas pannier with the capes.

Cayetano took the black kinky hat off the chair, held it in both hands by the knobs, and dipped his head into it. Then he put the embroidered cape over his arm and turned back to Maruja. He was very pale and there were little beads of sweat on his upper lip.

They looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. Then she gave a little moan and started to put her arms around him, but he caught her wrists and stepped back.

"Don't touch the *traje*," he said. "It's bad luck. I'm going now. You stay here. I'll be back soon."

"No," she said. "I'm—I'm going to the ring. I must go!"

"You stay here," he commanded. He leaned forward and kissed her. "This is my last fight, *nena*, I swear it to you."

PINTURAS had been right. Cayetano's first bull was a "nun"—a fine little brave bull that charged the cape as straight and true as though on rails with no tricks or hooking. There wasn't a breath of the dreaded wind, and for the first time in years Cayetano worked in close to the bull, letting the horn go by his legs a foot away instead of a yard, making his feet stay still and not dance out of the way as the bull hurled itself at the big scarlet cape.

The fear knot in his stomach began to loosen after the first few charges, and he began to unfurl the slow classic passes that years before had earned him the name Cayetano the Perfect.

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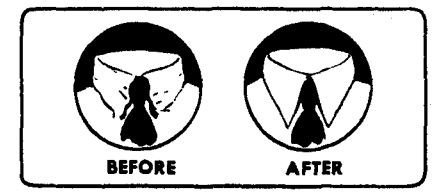

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shaped cape that is draped over the sword for the last third of the fight—Cayetano was even better, working closer and closer to the animal. When the time came to kill, he took the sword out of the *muleta,* sighted down the blade and flung himself over the bull's right horn to sink it in between the shoulders almost to the hilt. The animal charged three times more and then sagged down against the fence dead. The crowd was wild. The *presidente* up in the box took out his handkerchief and waved it once for an ear and again for the other ear. The clamor kept up until he waved it again for the tail.

Cayetano took his sword out of the dead bull, bowed his sweaty head to the *presidente* and walked across the sand to the red fence. He had Maruja and the prize and the seventy-five thousand on top of it! There was nothing to worry about now.

Pinturas came running up to him with the ears and the tail.

"Now just play it wide and safe with your other one and everything will be fine," he panted.

Cayetano had almost forgotten his second one. The crowd was cheering him and wanting him to take a lap around the ring. He started around, holding up the ears and the tail to the crowd, but there came the ominous roll of drums and the split trumpet notes that meant Morales' bull was coming down the dark passageway and out into the sun or the arena. Cayetano ducked through an opening in the fence and watched the bull skid into the ring. The bull was a little larger than Cayetano's had been. He watched the *banderillero* doubling it to find out which horn it hooked with. He won't do anything with this animal, Cayetano thought. He's lost the prize—why risk his neck?

But he was wrong, very wrong. Maybe it was because of Maruja. Maybe it was because Morales had too much pride to be beaten by a has-been; or maybe it was what they call "*amor propio*"—the "self-love" that every real matador has that refuses to let him be bettered in the ring by anyone. Whatever it was, Morales fought beyond himself, fought as he'd never done before and would never do again.

When it came time to kill he threw away the *muleta* and borrowed a big, broad-brimmed cordobés hat from a spectator, focused the bull's attention on it, hurled himself forward and sank the sword in between the withers. It was a dangerous trick, diverting the bull's lunge with such a small object, but he got away with it. The bull only charged twice more before keeling over dead. That was partly the reason why the crowd went so wild and why the *presidente* had to wave his handkerchief once for an ear, again for another ear, again for the tail—and still again for the hoof.

Cayetano hadn't even watched the fight. He'd been sitting on a stack of folded *muletas* in the passageway, feeling weak and nauseated. The applause and the screams of "*Ole!*" told him how things were going, but he knew he had lost the prize. Well, let Morales have the filthy prize. Cayetano had done his best. He had saved his honor with Maruja. And yet inside of him there was still a bit of *amor propio* that kept saying to him: Show them, show Maruja, show Morales, show them all! Make them never forget the last fight of Cayetano Ortega!

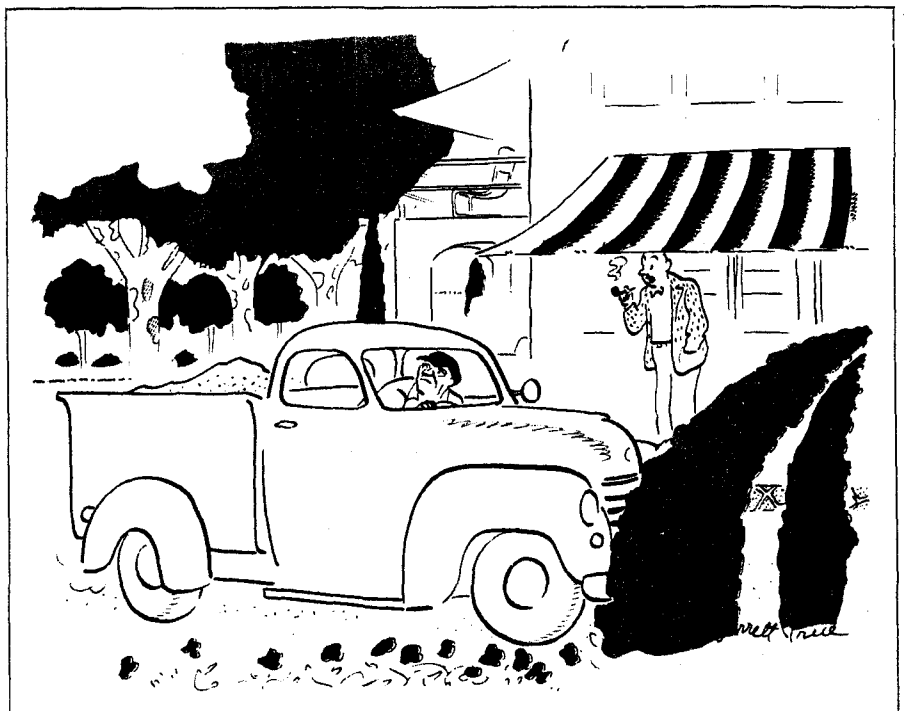
THE drum rolled across the ring and the trumpet blared, and the big door swung open. Cayetano got up slowly and took the big cape that Pinturas held out to him. The people up in the stands were still talking about Morales' fight, and passing wineskins and slices of salami around, but suddenly they gasped and hushed; into the ring, running low and hard and fast, had come the largest and most beautiful specimen of bull that most of them had ever seen. It was jet black and had a low rump that grew and swelled up into the high hump of tossing muscle just in back of the branchlike horns. But despite the great bulk, it handled its small hoofs like a polo pony and covered the fifty yards across the ring just as fast.

Cayetano was behind the fence, the cape hugged to his chest, his face pale and the sweat streaming down his face. What a rotten business this was!

"All right," he called to Ruiz, the *banderillero* nearest him. "Double him for me. Let's see how he operates."

Ruiz, a flopped matador who had recently turned *banderillero,* was white and trembling visibly. "I don't go out," he said, unable to take his eyes off the bull. "I'm sorry, matador."

Cayetano cursed. He motioned to Pinturas, who was at the next *burladero,* to go out. Pinturas, his face set and hard, slid out through the *burladero* opening. He started toward the bull slowly, the cape spread out in front of him like a sail. The bull picked up its head and showed interest as Pinturas got closer. When the man was twenty feet away,



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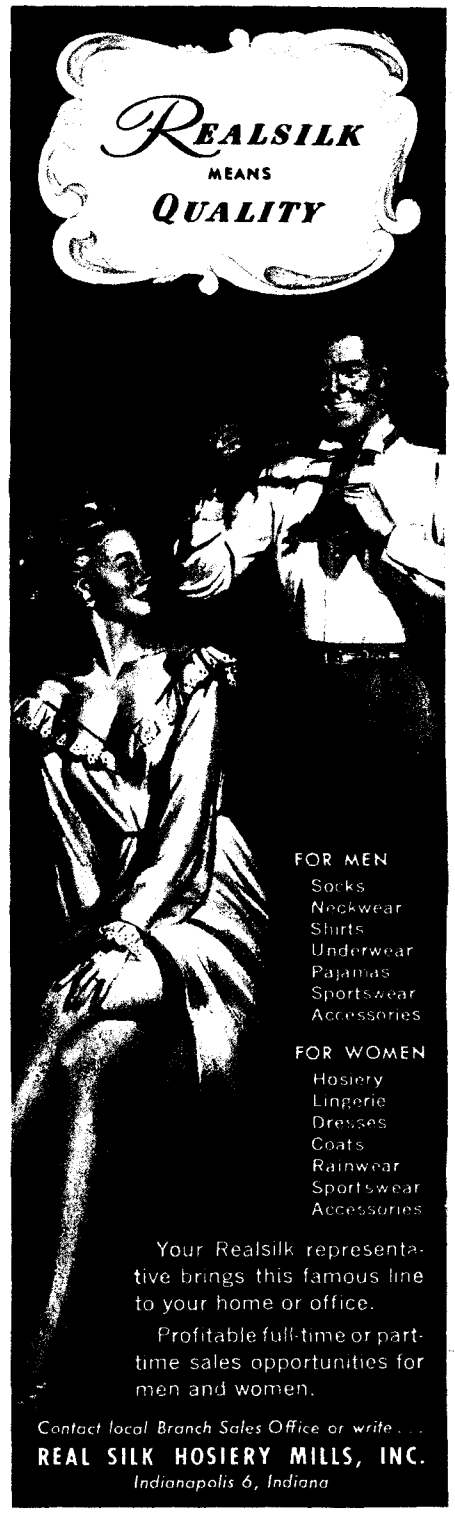

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the bull dropped its head and charged.

Pinturas held his ground for a long second. Then he flung the cape from him and sprinted for the fence as fast as his old legs would take him. He beat the bull by three feet and dived over head first, spilling into the passageway ludicrously. Ordinarily the crowd would have laughed, but there was nothing funny with this bull.

The third *banderillero* looked over at Cayetano and made a halfhearted move to go out, but Cayetano waved him back with a cut of his hand.

He stepped out from behind the fence and ran toward the bull that was thirty feet away, ripping up the cape that Pinturas had abandoned.

"*Toro! Toro!*" he called, as he slipped down to his knees.

The bull turned around at the voice. Cayetano flung the cape out in front of him and held it with one hand. "*Toro* ah-hah-hah-hah-aaaaa!" The staccato chant made the bull drop its head. "*Toro!*" The animal's tail shot up and it hurled itself forward. When it was eight feet away, Cayetano swung the cape over his head, the animal veered to get the flash of cloth, and the left horn grazed by his shoulder so close that it ripped off the heavy epaulet; it dangled by golden threads until Cayetano jerked it off and flung it aside.

Then he got to his feet, and when the bull charged back, he gave the crowd a lesson in the classic *verónica* pass that they would never forget. The first he did ten inches away from the horn, the second eight inches away, the third three inches away. The *rebolera* that ended the series brought the bull by him so close that the side of the horn bumped his knees and nearly knocked him off balance.

During the picadors, Morales came out to make his *quite*, but only because the crowd yelled and jeered and called, "Where's Morales?" He tried to do the butterfly pass, but he was afraid and his fear made him clumsy. He couldn't control the bull. On the second pass it hooked into Morales' leg and he was tossed high into the air. Instantly, Cayetano was there with a cape between the fallen man and the charging animal before it could find its target again and had skillfully led the animal away. Morales scrambled to his feet and started for the *barrera*, but the blood was going down his torn leg into his stocking and he had to be helped over the fence and carried down the passageway to the ring infirmary.

NOW Cayetano was out in the center of the ring showing them how a butterfly pass should be done, slowly, gracefully, the cape held behind his body as he walked backward calmly and let the bull charge from side to side. It wasn't Maruja or the eighty thousand pesetas or Morales that was making him fight like this now. It was the sun and the good feel of the cape in his hands and this brave bull.

And then right in the middle of the butterfly he felt it. He felt the chilling breath on his neck first, and at the same time out of the corner of his eye he saw the slight fluttering of the flags around the ring. Suddenly he flung down the cape in terror, ran to the fence and vaulted over. The amazed crowd sat dumfounded for a moment. Then they began to laugh and hoot and whistle and call out derisively, "*Ole,* Cayetano, the Perfect!"

He was supposed to make another *quite* but he refused to go out, and Pinturas had to take the bull away from the horse. But Cayetano couldn't escape going out with the bull for the last round. The light wind was still blowing and he was white as he drew the sword out of the sheath that Suárez held out to him. As he walked toward the bull with the red *muleta* draped over the sword to make as big a target as possible, the wind was barely moving the cloth. Yet when the bull charged, Cayetano danced back three feet of the way instead of holding his ground.

The crowd began to stamp its feet and hoot again and a cushion sailed into the ring near him. Two more bad passes, and the boos were almost as loud as the cheers had been. On the third pass, as Cayetano stepped back out of the way of the bull, his foot slipped on the cushion and he fell back hard onto the sand. He saw the bull wheeling at the end of its charge and coming back for him. He saw every detail of the drooling nose, the wild eyes, the saber horns and the gaily papered *banderillas* that dangled from the bloody shoulders. He tried to fight off the great head, kicking futilely at it with his slippered feet. Then there was a searing stab in his shoulder as the horn spiked through it.

He was lifted off the ground, tossed high into the air like a rag doll, and slammed to the sand ten feet away. He raised himself weakly on one elbow and helplessly watched the bull pawing and measuring for the next charge. This time it was charging for the kill. It couldn't miss, and Cayetano knew it, and there was nothing he could do about it. The sword and *muleta* were two yards out of his reach.

THE bull's tail went up, its head went down, but as it started its lunge forward Cayetano saw an incredible thing happen. A gust of wind—his enemy the wind—suddenly flipped over the red *muleta*. The bull in its blind rage seemed to think it was being attacked from another quarter and it swerved away from Cayetano to hook at the *muleta*. By the time it had realized its mistake Pinturas was already out there flashing a big cape in its face, bewildering it and luring it into the center of the ring.

Cayetano staggered to his feet. One sleeve was off and he could feel the warm blood pumping down his arm from his shoulder. The wound was nothing, he thought. A couple of days in the hospital. But thank God for the wind, or he would be a dead man now. Today was a lucky day—even the wind had become his friend today.

"Get out!" he was yelling to his men. "Get out of the ring!" He lurched to the *muleta* and the sword on the ground.

"Come to the infirmary, man!" said Pinturas, from the fence.

"Get out!" He picked up the sword and brandished it at them before adjusting it in the *muleta*. When the ring was cleared he staggered toward the bull. He stood twenty feet from it, swaying a little, and muttering to himself. "If they want tricks," he was saying, "I'll give them tricks!" He shook the cloth. As the bull charged he dropped to his knees and spun in against the bull's shoulder.

Then he stood up and threw the big *muleta* to one side. Ten feet away from the bull he fished into the pocket in the jacket of the uniform and drew out a handkerchief. Using the handkerchief, and only the handkerchief, to keep the bull's attention away from his body, he ran straight at the animal, flung himself over the horn, and sank the sword out of sight into the charging animal. It hurtled by the man, skidded to its knees at the end of the charge and rolled over dead.

Cayetano took out the sword and stood there over the bull, weaving and panting and clutching his shoulder. He raised his head and looked at the delirious crowd and Maruja. As he strode out toward the fence, people were spilling into the ring to carry him on their shoulders. He saw the *presidente* waving his handkerchief for the ears, the tail, a hoof, and still another hoof, and the wind felt good on his sweaty face.

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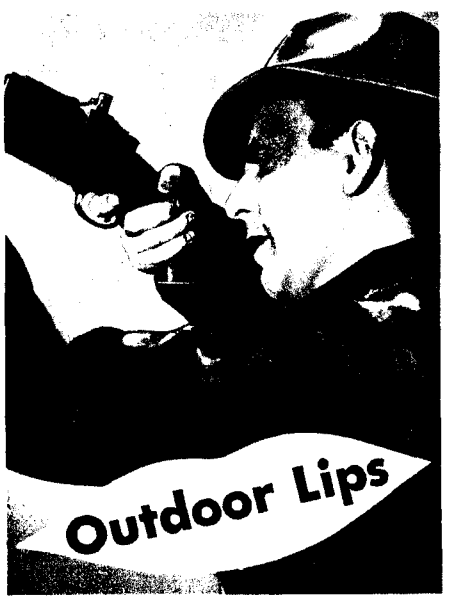

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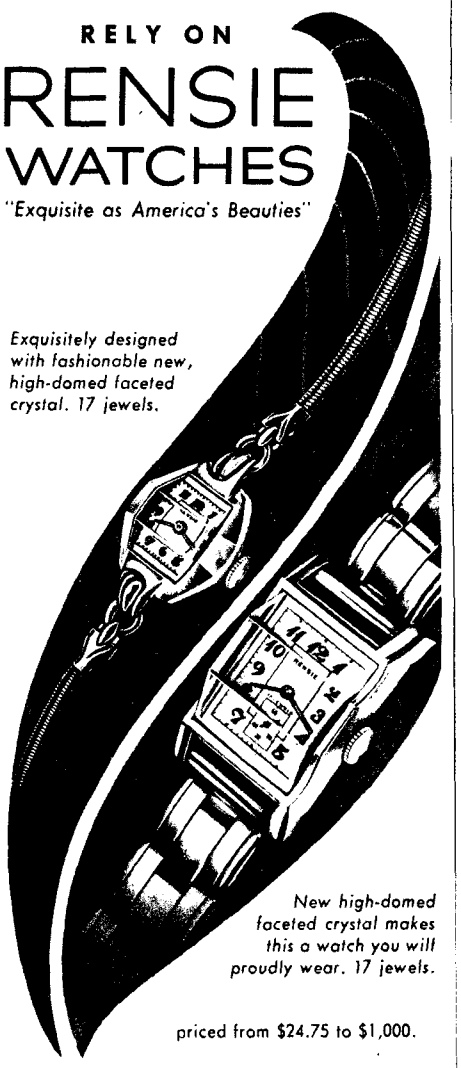

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CRYING IS FOR SQUARES

Continued from page 19

admitted that she felt much the same way about Danny. Indeed, Danny's lifelong dream of happiness could not very well have been any more completely perfect if it had not been for one thing.

This thing, this seemingly small irritation, hadn't particularly troubled him at first. This was Hope's infinite capacity for seeking out the troubled spirits among her fellow beings, and doing something about them. Samaritanism was a large and living part of Hope's nature, as much a part of her as the color of her eyes, and she practiced it with zeal. The fact was that Danny came to feel that Hope was inclined to *overdo* her benefactions.

THERE was, for example, the time shortly before Christmas when Danny had planned to take Hope to the opening of a big new night club, whose owner he knew. It was to be a big evening. But when he stopped to pick up Hope in a taxi it developed that both her landlady and her landlady's canary were indisposed and that Hope had volunteered to nurse the canary through its crisis in order to ease the landlady's burden. Hope was full of regret and of the sweetest kind of apology, but she was also as firm in her decision as a rock.

Danny made quite a scene over it, but it didn't do him any good, and in the end he and Hope spent that particular evening rather unfestively giving the canary medicine at regular intervals out of an eye dropper.

One morning, soon after Mr. Fabian had launched Danny's fifth song, the publisher summoned him to his office and, hopping on one foot, he enveloped Danny excitedly in his short arms. "Mister Celebrity!" he shouted. "That's you! Little Danny who used to be just a measly stock clerk until he learned how to play on the strings. I got news for you!" Mr. Fabian beat at his fountain pen mercilessly. "Maybe you heard of a little torch singer, namely Chloe Brown, who only happens to be the hottest article in show business since Helen Morgan?"

"Sure, I know her," Danny said.

"You know her," Mr. Fabian repeated, then started hopping on one foot again, "but I got news for you. She knows *you.* I been talking to her agent, and she's opening at the Paramount in four weeks in some measly old stage show with only two-three name bands and only a couple hatfuls of movie stars, which is only probably going to change the course of history, and she wants *you* to write her a special torch song for her to introduce in the show. If you turn out the right song it will only probably make your fortune in the juke boxes and make a plumber's assistant out of Stephen Foster!"

Danny caught the excitement quickly. "Chloe Brown!" he murmured slowly, twice, then started for the door. "Thanks, Mr. Fabian. I've got to tell Hope."

"Wait!" Mr. Fabian shouted. "Two weeks, Danny! They got to have the song in two weeks. Can you do that?"

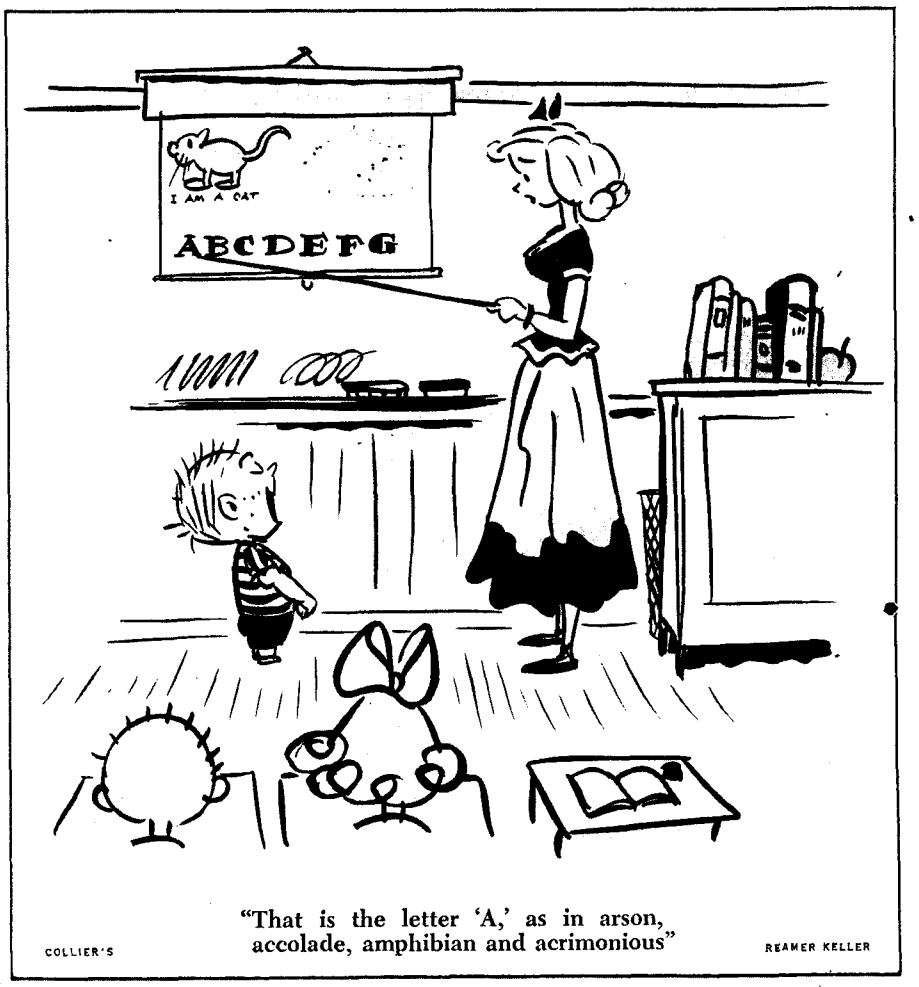
At the door Danny laughed aloud. "Two weeks!" he repeated. "Look, Mr. Fabian, you give Hope her vacation now, we'll go up to the country where it's all quiet and peaceful, and in two weeks I could write you a couple of operas."

That evening Danny and Hope made plans. There was a place in the mountains where Hope had once spent a vacation and where she wanted to take Danny. It was on a lake with an Indian name, and Hope said it would be ideal. It actually made no difference to Danny where they went, so long as he could be with Hope. There was something else which worried him, and at last he took the bull by the horns.

"You know, Hope," he said, "if I can make this song I'm going to write for Chloe Brown the best one I've ever done, it'll mean an awful lot to both of us. You know, a song writer's surroundings can make a lot of difference to his output, don't you?"

"Oh, you couldn't find a nicer, quieter spot than this one anywhere."

"But it's even more than just the *place* a fellow's in," Danny continued earnestly. "It's the way a fellow *feels.* He's



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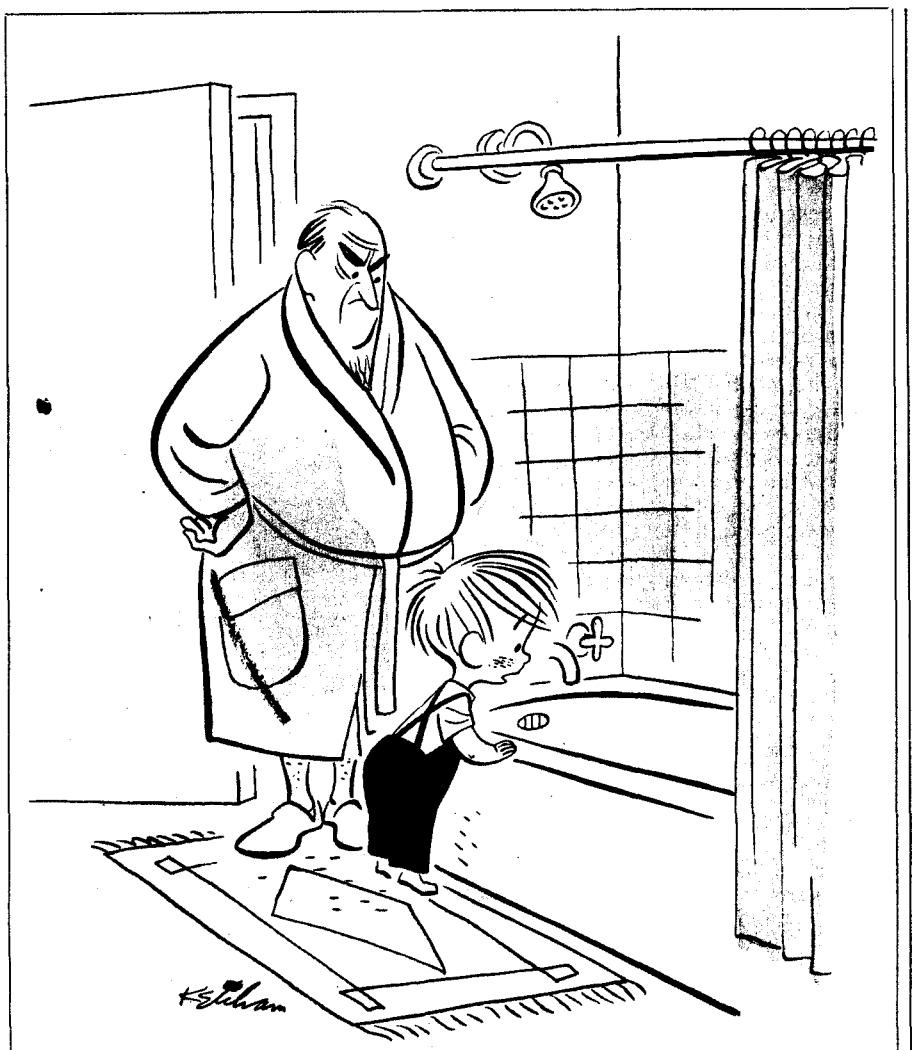

COLLIER'S "Sure it's a turtle, Dad. What did you think it was?" HANK KETCHAM

got his own problems, his own work, see, and he's got to spend his time thinking about those things."

"I—I know what you're thinking about, Danny," Hope interrupted softly. "You're thinking about how I sometimes get interested in other people's troubles and how it sometimes interferes with our plans."

Danny put his hands on Hope's shoulders and spoke with great animation. "It's just that we seem to spend half our lives mixed up with the troubles of all these people," he said. "It's only that maybe for these next two weeks if we could just relax in the mountains in the sunshine in the peace and quiet, with nobody's troubles to think about—"

Danny's plea had a marked effect on Hope. She looked sad, then alarmed. "Oh, Danny, I wouldn't want to do anything that would interfere with your career, anything at all!" she said. "I'll try to control myself on our vacation. I promise I'll try!"

WHEN they arrived at the little lake resort, and the sylvan tranquillity of the place commenced to work on Danny's harassed mind he began to feel secure again.

It could not have been a greater or more satisfactory change from their lives in the city, and he found that Hope was as good as her word. They had two little log cottages set a few dozen yards apart in the pine woods on the edge of the lake. Hope, who had made all the arrangements, had seen to it that Danny's cottage had a piano in it and that hers had a kitchen.

Soon they became a part of the group of other young people at the resort, and they fell into an idyllic routine. In the mornings they would swim or sail on the lake together or just lie on the dock in the sun, then after lunch they would separate.

Danny would retire to his cabin and his piano to work until dinnertime, while Hope read or rested or played tennis with some of the others. Danny had never been so completely happy in all the months he had spent with Hope, now that, for the first time, he was wholly free from Hope's People.

There *was* one irritation. Danny was having a little difficulty in writing his torch song for Chloe Brown. What he composed during his afternoons alone simply wasn't right, and he knew it. However, the whole business of song writing had come so easily to him in the last months that his lapse didn't especially alarm him, at least during the first week of his alpine idyl with Hope. He knew that he could write the song in a few hours once he got the idea for it, but that seemed to be the root of the trouble—an idea. . . .

As the second week began, and inspiration still failed to visit him, Danny started to worry a little. Reluctantly he gave up his mornings with Hope and devoted them to solitude and his piano. By the middle of the week he had started to work nights, in a kind of puzzled desperation.

The rest of the week, at the end of which he had promised to deliver the song, became a waking nightmare to Danny. As the time diminished and his panic correspondingly increased, an utter blankness of mind fell over him. The creative muse was as remote from him as Betelgeuse. He could write a thousand words and a thousand notes to match them, but the result was as empty of emotional impact as a random page of the classified telephone directory set to the Aeolian scale.

He scarcely saw Hope at all, except at meals and an occasional, rather wistful glimpse of her through the window of his cabin as she swam or rowed about the lake with Seymour Crosby, the resort band leader. Seymour was a big, exuberant young man, who played the clarinet, who remembered every joke he had heard since childhood and who doubled as the inn's entertainment director. Although Danny's faith in Hope's discretion was absolute, the persistent nature of Sey-

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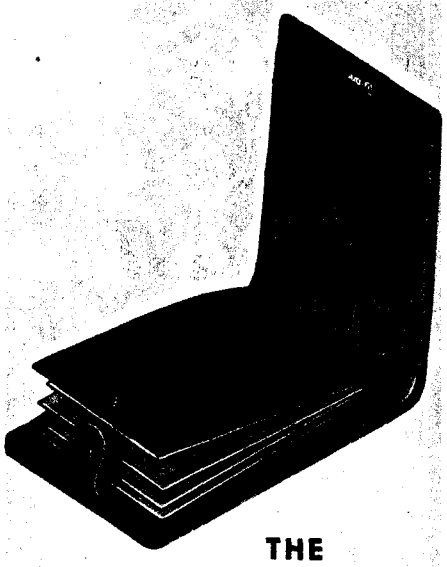

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mour's attentions rankled in him as he watched their carefree antics through his window.

As Danny watched the sun come up on Saturday of the final week, he was in a state bordering on panic. In the morning he received a telegram from Mr. Fabian, stating mildly that Chloe Brown's agent had called requesting reassurance that the torch song would be delivered on Monday morning, as specified. Danny didn't answer this communication, and at dinnertime at the inn he received a second, which was less mildly, more specifically worded. It specified that Danny was to call Mr. Fabian in New York at once.

Danny crumpled up this message hastily, stuffed it deep into his inside pocket, said good night to Hope, glared at Seymour Crosby, left word at the inn that he was not to be disturbed no matter who wanted him, and tottered back through the woods in black despair.

FOR the next four hours he sat at his piano, desolate, empty, thinking of how his talent had betrayed him when he needed it most, and at eleven o'clock he finally got up and walked to the window and stood staring hopelessly out into the night. His thoughts were turned in upon himself in such turmoil that it was some moments before he noticed the two figures seated in the shadows a few yards from his cabin. Presently, as his eyes began to focus properly, he saw that the two figures were Hope and Seymour Crosby.

The pair were sitting on a rustic bench under a pine tree about midway between Danny's cabin and Hope's. They seemed to Danny to be sitting very close together on the bench and, all at once as he watched, he saw Seymour reach out his hand in the moonlight and take Hope's hand in his.

Then, without any warning, something exploded inside Danny. All the stored-up intensity of his artistic frustration was suddenly focused on the physical person of Seymour Crosby. He made a hoarse, belligerent noise at the back of his throat, and charged out of the cabin. He stalked across the few yards to the bench and stood quivering before the startled couple. Ill-advisedly, Seymour Crosby stood up. "Hello, there, Danny," he said.

"You clarinet-tootling crook!" Danny roared, and loosed a punch that began in the pine cones behind him and ended on the point of Seymour's chin.

"Wait!" Hope shouted, jumping up from the bench. But she was too late.

Seymour lay stretched out on his back on the ground, rubbing his jaw and gazing up at Danny with a sad expression. "You shouldn't have done a thing like that, Danny," he said solemnly. "Why, Hope and me—"

"Why shouldn't I?" Danny interrupted loudly.

"No, Danny, wait!" Hope ran to him and threw her arms around him. "You don't understand," she said. "There's nothing between Seymour and me, nothing at all. I was just—oh, Danny, you're not going to like this, I know. But I was only trying to comfort Seymour. You see, he—he—"

Danny's eyes opened very wide. He pointed his finger at the horizontal form of Seymour Crosby. "You mean," he said, slowly, "that *he*—that Seymour is one of *them?*"

Hope nodded guiltily, her eyes on the ground.

For a brief moment Danny looked relieved, then he said bitterly, "But, Hope, you *promised!*"

"I know, Danny, and I did try, I really did!" said Hope, miserably, "but I just can't seem to help it. Something sort of comes over me. I guess it's like being a drunkard or something. Poor Seymour had so *many* troubles."

Danny sighed very deeply. At last, he said, "All right, Seymour, you can get up now."

"You see, Danny," Hope began very gently, "Seymour fell in love two years ago with a girl from Jackson Heights, only it turned out she was already engaged to marry this rich shoe manufacturer, which she did. Then last winter the girl broke up with the shoe manufacturer and came back to Seymour, only while Seymour was just on his way to the church to marry her she sent him a telegram saying she had just run into an old friend of hers, a very wealthy man who makes boxes to hold facial tissues."

At first Danny tried hard not to listen to the complexities of Seymour Crosby's misadventures. He tried instead to concentrate on what he was going to say to Mr. Fabian on Monday morning about his having no song to deliver, on what they were going to tell Chloe Brown, on how it all would affect his career, and especially on the prospect of a lifetime filled with Hope's People. But after a while he found that he was listening dully to Hope in spite of himself.

For half an hour she spread out the details of Seymour's tortured love life. It was a terrifying story of trust and perfidy, joy and bleakness, and as he listened to it Danny could feel his animosity running out of him. When it was over he found the charity to tell Seymour he was sorry he had punched him in the jaw.

At last Seymour went back to the inn. As soon as they were alone, Hope took Danny's hand and looked at him pitifully. "Try to forgive me, Danny," she said. "I didn't mean for you to find out."

"That's okay," Danny said. Over his face had come a new and very peculiar expression. He seemed to be a great many miles away. "I'd better get back to work." He got up from the bench, kissed Hope vaguely on the cheek and went back to his cabin.

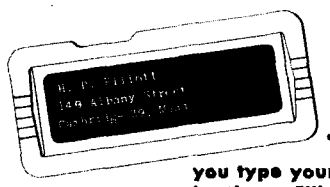
As soon as he sat down at his piano, a deep and impenetrable depression settled over him. It was a different sort of feeling than he had had all week and it seemed to stem not from worry about Mr. Fabian or Chloe Brown or his own musical sterility. Somehow, however, even through this intolerable state of mind, the miracle happened. There suddenly jumped into Danny's consciousness a sequence of notes which appealed to him. He set them down quickly before he forgot them, and in only a little while he discovered that a phrase to fit the notes had fallen from nowhere into his head. It was astonishing. It was almost too good to be true.

THE completed song was melancholy in the extreme, and was called Empty Slippers by the Fireside (Are No Emptier Than My Heart). Thoroughly done in, but with his old confidence back, Danny played and sang it for Hope before breakfast the next morning. There was no question of, no need for, false enthusiasm this time. Even on an empty stomach Hope was so emotionally moved by the inconsolable plight of the young woman in the song contemplating the evacuated slippers on her hearth, that she wept for a full minute without pause.

At last Danny was able to answer Mr. Fabian's telegrams (there were two more waiting for him at the inn) with his customary assurance. "What are you so excited about?" he wired. "Terrific song arriving Monday as promised. Relax. Danny Wonder."

But even as he dispatched this message Danny was subtly aware that its frank note of bravado, of cockiness, stemmed more from habit than from his actual feelings. His actual, his peculiar feelings were totally unfamiliar to him, and seemed to require a great deal of deeper examination. On the train on the way back to the city Danny sat pensively looking out the window.

"There's something you might as well know, Danny," Hope said, as one says a



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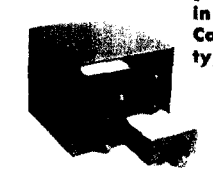

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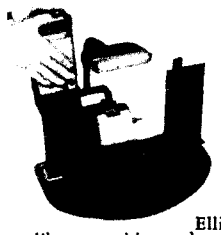

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thing he has thought about for a long time, "about me and all the people like Seymour Crosby. I—I guess I know now I'll never really change. It's just the way I am."

Danny reached out for Hope's hand and pressed it gently against his cheek. He continued to look out the window with his thoroughly uncharacteristic, thoughtful look. "Everybody's just the way he is," he said finally, "and maybe it's not so easy to know for sure what's a good way to be and what's a bad way. I'm not so sure I know any more. I've got to think about a lot of things for a while."

IT WAS two weeks later that Chloe Brown, the celebrated torch singer, introduced Empty Slippers by the Fireside in an enormous stage show at the Paramount Theater, and the song became an overnight sensation.

There was now, down the entire prolific length of Tin Pan Alley, no song writer of his age and experience who could touch Danny's record of success. Strangers in restaurants pointed him out to other strangers, and sometimes still other strangers brought him copies of his sheet music and asked him to write his name on it; in a gossip column he was referred to as "The Torch King"; his hotel room was robbed. In short, he was, in the subtlest sense, a Broadway celebrity. He and Hope became formally engaged at a lavish party given for them by Mr. Fabian.

A short time after the engagement party, Danny, no laurel-rester, was sitting in his hotel suite trying to get an idea for a new song. It was perhaps a curious thing for a man concerned with the creation of melody that he sat not at his piano, but leaning far forward in a straight wooden chair in front of his window, which looked down on the street three floors below. He had sat there for more than an hour simply watching the faces of the people on the street below him with great patience and care. It was almost as though he were waiting for something.

Danny had moved only a few minutes into the second hour of his vigil when suddenly, as he looked out the window, his whole body became electrified. He leaped out of his chair, raced out of his room and, not bothering to wait for the elevator, hurtled down the stairs and out onto the street.

At the corner of the block he caught up with the object of his dizzy chase. This was a very old man with snowy hair and no teeth, whose face was unrelievedly grimy. His battered overcoat was held together with two safety pins. In front of him he pushed a baby carriage which was filled with unidentifiable odds and ends.

Danny put his hand on the man's sleeve, trying to catch his breath, and panted apologetically, "I—I don't want you to think I'm trying to butt into your life, Mister, but if you think you could manage to eat a steak dinner I'd be more than glad—"

"When?" interrupted the man, settling his baby carriage next to the curb and dusting his hands carefully.

"Well, right now—here," Danny said, and opened the door to his hotel restaurant, a place properly celebrated for its steaks.

When they were seated opposite each other across a table in the corner of the restaurant and had ordered the best steaks the place had to offer, the man gave Danny a very long, cautious look, and said, "You feeling all right, Chuck?"

"Sure, fine," Danny said. "You probably wonder why I asked you like I did. It's only, I'll bet—well, that is, I imagine things haven't been going so very well, have they?"

For a moment the old man's eyes became intensely animated, and he said feelingly, "Oh, *brother!*"

More than an hour later, when the steaks had come and gone and the old man sat puffing an expensive cigar, he halted momentarily the heart-rending narrative which he had been unwinding since he had sat down, long enough to take a red and white spotted handkerchief from his hip pocket and hand it to Danny.

"Here, Chuck. Blow your nose," he said. "You're depressing me."

Danny took the handkerchief gratefully and wiped the tears from his eyes. Then he blew his nose with great violence, and all at once a melody began to sing through his head, a sad, sad melody—the very best sad melody he had ever heard in all his life.

"Somebody took a poll here last week. What did I tell him? I don't want t'say one thing one day and another thing—let's see—"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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Collier's believes...

HERE'S AN IMPORTANT CONTRAST

WE WERE remarking a while ago in this space that we thought one crying need of these times in the United States is for labor leaders who are statesmen as well as conscientious workers for better pay for their followers. Here's an illustration of what we meant:

During a recent trucking strike in New York City, the president of the striking local of the A.F. of L. International Brotherhood of Teamsters made an impassioned speech to his boys, and in the course of the oration he let fall the statement that "our employers are our natural enemies."

About the same time, the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America was dedicating its new $1,000,000 technical trade school at Pressmen's Home, Tenn., as a feature of the union's 1948 annual convention.

The IPPAUNA was able to establish this school, the latest in a long line of admirable and highly constructive achievements, because its long-time president, Major George L. Berry, has held rigorously down the years to a policy of the fewest possible strikes.

In 1923, when Berry's New York City local struck in violation of a Berry order not to do so, he smashed the local, reorganized it, and forced an early end to the strike. Since then his men have followed Berry's industrial-peace policy devoutly, with benefits all around.

David Dubinsky's International Ladies Garment Workers Union is another long-standing example of a labor organization which refuses to regard the employer as a "natural enemy," works along with employers while never slighting the workers' interests, and studiously refrains from demanding wages which it knows the industry can't pay.

There are other labor statesmen like Berry and Dubinsky in this country, and other unions besides the IPPAUNA and the ILGWU which follow reasonable policies. But there aren't too many of them; and there are, we're convinced, too many labor leaders of the "employers are our natural enemies" school of thought.

We are encouraged to believe, however, that the Berrys, Dubinskys and such are on the upgrade and on the increase, and that the other kind of labor leader is now on his way to join the nineteenth-century low-wage, grind-'em-down, work-'em-to-death type of employer in the museum of American industrial history. That's the proper place for this bird, and he can't be installed there —all of him—too soon for the welfare of U.S. workers and industrialists alike.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A HUMAN RACE

WE HOPE none of the readers missed Lester Velie's recent remarkable Collier's article, Bread Within the Waters. It told how science is at last, with the help of radioactive isotope tracers by-produced in our atom-bomb plants, on the road to cracking Nature's prize secret of photosynthesis. That impressive word means the method used by plants in transforming the sun's energy into foodstuffs—proteins, carbohydrates, fats.

It is now possible to foresee a time when "farms" located in shallow offshore water will be forcing sea plants to produce food, perhaps in any form desired. When and if that comes to pass, the human race's age-long quest for adequate and unfailing food supplies will be over. The fear that human fertility may sooner or later outrun the earth's productivity will no longer plague us.

This should persuade us to take a good-sized pinch of salt from now on whenever we run across a mankind-is-doomed book. Several of these are in circulation just now, the gist of them being that modern man is committing suicide by mining and milking the good earth too fast.

Please don't misunderstand us—we're as strong as ever for conservation, especially as regards topsoil-saving farm methods, flood control, reforestation, erosion prevention and prudent use of fresh water.

We find it impossible to believe there won't always be a human race. We've outlived the dinosaurs and the saber-toothed tigers; survived the medieval Black Death; discovered new fuels to supplement coal and wood; have a habit of devising new and superior synthetics to replace scarce materials.

The main thing is not to lose the confidence that we can do these things; not to surrender in spirit to the prophets of doom and destruction. If we do that, we'll really be licked.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

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YOUR CUE TO QUALITY...

Serve Old Thompson and "rack up" the smiles. It's a better blend because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. This means that fine Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but the richer flavor is there for you to enjoy.

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OLD THOMPSON BRAND

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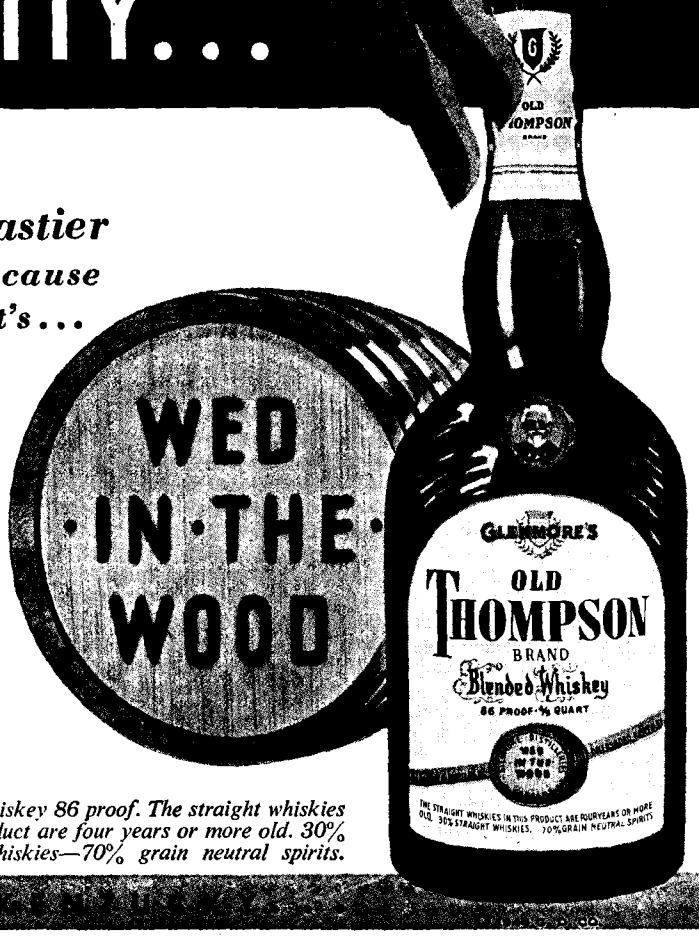

Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

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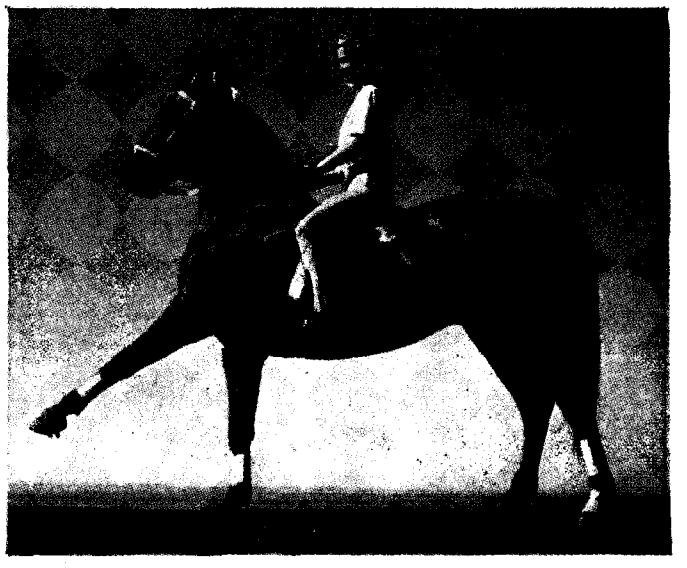
Meet the

GIRL WITH THE "HIGH SCHOOL" HORSE

Lovely BOBBIE STEELE says that EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER in training a horse... and in choosing a cigarette!



"DRESSAGE" IS THE NAME for this highly specialized riding ... originated in the "high schools" of horsemanship in 18th century Vienna. And Bobbie Steele is one of the few women in the world today who's a dressage expert. Here's the "one foot extension"—sort of an equine goose step.

THERE'S A FANCY NAME FOR THIS, TOO! "Gay Rhythm"—Miss Steele's $30,000 horse—performs a "rearing three-step." Notice the loose reins. "Gay Rhythm" does all these stunts on pressure signals from Miss Steele's knees and thighs.

TAKE A BOW! It took years of training and long experience for Miss Steele to ride like this. Experience has taught her a lot about cigarettes, too. She's learned that Camels... so rich and full flavored... suit her to a "T."

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why

Camels are the *"Choice of Experience"*

TAKE A TIP from Bobbie Steele... try Camels and compare them with other brands you've smoked. Chances are you'll agree with Miss Steele and with millions of other smokers that there's no other cigarette like a Camel! For Camels are made from choice tobaccos, properly aged and expertly blended. They're full-flavored, mild, cool smoking.

Test Camels in your "T-Zone." T for Taste and T for Throat. See how their famous flavor pleases *your* taste. See if Camel's cool-smoking mildness doesn't suit *your* throat to a "T"!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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